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POEMS

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

BY  
SEVERAL HANDS.



L O N D O N :

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M.DCC.LXX.









*Juan Taylor del et sculp.*

# THE VALETUDINARIAN.

AN ODE:

SAID TO BE WRITTEN BY DR. MARRIOTT.

**I**NHERITANCE of weak, but proud Mortality,  
Hence; Disease and pining Pain;  
With all your pale and ghastly train,  
Tossings dire, heart-piercing Moans,  
Sighs, and Tears, and hollow Groans,  
The harbingers of Death:  
Whether ye be  
The spawn of bloated Luxury,  
Or of the pestilential breath

A 3

of



Of Eurus bred : or from the eastern clime :  
 Hence! to your ancient seat,  
 Where ebbing Nilus leaves his putrid slime,  
 To Volga's banks retreat,  
 Or to the Caspian, or Bengala's bay ;  
 From Britain's happy lands  
 Haste to Arabian sands,  
 While winds sulphureous burn, and urge your way :  
 But, Goddess of the dimpled cheek,  
 Whom the wanton Cupids seek,  
 Come, fair Health, to grace the song,  
 Bring the chearful Muse along ;  
 Bring laughing Youth, who looks behind ;  
 Love on Fancy's breast reclin'd ;  
 Wit, no poison'd dart who flings,  
 Or but retorts when Envy stings.  
 Come with antic Merriment,  
 And the placid child Content ;  
 All with happy steps advance,  
 Join the song, and lead the dance.  
 Oft, O Goddess! let thy feet  
 Visit this my lone retreat ;  
 Where my oak extends its pride  
 Of twisted arms ; and fit to ride  
 Sublime on Neptune's swelling wave,  
 Now the roaring winds doth brave ;  
 Where the vine's soft tendrils run,  
 And swell to meet the southern sun :  
 Where Contemplation, wont to stray,  
 Winds thro' the wood her easy way,



Or marks the lake, the field, or sky;  
 The silent Angler's steadfast eye;  
 The Gunner's aim: or Industry,  
 Who, with his loud resounding blow,  
 Lays the nodding forest low;  
 Or teaches where to wind the stream;  
 Or whistles to his labouring team:  
 The meads which suck the dews of morn;  
 Or uplands crown'd with golden corn,  
 Richer than Iberia's mine:  
 The bleating flocks; the lowing kine;  
 The smoking cots, and pointed spires;  
 The setting sun's reflecting fires;  
 Woods dark waving in the dale;  
 Rays which gleam; and clouds which sail;  
 Shades and lights by turns contending;  
 Gradual colours softly blending;  
 All as Nature's pencil clear  
 Marks the variegated year:  
 These, O Goddess! these are thine;  
 Offspring of immortal line;  
 Who with mortals deign'd to dwell,  
 In some low and rural cell:  
 To haunt the brink of tinkling rills;  
 The flowery vales, or sloping hills;  
 And when the plowman turns the soil,  
 To cheer his song, and guide his toil.  
 With vest succinct in Dian's train  
 Oft art thou seen to brush the plain,



While thy shrill horns sweet Echo rouse,  
 Slumbering on the mountain's brows:  
 Oft when Winter clouds the air,  
 To the blazing hearth repair  
 Thy social feet, where-e'er the bowl  
 Of moderate Mirth unlocks the soul,  
 When tales of time, and ancient fear  
 Suspend the young astonish'd ear:  
 Or carols quaint in long-drawn note  
 Swell the rustic's ample throat:  
 Or where high lifted steps resound,  
 When the peasant thumps the ground  
 With awkward heel; and gives a fall  
 To mistress of the rural ball:  
 Or presses with his iron hand,  
 And whirls her thro' the shouting band,  
 Nor art thou wont with these to sport  
 Alone: but where the Loves resort,  
 With all the young and shining train  
 Of Cytherea's golden reign,  
 More elegant, to lead is thine  
 The dance; which waves its easy line;  
 Marks the graceful, and the strong;  
 Where speech to which no words belong  
 Makes love by actions never pain'd,  
 All oppos'd, but nought constrain'd:  
 Movements mixing, swift, and slow,  
 And foot, ear, eye, together go.  
 Thus flush'd with all thy native charms,  
 My Delia spreads her winning arms,



Uplifted soft, and seems to tread  
 On yielding air, or ocean's bed:  
 And, as she grants her modest hand,  
 Damon's happy eyes demand,  
 While mov'd by her he seems to live,  
 The heart, which she half seems to give:  
 If these delights, O Goddess! wait  
 Ever on thy happy state,  
 Best of blessings understood,  
 Only source of mortal good;  
 Hither, bright Hygeia, fly  
 With rosy cheek, and sparkling eye,  
 Such as thou dost oft appear  
 When thy Heberden is near.  
 Rich with Nature's genuine grace,  
 Come, Goddess! to my warm embrace,  
 Far from all I fear, or hate;  
 From splendid life's delusive state,  
 Smiles that stab, or that betray:  
 Gloom of heart with visage gay;  
 Splendor canker'd with distress,  
 Grandeur mix'd with littleness,  
 Words of wind, and hopes of air,  
 Clouds which threaten dark despair,  
 Craft disloyal to his trust,  
 Here High Birth licking low the dust,  
 There upstart Meanness set astride  
 The world, too narrow for his pride.  
 Far from Trade's too busy seat,  
 Of Loss and Gain the low deceit,

Aukward



Aukward Pomp, and Vanity,  
 Who restless drive, and mount the sky,  
 Proud of misus'd Liberty ;  
 While fordid Cunning, Passion blind,  
 Ride on the gilded car behind.  
 From Law's grimace, and mean chicane,  
 Which rivets, when it seems the chain  
 To loose ; receives the golden shower,  
 And offers, hecatombs to Power.  
 From language low, which vulgars prize,  
 Creeping Arts which mean to rise ;  
 Labyrinths, which ever wind  
 In the dark and double mind :  
 From Profession's learned scene ;  
 Cant of words, which little mean :  
 Physic, child of Luxury ;  
 Clok'd in shallow mystery :  
 False Religion's forms, which bind  
 The body to enslave the mind :  
 Disputation's rage and trouble :  
 Philosophic system's bubble :  
 From War's parade ; or Eloquence  
 In senates, big with smooth pretence  
 Of public good : from Envy mean,  
 Who midst the liberal Arts is seen,  
 Corrodes the page which Genius drew,  
 And turns aside her sullen view,  
 Each work of Merit pleas'd to blast,  
 Then feeds upon herself at last.



From these, immortal Goddess! fly,  
 And bless thy humble votary.  
 Give me Reason's lasting pleasure,  
 Ease, but not ignoble leisure:  
 Far be wild Ambition's fires,  
 Hopeless Love, and fierce Desires.  
 I ask not Fortune's glittering charms,  
 The pride of courts, the spoils of arms;  
 By silver stream, and haunted grove,  
 O give my peaceful steps to rove:  
 Beneath the shade of pendent hills,  
 I'll listen to the falling rills,  
 That chase the pebble, as they stray;  
 And haste, like human life, away:  
 Then on the flowery carpet green  
 I'll sit and trace the rural scene;  
 While by the mimic pencil drawn  
 The herds shall seem to crop the lawn;  
 The piping swain, the distant towers,  
 The moss-grown knotted oaks, and bowers,  
 As bending to the whispering breeze,  
 Some thatch'd cot rising 'mong the trees,  
 In rude and artless lines design'd,  
 Shall faintly mark the Master's mind.  
 Or, if soft verse delight us more,  
 O grant of verse the wondrous power  
 Strong ideas to inspire;  
 Words which paint, and sounds which fire;  
 Which calls up shades of heroes bold,  
 Whose virtues warm'd the times of old,

Dressing



Dressing the historic page  
 With Terror, Pity, Love, and Rage;  
 Or gives to Truth the tuneful art  
 With moral song to mend the heart:  
 Flow it easy, soft, and free,  
 From ill-conceiv'd obscurity;  
 Affectation's crowded plumes,  
 All that strains, or that assumes;  
 Nature may it e'er pursue,  
 Describing, as we feel, the true:  
 Her magic glass while Fancy brings,  
 Which shews the fleeting form of things,  
 Each fair assemblage knows to trace  
 All that Nature hath of Grace;  
 While Reason lends her sacred aid,  
 And in the beautiful display'd,  
 Sees with sound philosophy  
 The reflected Deity.  
 Thus on thro' Manhood, Youth, and Age,  
 Nor stain'd with guilt, nor rough with rage,  
 In smooth mæanders life shall glide,  
 And roll a clear and peaceful tide.







# THE ROYAL VOYAGE,

BY THE SAME,

## I.

**H**IGH on the bounding bark the Royal Fair  
 Mounts o'er the billows of the watery way;  
 Serene as Cynthia thro' the fields of air,  
 Queen of the Night extends her cloudless ray,  
 When all the forests tremble to the gleam,  
 And the transparent seas reflect the silver beam.  
 But see the whitening surge, the gathering clouds;  
 Hark! the winds whistle thro' the shrouds,  
 They bow the mast, they rend the sail,  
 The sea-worn mariner is pale,  
 And views the blackening storm, and hears th' increasing gale.  
 But not, O Royal Maid,  
 Let Fear thy breast invade:  
 Know, happy Fair! approv'd by heaven,  
 To thee the empire of the Main is given,  
 In vain loud winds the deep deform,  
 Love shall triumphant ride the storm.  
 Peace! every roaring child of troubled air:  
 Unmov'd the Queen of sea-girt Albion sings;  
 Her flying fingers touch the strings;

Around



Around their Queen the trembling train repair :  
 Her courage lifts their own ;  
 Her music soothes their care.

## II.

Happy Queen of Albion's isle,  
 On whom the Loves and Graces smile :  
 Haste from Germania's plain, and death-devoted shore,  
 Soon thy weary steps shall try  
 A happier land, a milder sky,  
 Where no din of arms shall roar,  
 Nor winds, nor swelling seas assault thee more.  
 Thus, 'midst the storms which blow  
 O'er Thracian hills of snow,  
 Orpheus tun'd the golden lyre,  
 And saw the beasts of death retire.  
 Thus fearless of the night, and watery grave,  
 Leander's bosom met the wave,  
 While Love before him flew his way to guide,  
 And thro' the foaming tide  
 Gave to his nervous arm redoubled power,  
 While Hymen shook the torch bright on the distant tower.  
 Hail ! happy fires of mutual love unknown,  
 To purchas'd dalliance and tumultuous joy ;  
 True Pleasure sits on Virtue's awful throne ;  
 There all the Loves their golden shafts employ :  
 Mild and unclouded the eternal flame,  
 Reward of virtuous Love, and Heaven's best blessing came.

III. Swift



Swift the wing'd Hours shall urge their stealing way,  
 Nor oft the waning moon shall know decay  
 Ere a new race shall rise of scepter'd kings.  
 From thee, Strelifian Fair, the future hero springs.  
 See, the long lines of royal youths extend,  
 To Britain's throne new subjects bend ;  
     Where'er her glittering standards rise,  
     In other seas, in other skies,  
     Shall spread the godlike fame of mildest victories.  
     Auspicious youths be born!  
 Arise! O haste! your native soil adorn!  
     Not valorous arms alone  
     Shall guard the regal throne ;  
     But shining arts, and holy laws,  
 And ancient Freedom's well-defended cause,  
 Shall lift secure your praise sublime  
     Thro' all the radiant paths of time.  
 On Dorubernian cliffs the Muse hath told,  
     Prophetic child of Druids old,  
 Whereon she sits, and hears from either pole  
 In every wind victorious thunders roll.





## O D E O N D E A T H.

WRITTEN IN FRENCH BY HIS MAJESTY THE KING  
OF PRUSSIA.

TRANSLATED BY THE SAME.

WHAT does the sad presaging mean?  
Few days, few years, perhaps few moments urge  
My footsteps to the dreary verge,  
Where Fate the curtain drops to close the scene:  
Then farewell! Life and Light! and thou blest Sun serene,

Earth, o'er me rolls thy mighty bed;  
The world recedes; I view the grave profound:  
Of life I touch the utmost bound;  
And rush to mix a victim with the dead,  
Where Fate embraces all, and none can backward tread.

While yet I wake or sleep, there stand  
Ten thousand Deaths in arms; before, behind,  
They press me round; and every wind  
Wafts the contagion from each distant land,  
And all the Elements conspire to arm the dreadful band;

Within



Within, without, above, below,  
 By turns they sink, or rend my feeble frame,  
 Now chill, now urge the vital flame,  
 Till Nature's tortur'd stream forgets to flow,  
 And Art itself but proves a still more dangerous foe.

Dust to its Dust will soon return  
 This mortal part, proud Tyrant of the Mind,  
 Nor leave of all its pomp behind,  
 But horrid lessons human Pride should learn,  
 Foul Worms, and Blood, and Stench that fill the Royal Urn.

Recede, ye base and servile train,  
 I cannot be the mighty thing ye say;  
 The wretched object of a day,  
 Which flatter'd Fancy would exalt in vain,  
 I know what I must be, and what I am disdain.

But warm'd with Heaven's eternal flame,  
 Shall that which lives, which thinks, the Mind  
 Be fleeting as the empty wind?  
 Or say, can Death its active efforts tame,  
 O God, who first inspir'd this animated frame?

No: for the Mind above the grave  
 Unfetter'd springs, and searching Nature's stores  
 It knows itself, and thee adores,  
 Secure, O God, whose word its being gave,  
 That what created first has certain power to save;



While thus of Death dispels the cloud,  
 Can sensual joy life's narrow view confine?  
 True Virtue feels the hope divine  
 Of bliss sincere : not so the guilty crowd ;  
 Thy arm for ever blasts the wicked and the proud.

Great God ! and is eternal pain  
 Or joy of Heaven reserv'd for me in store ?  
 Thy breath but wafts to either shore ;  
 Scarce can the tortur'd mind the thought sustain ;  
 I fly forbidden joys, the sensual, and the vain.

Yet fast to earth is Nature bound :  
 Back on its wonted objects turns the Mind,  
 And lags the slave of life behind :  
 While Reason's efforts are too painful found  
 To rend the rooted oak that loves its native ground.

Objects of every jealous eye,  
 Ye dreams of mortal good, that swift decay,  
 How do ye stop my destin'd way ?  
 And force me back the paths of sense to try ?  
 Ye point the sting of Death, and more than once I die.

Scenes of astonishment ! the world how blind !  
 Is Death depriv'd of all his mighty power ?  
 Do none expect the fatal hour ?  
 Is there a wish to Nature's bounds confin'd ?  
 Is there a scheme forgot, or toil for this resign'd ?



See Mortals still acquire, assume,  
 As if more vigilant they Death could shun,  
 To honours fly, to combats run,  
 And he whose footsteps tremble o'er the tomb  
 Builds up new plans of life, and sudden meets his doom.

Rush on, ye madding train,  
 A thousand rocks, a thousand storms despise,  
 To reach the good ye idolize :  
 Go, of accumulated wealth be vain :  
 Go, ravage other worlds, if other worlds remain

Let neither law, nor power divine,  
 Nor Nature's anxious Monitor within  
 Repress each greatly daring Sin ;  
 Go : bid with want the plunder'd Orphan pine,  
 And with polluted hands disturb each sacred Shrine ;

Proceed : but soon your views are past ;  
 Accurst, at once ye droop, and are no more :  
 Who would not think, to see your store,  
 That all the projects your Ambition cast  
 Beyond the grave were stretch'd, and would for ever last ?

Ye mighty Leaders, mighty Kings,  
 With flames, and blood, whose battles mark your way ;  
 Do Monarchs hope eternal sway ?  
 In vain each distant clime its tribute brings,  
 Sprung from the dust ye mix with long-forgotten things.



Himself the Victor cannot save ;  
 If but to die is yours, how short is Glory's sum ?  
 In vain ye fought and overcome,  
 Nor aught avail the spoils Ambition gave  
 To hang with conquer'd crowns the putrid Monarch's grave.

On Nature's theatre display'd  
 All is the sport of Death ; the change I fear ;  
 New objects rise, then disappear ;  
 Around my brows the cypress casts a shade ;  
 I scorn the sweets of life, and all its roses fade.

Yet 'midst this sage, but painful lore ;  
 While awful truths their sacred light reveal,  
 What means this latent wish I feel ?  
 Is then my bosom's Lord itself no more ?  
 Wretch ! that I drag new chains more ponderous than before :

Rules then the mind, this Lord supreme ?  
 Which every weak, and vain allurements draws  
 To Pleasure's throne, and tyrant laws.  
 Quick we return in life from what we seem  
 To what we are, and wake from calm Reflection's dream ;

As wandering Fancy leads we go ;  
 By turns we reason, or submit to sense,  
 And incoherent parts commence  
 That fill the stage of Folly, Shame, and Woe ;  
 Nor from the hook escap'd again the bait we know.

Voltaire,



Voltaire, in this eternal round  
 How swift our active spirits urge their way!  
 By both extremes deceiv'd we stray,  
 Now caught by sense, now lost in thought profound,  
 And in the mutual change our happiness is found.



# I N S C R I P T I O N

UPON A MONUMENT.

BY THE SAME.

**H**OW soon with nimble wings our pleasures haste,  
 And clouds involve the sunshine of the day!  
 The wintry storms howl o'er the dreary waste,  
 And fairest things tend swiftest to decay.

In dark oblivion all our glory ends;  
 This morn we flourish, and the next we fade.  
 Time lifts his sweeping scythe: the pile descends  
 Where vain Ambition all her toils display'd;

The work of nations, and the pomp of power  
 Sink: the once lofty spire, the dome's proud state:  
 The dust receives them at the destin'd hour,  
 And mighty kingdoms feel the force of Fate.



Fall, vain Ambition's pile, and lofty spires,  
 But spare, stern Fate, the youthful and the gay;  
 Soft pity sure such innocence requires;  
 And so much beauty well might Death delay.



# T O A L A D Y

SITTING FOR HER PICTURE.

B Y T H E S A M E.

**T**HE weary look, desponding air,  
 Ill suits, my Dear, a face so fair;  
 Resume your smiles; again supply  
 The Graces caught by Fancy's eye.  
 While Wilson sketches out the piece,  
 We'll talk, to pass the time, of Greece;  
 Of Greece, as you have often heard,  
 For warriors, and for wits rever'd;  
 The seat of Learning, and the Graces,  
 Fam'd for fine arts, but finer faces;  
 Where Painters, Poets, not as since,  
 Were greater held than any Prince;  
 In temples, palaces carest,  
 None more the Ladies smiles possess;

For



For they were rich as well as clever,  
 And riches were successful ever ;  
 Priests, Senates, Nations, Kings desir'd  
 The works their heaven-taught art inspir'd,  
 And if a pencil chanc'd to drop,  
 An Alexander pick'd it up ;  
 Beauties would run to be sketch'd over ;  
 The haughty Prince, tho' much a lover,  
 Once for the copy, payment small,  
 Resign'd up the original,  
 The fair Campaspe's matchless charms,  
 More conquering than the Monarch's arms,  
 To one Apelles ; one who drey  
 The Queen of Love, as Wilson you.

Each lovely maid, of Greece the toast,  
 Such as our British isle can boast,  
 In all their native beauty gay,  
 As Hebé young, and sweet as May,  
 Before him fate : from one he chose  
 The eye which Love half seem'd to close ;  
 This lent a face divinely fair,  
 A mild, and yet majestic air ;  
 That gave what art in vain would seek,  
 The spirits mantling in the cheek,  
 And lips that softness seem'd to speak.  
 Thus, from their various charms combin'd,  
 One perfect Whole impress his mind ;  
 But had Apelles painted now,  
 He might, my Dear, have copied you,



And, as in truth, I think, was done,  
 He would have from the picture run,  
 And left the Venus but begun,  
 To sacrifice the pride of art  
 To the bright Goddess of his heart,  
 And given up an immortal claim,  
 For beauty's prize, the prize of fame.



# E L E G Y.

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY.

BY THE SAME.

**Y**ES, it is past; the fatal stroke is given.  
 Our pious sorrows own the hand of heaven.  
 How short our joys! incumber'd life how vain!  
 Still vex'd with evil's never-ceasing train;  
 While roll the hours which lead each fleeting year,  
 Each asks a sigh, and each demands a tear.  
 O'er pleasing scenes the mind with rapture roves,  
 Grasps in idea all its hopes or loves:  
 Snatch'd from its view the pleasing scenes decay,  
 And the fair vision melts in shades away.



Of youth, of beauty, and of wit the boast,  
 O lov'd for ever, and too early lost,  
 Sweet maid, for thee now mingling with the dead,  
 Her sacred griefs the tuneful Muse shall shed ;  
 The soft remembrance of thy charms to save  
 She plants with all her bays thy hallow'd grave.

Ye too, companions of her happier days,  
 Heirs of her charms, and rivals of her praise,  
 Amid the circles of the young and gay  
 Your years unheeded urge their stealing way,  
 While mixt with pleasure's ever-smiling train,  
 Ye know no sorrows, and ye feel no pain ;  
 Yet, when no more the pulse tumultuous beats,  
 Nor the pleas'd sense each flattering tale repeats,  
 Let calm reflection the sad moral teach,  
 That bliss below evades our eager reach ;  
 That virtue only grants the real charm,  
 Gives wit to win, and beauty power to warm ;  
 And tho' like hers, whose recent fate we mourn,  
 And ask your pity for a sister's urn,  
 Your beauties shine in all their bloom confest,  
 'Mid gazing slaves contending to be blest,  
 Yet think like hers may soon those beauties fade ;  
 Like hers your glories in the dust be laid.  
 Time's hardy steps in silence swift advance,  
 Dim the bright ray that darts the fiery glance,  
 And Age, dread herald of Death's awful reign,  
 Blasts every grace, and freezes every vein.



When with a mother's joy, a mother's fear,  
 The thoughtful parent dropt the silent tear,  
 Gaz'd on her child, and saw new beauties rise,  
 Glow in her cheeks, and sparkle in her eyes,  
 In expectation plann'd each hope of life,  
 The sister, daughter, mother, friend, and wife;  
 Ah fleeting joys! how soon those hopes were o'er!  
 We doom'd to mourn, and she to charm no more.  
 The waning moon shall fill her wasted horn,  
 And nature's radiance gild the orient morn,  
 The smiling spring with charms renew'd appear,  
 The sleeping blossoms haste to deck the year,  
 But bloom no more this fair departed flower,  
 Nor wak'd by genial sun, nor vernal shower.

How vain, alas! was all thy father's art,  
 Vain were the sighs which swell'd thy mother's heart.  
 Again I see thee just expiring lie,  
 Pale thy cold lip, half clos'd thy languid eye,  
 Thy guardian Innocence beside thee stands,  
 And patient Faith uplifts her holy hands,  
 Teach thee with smiles to meet the stroke of Death,  
 Calm all thy pangs, and ease thy struggling breath.

Resign'd, dear maid, to earth's maternal breast,  
 May sister Seraphs chant thy soul to rest.  
 There shall the constant Amaranthus bloom,  
 And wings of Zephyrs shed the morn's perfume.  
 O'er thy sad hearse, fair emblems of the dead,  
 By virgin hands are dying lilies shed.



The weeping Graces shall thy tomb surround ;  
 The Loves with broken darts shall strew the ground ;  
 In vain for thee they wak'd the fond desires,  
 Wove myrtle wreaths, and fann'd their purer fires.  
 The youthful God, who joins the nuptial bands,  
 In vain expecting, near his altar stands ;  
 Fate spread the cloud : his torch extinct, he flies,  
 And veils with saffron robe his streaming eyes.

Yet O, while crown'd with never-fading flowers,  
 Thy spirit wanders thro' Elysian bowers,  
 If plaintive sounds of mortal grief below  
 Reach the blest seats, and waft our tender woe,  
 Hear, happy shade ; while thus our mortal lays  
 This monument of soft affection raise.  
 By gentle ties of kindred birth allied,  
 The Muse, that sports on Camus' willow'd side,  
 In Memory's lofty dome inscribes thy name,  
 And with thy beauties strives to mix her fame.





T H E   A C A D E M I C.

WRITTEN APRIL M.DCC.LV\*.

BY THE SAME,

I.

**W**HILE silent streams the moss-grown turrets lave,  
Cam, on thy banks with pensive steps I tread ;  
The dipping osiers kiss thy passing wave,  
And evening shadows o'er the plains are spread.

From restless eye of painful Care,  
To thy secluded grot I fly,  
Where Fancy's sweetest forms repair,  
To soothe her darling Poesy ;

Reclin'd the lovely Visionary lies  
In yonder vale and laurel-vested bower ;  
Where the gay turf is deck'd with various dies,  
And breathes the mingling scents of every flower :

\* At the time of the establishment of Classical Prizes, and building the new Public Library



While holy dreams prolong her calm repose,  
 Her pipe is cast the whispering reeds among;  
 High on the boughs her waving harp is hung,  
 Murmuring to every wind that o'er it blows.

## II.

Oft' have I seen her bathe at dewy morn  
 Her wanton bosom in thy silver spring,  
 And, while her hands her flowing locks adorn  
 With busy elegance, have heard her sing:

But say what long recorded theme,  
 Thro' all the lofty tale of time,  
 More worthy can the Goddess deem  
 Of sounding chords, and song sublime;

Than, whose parental hand to vigour bred  
 Each infant art, the Noble and the Wise;  
 Whose bounty gave yon' arching shades to spread;  
 Yon' pointed spires in holy pomp to rise?

Shall War alone loud-echoing numbers claim,  
 And shall the deeds of smiling Peace be drown'd;  
 Amid the Hero's shouts and trumpet's sound?  
 These too shall flourish in immortal fame.

## III.

When Science fled from Latium's polish'd coasts  
 And Grecian groves, her long and lov'd abode,  
 Far from the din of fierce conflicting hosts,  
 Thro' barbarous realms the weary wanderer trod;

But



But to what more indulgent sky,  
 To what more hospitable shade,  
 Could trembling, bleeding, fainting fly  
 The helpless and devoted Maid?

Time-honour'd Founders! ye the virgin woo'd!  
 'Twas yours, with souls to native grandeur born,  
 To bid her radiant beauties shine renew'd,  
 With wealth to heap, with honours to adorn.

In Granta's happier paths she wept no more;  
 Heal'd were the wounds that scarr'd her gentle breast;  
 Here, still she smiles with Freedom's sons to rest,  
 Nor mourns her Attic towers, nor Tuscan shore.

## IV.

Fathers of Genius! whom the Muse adores,  
 For sure to you her noblest strains belong;  
 Beneath whose venerable roofs she pours  
 The grateful notes of sweetly flowing song.

Th' increase of swift revolving years  
 With conscious pride exulting view;  
 How all ye plann'd complete appears;  
 How all your Virtues bloom anew:

The generous zeal which erst ye felt remains;  
 Its bounteous beams still ardent to dispense;  
 While unexhausted to your learned plains  
 Rolls the rich stream of wide munificence.



Joy to your shades ! the great career is run,  
 Reserv'd by Fate for some superior hand,  
 Confest, the last, th' auspicious work shall stand,  
 And Statesman, Monarch end what ye begun.

## V.

Ye too, once Inmates of these walls renown'd,  
 Whose spirits, mingling with th' ethereal ray,  
 Of universal Nature trac'd the bound,  
 Or rais'd in majesty of thought the lay,

See your lov'd Arts this clime to grace,  
 Their rival radiance brighter shed,  
 While Holles smiles the wreath to place  
 Upon the youthful Victor's head.

Where Spencer sits among your thrones sublime,  
 To the soft music of his mournful lays  
 Listening ye weep for his ungrateful time,  
 And point the better hope of happier days.

If with the dead dishonour's memory dies,  
 Forget, much injur'd Name, th' unworthy woe;  
 In strains like thine so may our accents flow,  
 In nobler numbers yon' fair domes arise.

## VI.

When Faction's storms, or some fell Tyrant's hate,  
 Arts join'd with Freedom to one grave shall doom,  
 Then tho' these structures to the hand of Fate  
 Bend their proud height, like thine, imperial Rome,

Know,



Know, vainly, Time, thy rapid rage  
 Shall point its wide destroying aim,  
 Since what defies the force of age  
 Thus consecrates the pile to Fame ;

Some future eye the ruin'd heap shall trace,  
 The name of Holles on the stone behold;  
 Shall point a Brunswic to a distant race,  
 Benign, and awful on the swelling gold.

Th' historic page, the poet's tuneful toil,  
 With these compar'd, their mutual aid shall raise  
 To build the records of eternal praise,  
 And deck with endless wreaths their honour'd foil.

## VII.

Sweeter than warbled sounds that win the sense  
 Flows the glad music of a grateful heart;  
 Beyond the pomp of wordy eloquence,  
 Or strains too cold, high-wrought with labour'd art.

Tho' weakly sounds the jarring string ;  
 Tho' vainly would the Muse explore  
 The heights to which with eagle wing  
 Alone can heaven-taught Genius soar ;

Yet shall her hand ingenious strive to twine  
 The blooming chaplet for her Leader's brow ;  
 While with new verdure grac'd, in Glory's shrine,  
 The ampler Palms of civic Honours grow ;

When



When he, these favour'd shades appears to blefs,  
 Whose guardian counfels guide a nation's fate,  
 And with superior toils for Europe's state  
 Mixes the thought of Granta's happiness.

## VIII.

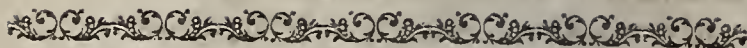
Hail feats rever'd ! where thoughtful pleasures dwell,  
 And hovering Peace extends her downy wings,  
 Where musing Knowledge holds her humble cell,  
 And Truth divine unlocks her secret springs ;

This verse with mild acceptance deign  
 To hear ; this verse yourselves inspire,  
 Ere yet within your sacred fane  
 The Muse suspends her votive lyre.

Thee, Granta, thus with filial thanks I greet,  
 With smiles maternal thou those thanks receive,  
 For Learning's humble wealth, for friendship sweet,  
 For every calmer joy thy scenes could give.

While thus I sport upon thy peaceful strand,  
 The storms of life at awful distance roar ;  
 And still I dread, still lingering on the shore,  
 To launch my little bark, and quit the land.





# A M A B E L L A<sup>b</sup>.

WRITTEN BY THE DESIRE OF MRS. MONTAGU.

BY MR. JERNINGHAM.

**H**ARMODIUS breath'd the rural air, nor found  
 His ruddy health with length of years decrease :  
 By duty prompted, Amabella crown'd  
 His silver forehead with the wreath of peace :

By partial nature fram'd in beauty's mould,  
 Adorn'd with every grace, unspoil'd by art,  
 To friendship's circle still did she unfold  
 The lovelier beauties of a feeling heart.

<sup>b</sup> The subject of this poem is founded on a circumstance that happened during the late war.—A young lady, not meeting with the concurrence of her relations in favour of an officer for whom she expressed her regard, was prevailed upon, by his solicitations, to consent to a clandestine marriage; which took place on the day he sat out to join his regiment abroad, where he was unfortunately killed in an engagement.



Endear'd to all she met, each welcome day,  
 By fortune's hand, with various blessings fraught:  
 When, lo! her gaiety's accustom'd ray  
 Was quench'd, untimely, with the gloom of thought.

What fix'd the bosom-thorn, affliction knows,  
 Where peace sat brooding as the gentle dove:  
 What blasted on her cheek the summer rose,  
 Or slow disease, or unsuccessful love,

Remain'd unknown.—'Twas by the many guess'd,  
 That love to her soft vows had prov'd unkind:  
 Beyond the power of her weak frame oppress'd,  
 Infanity o'erthrew her lovely mind.

At length recovering, yet to grief devote,  
 To solitude she gave th' unsocial day;  
 Like a pale vot'ry from the world remote,  
 Unhear'd, unvisited of pleasure's ray.

Oft did Harmodius (at her state dismay'd)  
 Solicit from his child her secret pain:  
 Her vague reply still from his question stray'd,  
 And each repeated effort prov'd in vain.

To speed the moments of the loitering hour,  
 And by their plaintive strains perchance allur'd,  
 Within a spacious myrtle-woven bower,  
 Two turtle doves the pensive fair secur'd.



“ Ye little captives, would she often say,  
“ Tho’ here secluded from the fields of air,  
“ Thro’ yonder vernal grove forbid to stray,  
“ And join the kindred train that wanton there;

“ ’Gainst you the gunner never lifts his arm,  
“ Nor o’er this mansion does the falcon fail;  
“ You live unconscious of the storm’s alarm,  
“ The rain impetuous, and the beating hail.

“ Nor here, by kind compassion unimpress’d,  
“ The school-boy ever rears his impious hand,  
“ To fill with agony the feather’d breast,  
“ And raze the little domes that love had plann’d.”

Their harmless joys disease too soon effac’d :

One fatal morn, her Turturella’s mate  
She found, with flagging wing subdued, oppress’d,  
And just, just sinking at the blow of fate :

While down her cheek compassion’s shower distill’d,  
She gently rais’d it to her anxious breast;  
But death’s cold blast life’s crimson current chill’d,  
And thus the fair her breathless bird address’d :

“ Ill-fated turtle, round whose peaceful bower  
“ The jocund loves so lately wont to play:  
“ How sunk, alas! in youth’s exulting hour,  
“ To fell disease, to death th’ untimely prey :

“ How



- “ How silent is the voice, which, void of art,  
“ Along the tender day was heard to coo !  
“ How still, how frozen is the constant heart,  
“ Which to its dear companion beat, so true !  
“ That dear companion, that now widow'd dove,  
“ To screen from every harm be mine the care ;  
“ And, while she mourns her ne'er-reviving love,  
“ Her grief to me the mourner will endear :  
“ Like thee, a widow too, condemn'd to mourn :  
“ No more to me does life unfold its charms,  
“ Death, death forbids him ever to return ! ”  
She said—and sunk into th' attendant's arms.

Her swift relapsing to her former state,  
With boding fears, approach'd the serving train :  
This scene's dread period tremblingly they wait,  
Nor were their boding fears indulg'd in vain :

Awakening from her trance, around she threw,  
Distressful fair, her much disorder'd eyes ;  
And wildering said—“ repeat that kind adieu :  
“ Ah no ! from love to war, to death he flies.

- “ Did ye not hear the clash of hostile spears ?  
“ Ah ! mark ye not that breast-plate stain'd with gore ?  
“ What groan was that which pierc'd these fearful ears ?  
“ He falls, he falls—my warrior is no more :



“ Nor was, O Heaven! his Amabella near  
“ To soothe his pain, and echo sigh to sigh,  
“ Drop on the gaping ground a balmy tear,  
“ Kiss his cold lip, and close his fading eye.”

Of her distress th’ alarm’d Harmodius taught,  
With trembling steps approach’d th’ unconscious fair;  
“ Give me, he cried, with grief paternal fraught,  
“ Give me, O Amabel! to soothe thy care :

“ Say, what affliction has thy soul impressed?  
“ Reveal what storm thy bosom’d calmness breaks?  
“ Reveal—and thus relieve this anguish’d breast:  
“ The tender father to his daughter speaks.”

AMABELLA.

“ Ah! what avails the praise the brave obtain!  
“ Thro’ his white bosom rush’d the hostile steel:  
“ ’Twas his to swell the number of the slain,  
“ And mine affliction’s keenest point to feel.”

HARMODIUS.

“ Her roving thought no trace of reason bears:  
“ To her rack’d mind, O Heaven! thy peace impart:  
“ A loving parent bathes thy cheek with tears;  
“ Harmodius holds thee to his breaking heart.”

AMABELLA,



AMABELLA.

“ To thee, I grateful kneel, O generous seer!

“ Who dost, to one unknown, thy care extend:

“ Along thy path may Peace her olives rear,

“ And Heaven, in battle, shield thy dearest friend:

“ For me, who droop beneath misfortune's shower,

“ I had a father,—now, alas! a foe,—

“ Thou'lt blush to hear,—in sorrow's darkest hour,

“ He leaves his child abandon'd to her woe:

“ But to thy heart, that's fram'd of softer mould,

“ What can to thee, a wretch like me endear!

“ The spring, the motive of thy love unfold:

“ Say, say, for me why flows that friendly tear!

“ Yet soft awhile,—methinks that hoary brow—

“ That plaintive voice—Ah, bear with my distress!

“ Or much remembrance is effac'd, or now,

“ A tender father's tear-dew'd cheek I press.”

HARMODIUS.

“ On knees of gratitude, I bless the skies,

“ That Amabella to herself restore.”

AMABELLA.

“ Ah, wherefore dost thou joy! thy daughter dies:

“ Support me to yon couch—I can no more—



“ I feel, I feel the pulse of life retire!

“ Ah, deign to hear thy dying child reveal,

“ What, in rebellion to thy just desire,

“ Lock’d in her breast, she dar’d so long conceal.

“ By thee, unsanction’d, did I plight my love,

“ And, all to thee unknown, a bride became.”

HARMODIUS.

“ Harmodius will to both a father prove.”

AMABELLA.

“ To him thy pardon thou canst ne’er proclaim:

“ Three fleeting hours had scarcely call’d me bride,

“ When he was summon’d to the martial plain:

“ And there,—forgive these tears,—in beauty’s pride,

“ The much-lamented valiant youth was slain.

“ What tho’ unworthy of thy care I prove,

“ To thy remembrance let thy child be dear;

“ Thy kind compassion let the daughter move,

“ When this weak frame shall press th’ untimely bier.”

More would she say,—her voice began to fail,

From her faint eye life’s lingering spark retir’d,

The ripening cherry on her lip grew pale,

She heav’d a sigh, and in that sigh expir’d.



A SPOUSAL HYMN.

ADDRESSED TO HIS MAJESTY ON HIS MARRIAGE.

BY JAMES SCOTT<sup>s</sup>, M. A.

FELLOW OF TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

AS, when diffus'd in solemn trance  
Her dear delight the Latmian shepherd lay,  
Fond Cynthia came with lightning-glance,  
And o'er his bosom stream'd her virgin ray:  
So come, O gentle Muse, if e'er aright  
I paid my vows, if e'er implor'd  
One scanty beam of thy celestial light;  
Proof to the muckworm miser's golden hoard,  
Nor envious of the statesman's fair renown,  
The warrior's death-bought wreath, and monarch's thorny  
crown.

Come, Guardian of my natal hour,  
That bad'st me chuse the still sequester'd grove,  
The pathless mead, and woodbine bower,  
Where placid Cares, and pensive Pleasures rove;

<sup>s</sup> Author of Heaven, a vision. See vol. 2:



Where oft by moon-light's silent, solemn glade,  
 Pale Passion musing loves to stray,  
 And hand in hand, by Melancholy led,  
 In thoughtful loneness wears herself away;  
 O come, in all thy radiant charms confest,  
 And fire with glowing zeal my fond, devoted breast!

I ask not flowrets fresh and gay,  
 From Pindus cull'd to please the vainly great;  
 No filken strain, no tinsel lay,  
 To cloke some public Knave from public hate:  
 No, Virgin, no—Fair Freedom's vestal flame  
 Pervades my soul; for Her I twine  
 The votive wreath, for Her thy hallow'd name  
 Invoke, O make thy choicest treasures mine;  
 Breathe Inspiration thro' each glowing line,  
 Thy genuine form impress, and stamp the work divine!

Then shalt thou, George, the song approve,  
 O British-born! O Freedom's sacred heir!  
 O thou, whom all the Graces love,  
 Religion's boast, and Virtue's darling care!  
 Fain would the Muse attempt thy various praise,  
 But ah, in vain!—thro' <sup>t</sup> Ida's bowers  
 With dubious foot th' astonish'd woodman strays;  
 Where shall his work begin?—Ye sylvan Powers  
 Direct the blow; here oaks aspiring rise,  
 There, Monarchs of the grove, tall cedars prop the skies.

<sup>t</sup> Theocr. Εγκωμ. Πτολ.



Say, shall the Muse thy patriot Sire  
Recall to view? Tell how with conscious state

She saw the god-like Prince retire  
To glorious exile, like Timoleón great?

Glad heard the voice, "Avaunt, ye wretched Train,

"Shall I my Country's cause betray?

"Betray my soul, my God, for sordid gain?

"Perish the thought!—Ye Slaves of gold away!—

"In venal courts tho' base corruption reigns,

"Know Liberty shall breathe thro' Kew's indignant plains."

He spoke, and lo! the reptile crew  
Struck dumb with wonder fled!—Hail, sacred source,

Whence George his patriot morals drew:  
Prosper, ye heavenly Powers, their genial course!

O bid them branch into a thousand rills,

A thousand streams!—Where-e'er they flow,

Whether all glist'ring down the loftier hills,

Or thro' the still, and humbler vales below,

Let Health pursue, no noxious weeds be found,

But flowers immortal rise fresh-breathing sweets around!

Prophetic wish!—See Discord flies,  
With all her rebel rout, her hell-born train!

See Faction falls, and Party dies,  
They die fell serpents; in his dawning reign:

Thus sure presage of many a glorious deed,

Blest omen of immortal fame,

The Son of Jove, when near his infant head

Devouring snakes in poisonous volumes came,

Grasp'd



Grasp'd in his brawny arms the scaly foes,  
Smil'd on the danger past, and sunk to soft repose.

And now again, with careful hand,  
Her goodly plants fair Science joys to rear;  
And now again all blooming stand  
The beauteous Progeny of Art; they fear  
No killing frosts, no thick unkindly dews,  
Such as from Belgian plains arise;  
The genial clouds their pearly drops diffuse,  
And shower increase of sweetness from the skies;  
The youthful Sun, in his meridian throne,  
Beams with indulgent ray his fostering influence down.

Hail, favour'd Isle! blest seat of Fame!  
For conquering arms, and peerless arts renown'd!  
Hail, mighty George! thy darling name  
Oft shall the Muse with honest joy resound:  
Not that abstemious, prudent, just, and wise,  
Thy every deed fair Virtue guides;  
Nor that thy thoughts with holy ardor rise  
From Earth's low base, where Vice and Passion bides,  
To Heaven's bright mansions, there their sweets dispense,  
Grateful as hallow'd fumes from breathing frankincense.

Ay me so great, so bold a flight  
Beseems not shepherd-swain, in lowly Mead  
Far from Preferment's giddy height  
Condemn'd, alas, an hireling flock to feed!

Yet



Yet will I sing how thy discerning eye  
 The boisterous sea of life surveys,  
 Where toiling fore the Sons of Merit lie,  
 Till call'd by thee their weary heads they raise :  
 What minute Drop, but cherish'd by thy care  
 A costly Pearl becomes of matchless Beauty rare ?

Charm then your pipes, ye shepherd swains,  
 And bid the hills, and dales the Song repeat,  
 Your Patron, your Augustus reigns !—  
 But hark, with undulation soft, and sweet,  
 What melting music steals upon the ear !  
 Am I deceiv'd, or doth a Choir  
 Of winged Cupids fan the buxom air  
 Till Silence smiles ; while from their silver lyre  
 Harmonious numbers flow, whose dulcet breath  
 Would recreate a soul beneath the pangs of death ?

I did not err, a Choir of Loves  
 Sublime in air attune th' enchanting lay ;  
 They leave Idalia's blooming groves,  
 And Cypria's myrtle shades, where jocund fray  
 The Graces, Smiles, and Hours, where Nature's care  
 Profusely kind allures the fight,  
 And wraps the sense in bliss : ye Virgins fair  
 Of Britain's Isle, sweet daughters of delight,  
 Receive the cherub throng, to you they fly  
 With welcome tidings fraught, blest harbingers of Joy.

Lo!



Lo ! lo she comes from th' Albine shore,  
 Your maiden Queen, adorn'd with peerless charms !  
 Like Phœbe, when by Taurus hoar  
 Enamour'd Alpheus strove with eager arms.  
 To grasp the Fair : ah, fond and hapless boy !  
 Ah, cruel wayward Dame !—in vain  
 He breath'd his amorous soul, for all too coy  
 Swift as the Roc she sought the distant plain ;  
 Left him to pour in tears his plaintive theme,  
 Till chang'd by love and grief he melted to a stream.

See where from Ocean's pearly bed,  
 Whose huddling waters pass unwilling by,  
 She comes with easy modest tread,  
 'Midst echoing crowds, and rapturous shouts of joy !  
 'Twas thus, the life-resembling \* tablet shews,  
 In youth and beauty fresh and gay  
 The Paphian Goddess from the waves arose,  
 While dolphins gamboll'd thro' the watry way,  
 Old Neptune smil'd, the sea-green sisters sung,  
 And all the rocks around with lö Triumph rung.

But ah, what Dædal hand can trace  
 The glowing beauties of her 'air and mien ;  
 The lively sweetness of her face,  
 And eyes where wisdom's azure beams are seen ?  
 Her bosom fraught with honour's maiden treasure,  
 Unblemish'd faith, mild modesty,

\* The famous Picture of Venus by Apelles.



Eternal love, unfoil'd by baser pleasure,  
 And constant truth, and spotless chastity,  
 Where thoughts, that angels might admire, are bred,  
 And flames of holy zeal, by pure Religion fed?

Hail, Virgin, hail, divinely blest,  
 By Heaven endow'd with all that's good and great!  
 O Flower of Virtue, in whose breast,  
 Imperial Reason dwells in royal state!  
 There, there she sits as Queen on ivory throne,  
 The vassal Passions round her stand,  
 In suppliant guise her rightful power they own,  
 And hear her still small voice, her soft command:  
 Far from the pure and unpolluted shrine  
 Each base affection flies, each haggard nurse of sin.

Leave then, ye Sisters, leave the  $\gamma$  Spring  
 Whose hallow'd waters flow thro' Minyas' land;  
 Conduct to Britain's blooming King  
 This all-accomplish'd work of Nature's hand:  
 'Tis yours, imperial Nymphs, whate'er is sweet,  
 And fair and splendid to bestow;  
 On you attend Wealth, Wisdom, Beauty, Wit;  
 Nor seated on Olympus' laughing brow  
 Will choirs celestial move till you advance,  
 Nor share th' ambrosial feast, nor lead the sprightly dance.

$\gamma$  The river Cephissus in Boeotia, on whose banks the Graces were  
 thought to reside. Pind. Olym. 14th.

And



And thou, O Queen of soft desires,  
 Whose radiant smiles dispel the gloom of care,  
 And kindling friendship's purest fires,  
 Chase from the soul Suspicion, Doubt, and Fear,  
 Those griesly forms: O come, bewitching Power,  
 Come gently, o'er the bridal bed  
 In genial dews thy choicest pleasures shower;  
 Such as in Arcady's voluptuous shade  
<sup>z</sup> Lycæus felt, when stretch'd on Maia's breast  
 An image of himself th' enraptur'd God imprest.

Nor thou, Lucina chaste and fair,  
 Nor thou, sweet Genius of the nuptial bower,  
 Be absent; on the royal Pair  
 Profuse of joy your kindly blessings pour!  
 O haste, ye Guardians of the sacred rites,  
 Whose aid prolific power supplies,  
 So shall Britannia bless their pure delights,  
 When future Georges, future Charlottes rise;  
 By whom reflected distant times shall find  
 The Mother's matchless Grace, the Father's virtuous Mind.

<sup>z</sup> Jupiter.





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S O N N E T.

FOR THE ROOT-HOUSE AT WREST.

BY THOMAS EDWARDS, ESQ.

**S**TRANGER, or guest, whome'er this hallow'd grove  
 Shall chance receive, where sweet contentment dwells,  
 Bring here no heart that with ambition swells,  
 With avarice pines, or burns with lawless love :

Vice-tainted souls will all in vain remove  
 To sylvan shades, and hermits' peaceful cells,  
 In vain will seek retirement's lenient spells,  
 Or hope that bliss, which only good men prove :

If heaven-born truth, and sacred virtue's lore,  
 Which cheer, adorn, and dignify the mind,  
 Are constant inmates of thy honest breast,  
 If, unrepining at thy neighbour's store,  
 Thou count'st as thine the good of all mankind,  
 Then welcome share the friendly groves of Wrest.



S O N N E T.

TO MISS H. M.

BY THE SAME.

SWEET Linnet, who from off the laurel spray  
That hangs o'er Spenfer's ever-sacred tomb,  
Pour'st out such notes, as strike the Woodlark dumb,  
And vie with Philomel's enchanting lay,

How shall my verse thy melody repay?  
If my weak voice could reach the age to come,  
Like Colin Clout's, thy name should ever bloom  
Thro' future times, unconscious of decay:

But such frail aid thy merits not require,  
Thee Polyhymnia, in the roseate bowers  
Of high Parnassus, 'midst the vocal throng,  
Shall glad receive, and to her tuneful fire  
Present; where, crown'd with amaranthine flowers,  
The raptur'd choir shall listen to thy song.

S O N-



S O N N E T.

TO W. HEBERDEN, M. D.

BY THE SAME.

O HEBERDEN, whose salutary care  
Has kindly driven me forth the crowded Town  
To Turrick, and the lonely Country down,  
To breathe from Chiltern Hills a purer air.

For thousands' sakes may Heaven indulgent spare  
Long, long thy useful life, and blessings crown  
Thy healing arts, while well-deserv'd renown,  
With wealth unenvied, waits thy toil and care :

And when this grateful heart shall beat no more,  
(Nor long, I ween, can last my tottering frame,  
But soon, with me, this mortal coil shall end)  
Do thou, if Calumny again should roar,  
Cherish his memory, and protect his fame,  
Whom thy true worth has made thy faithful friend.





S O N N E T.

TO MR. J. PAICE.

BY THE SAME.

**J**OSEPH, the worthy Son of worthy Sire,  
Who well repay'ſt thy pious parents care  
To train thee in the ways of Virtue fair,  
And early with the love of Truth inſpire.

What farther can my cloſing eyes deſire  
To ſee, but that by wedlock thou repair  
The waſte of death; and raiſe a virtuous heir  
To build our Houſe, e'er I in peace retire?

Youth is the time for Love: Then chooſe a Wife,  
With prudence chooſe; 'tis Nature's genuine voice;  
And what ſhe truly dictates muſt be good;  
Neglected once that prime, our remnant life  
Is ſour'd, or ſadden'd, by an ill-tim'd choice,  
Or lonely, dull, and friendleſs ſolitude.



## S O N N E T.

TO THE SAME.

BY THE SAME.

“**W**ITH prudence choose a wife”—Be thy first care  
 Her Virtue, not confin’d to time or place,  
 Or worn for shew ; but on Religion’s base  
 Well-founded, easy, free, and debonair :

Next rose-cheek’d Modesty, beyond compare  
 The best cosmetic of the Virgin’s face ;  
 Neatness, which doubles every female grace ;  
 And Temper mild, thy joys and griefs to share ;

Beauty in true proportion rather choose  
 Than colour, fit to grace thy social board,  
 Cheer thy chaste bed, and honest offspring rear ;  
 With these seek Prudence well to guide thy house,  
 Untainted Birth, and, if thy state afford,  
 Do not, when such the prize, for Fortune square.



## S O N N E T.

TO ———.

BY THE SAME.

"SWEET is the Love that comes with willingness :"  
 So sings the sweetest Bard <sup>a</sup> that ever sung ;  
 Ten thousand blessings on his tuneful tongue,  
 Who felt and plain'd true lovers' fore distress !

Sweet were the joys which once you did possess,  
 When on the yielding Fair one's lips you hung ;  
 The forer now your tender heart is wrung  
 With sad remembrance of her fickleness :

Yet let not grief and heart-consuming care  
 Prey on your soul ; but let your constant mind  
 Bear up with strength and manly hardiness ;  
 Your worth may move a more deserving Fair ;  
 And she, that scornful beauty, soon may find,  
 Sharp are the pangs that follow faithlessness.

<sup>a</sup> Spenser



## S O N N E T.


BY THE SAME.

**M**Y gracious God, whose kind conducting hand  
 Has steer'd me thro' this Life's tumultuous sea,  
 From many a rock, and many a tempest free,  
 Which prudence could not shun, nor strength withstand,

And brought at length almost in sight of land,  
 That quiet haven where I long to be,  
 Only the streights of Death betwixt, which we  
 Are doom'd to pass, e'er reach the heavenly strand;

Bè this short passage boisterous, rough, and rude,  
 Or smooth, and calm—Father, thy Will be done—  
 Support me only in the troublous stour;  
 My sins all pardon'd thro' my Saviour's blood,  
 Let Faith, and Hope, and Patience still hold on  
 Unshaken, and Joy crown my latest hour!





# ON THE BURIAL

TO MATTHEW BARNARD <sup>b</sup>.

BY THE SAME.

**M**ATTHEW, whose skilful hand and well-worn spade  
 Shall soon be call'd to make the humble bed,  
 Where I at last shall rest my weary head,  
 And form'd of dust again in dust be laid ;

Near, but not in the Church of God, be made  
 My clay-cold cell, and near the common tread  
 Of passing friends ; when number'd with the dead,  
 We're equal all, and vain distinctions fade :

The cowslip, violet, or the pale primrose  
 Perhaps may chance to deck the verdant sward ;  
 Which twisted briar or hawthorn-bands entwine ;  
 Symbols of life's soon-fading glories those—  
 Do thou the monumental hillock guard  
 From trampling cattle, and the routing swine.

<sup>b</sup> The sexton of the parish.





# ON MR. NASH'S PICTURE

AT FULL LENGTH BETWEEN THE BUSTS OF SIR ISAAC  
NEWTON AND MR. POPE, AT BATH.

BY THE E — OF C —.

**T**HE old Ægyptians hid their wit.

In hierolyphic dress,

To give men pains in search of it,

And please themselves with guesses.

Moderns, to hit the self-same path,

And exercise their parts,

Place figures in a room at Bath:

Forgive them, God of arts!

Newton, if I can judge aright,

All Wisdom does express;

His knowledge gives mankind delight,

Adds to their happiness.

Pope is the emblem of true Wit,

The sunshine of the mind;

Read o'er his works in search of it,

You'll endless pleasure find.

Nash



Nash represents man in the mass,  
 Made up of Wrong and Right;  
 Sometimes a K——, sometimes an A——;  
 Now blunt, and now polite.

The picture plac'd the bust between,  
 Adds to the thought much strength,  
 Wisdom, and Wit, are little seen,  
 But Folly's at full length.

## ON THE D——SS OF R——D.

BY THE SAME.

**W**HAT do scholars, and bards, and astronomers wise,  
 Mean by stuffing our heads with nonsense and lies;  
 By telling us Venus must always appear  
 In a car, or a shell, or a twinkling star;  
 Drawn by sparrows, or swans, or dolphins, or doves,  
 Attended in form by the graces and loves:  
 That ambrosia and nectar is all she will taste,  
 And her passport to hearts on a belt round her waist?  
 Without all this bustle I saw the bright dame,  
 To supper last night to P——y's she came  
 In a good warm fedan; no fine open car;  
 Two chairmen her doves, and a flambeau her star;



No nectar she drank, no ambrosia she eat;  
 Her cup was plain claret, a chicken her meat:  
 Nor wanted a cestus her bosom to grace,  
 For R——d, that night, had lent her her face.



# A R N O ' s V A L E .

## A S O N G .

BY THE DUKE OF DORSET.

**W**HEN here, Lucinda, first we came,  
 Where Arno rolls his silver stream,  
 How brisk the nymphs, the swains how gay,  
 Content inspir'd each rural lay;  
 The birds in livelier concert sung,  
 The grapes in thicker clusters hung;  
 All look'd as joy could never fail,  
 Among the sweets of Arno's vale.  
 But since the good Palemon died,  
 The chief of shepherds, and the pride,  
 You read distress in every face,  
 And joy to sorrow now gives place:  
 The taste of pleasure now is o'er,  
 Thy notes, Lucinda, please no more,  
 The Muses droop, and tears prevail,  
 Adieu the sweets of Arno's vale.

B R I .



\*\*\*\*\*

# B R I T A I N ' S I S L E .

ON THE DEATH OF FREDERIC, PRINCE OF WALES.

BY THE SAME.

**W**HO but remembers yesterday,  
 Remembers Britain happy, gay;  
 Each bard inspir'd with sprightlier lays;  
 Already sung Saturnian days:  
 Already Science, hand in hand  
 With Art, had Freedom's temple plann'd.  
 All wore an universal smile;  
 Such were the hopes of Britain's Isle.

But now, since Fate has wrapt in night  
 The nation's and mankind's delight;  
 Since Frederic now for ever sleeps,  
 Art droops again, and Science weeps;  
 Corruption (who had spread her wing,  
 To fly before the patriot King)  
 Her flight, now doubtful, stops a while—  
 Adieu the hopes of Britain's Isle.

O D E



# ODE TO MORNING.

BY ———.

**T**HE sprightly messenger of day  
 To Heaven ascending tunes the lay  
 That wakes the blushing morn:  
 Chear'd with th' inspiring notes, I rise  
 And hail the power, whose glad supplies  
 Th' enliven'd plains adorn.

Far hence retire, O Night! thy praise,  
 Majestic Queen! in nobler lays  
 Already has been sung:  
 When thine own spheres expire, thy name,  
 Secure from time, shall rise in fame,  
 Immortaliz'd by Young.

See, while I speak Aurora sheds  
 Her early honours o'er the meads,  
 The springing valley's smile;  
 With chearful heart the village-swain  
 Renews the labours of the plain,  
 And meets the accusom'd toil.

Day's



Day's monarch comes to bless the year,  
 Wing'd Zephyrs wanton round his car,  
 Along th' æthereal road ;  
 Plenty and Health attend his beams,  
 And Truth, divinely bright, proclaims  
 The visit of the God.

Aw'd by the view, my soul reveres  
 The Great FIRST CAUSE that bade the spheres  
 In tuneful order move ;  
 Thine is the sable-mantled Night,  
 Unseen Almighty ! and the Light  
 The radiance of thy love.

Hark ! the awaken'd grove repays  
 With melody the genial rays,  
 And Echo spreads the strain ;  
 The streams in grateful murmurs run,  
 The bleating flocks salute the sun,  
 And music glads the plain.

While Nature thus her charms displays,  
 Let me enjoy the fragrant breeze  
 The opening flowers diffuse ;  
 Temp'rance and Innocence attend,  
 These are your haunts, your influence lend,  
 Associates of the Muse !

Riot,



Riot, and Guilt, and wasting Care,  
And fell Revenge, and black Despair

Avoid the Morning's light;  
Nor beams the sun, nor blooms the rose,  
Their restless passions to compose,  
Who Virtue's dictates slight:

Along the mead, and in the wood,  
And on the margin of the flood

The Goddess walks confest:  
She gives the landscape power to charm,  
The sun his genial heat to warm  
The wife and generous breast.

Happy the man! whose tranquil mind  
Sees Nature in her changes kind,  
And pleas'd the whole surveys;  
For him the morn benignly smiles,  
And evening shades reward the toils  
That measure out his days.

The varying year may shift the scene,  
The sounding tempest lash the main,  
And Heaven's own thunders roll;  
Calmly he views the bursting storm,  
Tempests not thunder can deform  
The morning of his soul.



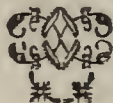


# T O A L A D Y,

WITH A PAIR OF GLOVES, ON VALENTINE'S DAY.

BY VILLIERS, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

**B**RIMFUL of anger, not of love,  
 The champion sends his foe one glove ;  
 But I, who have a double share  
 Of softer passion, send a pair.  
 Nor think it, dearest Celia, cruel  
 That I invite you to a duel ;  
 Ready to meet you face to face,  
 At any time, in any place :  
 Nor will I leave you in the lurch,  
 Tho' you should dare to name the church ;  
 There come equipp'd with all your charms,  
 The ring and licence are my arms ;  
 With these I mean your power to try,  
 And meet my charmer tho' I die.





## KIMBOLTON PARK.

BY THE MR. H——.

**T**HY Park, Kimbolton! and furrounding shade,  
 For rural love and contemplation made,  
 Invite my song. Ye Sylvens! haunt your bowers!  
 Waft round your sweets! and open all your flowers!  
 And thou, who shut'st not to the suppliant's prayer,  
 Nor to the aid-imploring voice thine ear,  
 Do thou, O MANCHESTER! protect the song;  
 The Muse's care does to the learn'd belong:  
 Grateful alike Muse, Subject, Author, bow,  
 And hail the source whence all their pleasures flow.  
 These plains that annual pour their sweets for thee,  
 (Thanks to thy bounty) yield a part to me:  
 And Ease, fair Virtue's, and the Poet's friend,  
 Thro' your indulgence, on my steps attend.

Impervious to the sun's most potent ray  
 Yon lofty elms their arched heads display;  
 From far the traveller sees their summit rise,  
 Scarce half distinguish'd from the neighbouring skies;  
 But oft surveying as he onward goes,  
 Greener and fairer still the object grows;  
 Till underneath their shade, at ease reclin'd,  
 He leaves the labour of the day behind;



Soft breezes cool him from surrounding bowers,  
And Nature bland her gay profusion pours.

So they who dauntless plow the dangerous main,  
(What will not daring man attempt for gain ?)  
At early dawn, from top-mast-head espy  
A rising vapour in the bordering sky ;  
Ere day's mid course, that vapour oft they find  
A royal navy, hovering in the wind :  
Yards, sails, and streamers crowd the whispering air,  
And all the glories of the deep appear.

Nor less impervious that extended shade  
By reverend oaks, the growth of ages, made ;  
Save where wide avenues that shade divide,  
And shew the woodland in its utmost pride.  
Here let the huntsman wind the echoing horn,  
Cheer his swift steed, and wake the rosy morn ;  
Let dogs and men in noisy concert join,  
And sportsmen call the harmony divine :  
The Muse delights not, fond of pensive ease,  
In dissipation, or pursuits like these.

And thou, sweet Thrush ! prolong thy amorous tale,  
Let thy love-burthen'd song delight the vale !  
No leaden death I bring, no toils for thee,  
Sing on, and soothe thy feather'd progeny :  
Come ! peaceful Precepts ! of the Samian Sage,  
Unbend the bow, and curb an iron age !  
Whatever laws short-sighted man may make,  
Who cannot give, can have no power to take :  
He, and he only, who could life bestow,  
May call his blessing from the realms below.

Let



Let shaggy bears, that prowl Moscovia's shore,  
 Stain their fierce claws, or dip their tongue in gore;  
 This does not equal human beasts of prey,  
 What they for hunger, we for pleasure slay:

Nor is this thirst of blood to man confin'd;  
 See S—— a savage of the fairer kind!  
 Pardon me, You! whose nobler tears can flow  
 For aught that suffers misery below;  
 Who shrink to rob the insect of its hour,  
 Or bruise its offspring in the opening flower:  
 Your form, your fears were by great Heaven design'd  
 At once to charm and humanize mankind.

When Nature fair from her Creator sprung,  
 And wondering angels hallelujahs sung,  
 The sylvan scene, blest seat! to man was given,  
 The richest bounty of indulgent Heaven.

To Peace then sacred be the shady grove!  
 Be there no murmurs heard—but those of love:  
 Love, fled from noise and cities, haunts the glade,  
 The falling fountains, and the silent shade;  
 Inspires each warbling songster in the bower,  
 Breathes in each gale, and blossoms in each flower.  
 When every object thus their charms combine,  
 What bosom can resist the power divine?  
 Too feeble that, which now the Muse inspires,  
 And, with her own, admits still warmer fires.  
 Here, here I felt the soft infection rise,  
 Pant at the breast, and languish in the eyes,  
 When Mira to my humble cot was led,  
 Love's willing victim, to an husband's bed;



And now still feel, in smother channels, run  
 Those streams, that rapid passion first begun:  
 Esteem, affection, friendship ne'er decline:  
 Nor are her virtues less for being mine.

Let Rome her fetter'd monks to cells withdraw,  
 And force her own against great Nature's law:  
 Drag blooming virgins useless from mankind,  
 And give to lust, what was for love design'd:  
 'Tis mine to tread on Albion's blissful shore,  
 Where sinful celibacy binds no more.

Now sultry Phœbus, far from Thetis' bed  
 Darts his fierce rays resistless o'er my head.  
 Slow thro' yon walk oft-winding let me rove,  
 And wander deep within the silent grove!  
 Or, if too potent there his beams invade,  
 O! let me tread those limes more cooling shade!  
 That shade which shall your kind protection gain,  
 And Brown himself provoke the axe in vain.

In milder climes, and blest with cloudless skies,  
 Let slender domes on hills unshelter'd rise,  
 Where constant seasons glad the neighbouring plains,  
 And Phœbus holds, not Phaëton, the reins.  
 But where loud waves oft vex the sea-girt shore,  
 And sudden tempests, unexpected, roar:  
 Where rough December, envious of her power,  
 From gentle May oft plucks the tender flower:  
 Where clearest morn to cloudy noon gives way,  
 And stormy eve excludes the hopeful day:  
 Where o'er the vast Atlantic vapours roll,  
 Or frozen fogs dark issue from the pole,

There



There the firm building asks the planter's aid,  
 " From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade."

In gardening great th' improvement of the age,  
 Clipt yews, cut out in Magogs, quit the stage;  
 Half murder'd hollies meet with one wound more,  
 And clasping ivy leaves the loaded door.  
 But yet the axe may drive the edge too far :  
 Brown not with Nature, yet with climes may war :  
 Use or convenience oft put in their claim,  
 " And rise to faults good judges dare not blame ;"  
 Nor can true taste and elegance reside  
 Where order and gradation are deny'd.

By walls immur'd, or lost within a wood  
 The cloister'd mansions of our fathers stood :  
 They fought protection from the dog-star's heat,  
 And heard, tho' felt not, the rude tempest beat :  
 But damps pervaded oft the gloomy hall,  
 And green-grown mould defac'd the 'scutcheon'd wall.  
 Fond of extremes (and wiser sure than they!)  
 We drive walls, trees, damps, arms, and all away :  
 Yield still too far to every thing that's new,  
 Nor dare to keep the golden mean in view.

But see! the sun the steep of heaven descends,  
 And yon kind cloud her golden curtain lends :  
 Let me, ye Walks! your flowery maze pursue,  
 And on one plain the world's whole tribute view.  
 That tribute, Commerce, which we owe to thee,  
 As thou we owe to godlike Liberty.  
 Here spicy shrubs, the growth of Afric, bloom,  
 And ancient Asia breathes her sweet perfume :



Columbean wilds their later treasures yield,  
And British roses crown the flowery field.

AUTHOR OF GOOD! how are thy blessings shed!  
On man's, on thereby man's, much honour'd head!  
From glowing India to the frozen pole,  
Thy Providence supplies, protects the whole:  
Nor are thy gifts at random thrown abroad,  
Or undistinguish'd carelessly bestow'd;  
For, whilst the whole in general blessings share,  
Each part partakes thy more peculiar care:  
Yon spreading fig, that first from India came,  
Stretch'd broad her leaves to cool the sun-burnt dame:  
Soft cypress rises on the Paphian plain,  
To soothe the grief of some forsaken swain:  
In cold Norwegia lofty pines arise,  
A kind protection from the northern skies:  
And various realms this one grand truth declare,  
Who feels th' extremes of Nature, feels her care:  
Ev'n winter stern, and angry tempests bring  
Their secret treasures to the fruitful spring;  
Pour fostering stores into the weary earth,  
And call more gay reviving Nature forth.

Hail! youthful season! health-restoring Power!  
That chear'st the waste, and cloath'st the roseat bower,  
That bid'st gay Nature all her sweets display,  
And on benighted nations pour the day:  
For thee the roses bloom, the violets spread,  
And yellow cowslips rear their bended head:  
Brisk thro' the thicket trips the spotted fawn,  
And sportive lambs bound wanton on the lawn:

Those



Those oaks, the future sovereigns of the sea,  
Stretch wide their boughs, and clothe their heads for thee.

Bloom fresh, ye sacred Guardians of our isle!  
War's rage is o'er, and Peace now deigns to smile:  
Here stand the graceful monarchs of the wood,  
Nor unprovok'd attempt the swelling flood:  
Remain secure as erst when Druids made  
Their songs divine beneath your reverend shade:  
But soon as jarring nations, faithless grown,  
Enrich'd with trade and commerce not their own,  
Shall basely strive those honours to obtain  
By meanest arts, which courage fought in vain,  
Then, then indignant quit the fertile shore,  
And bid the deep assist your thunder's roar.

When hapless England felt a tyrant's sway,  
And that fierce tyrant fell to lust a prey,  
Here, fill'd with grief, an injur'd princess<sup>a</sup> fled  
From short-liv'd grandeur, and divided bed:  
Oppression spread her horrors o'er the plain,  
And all thy sweets, Kimbolton! bloom'd in vain.

For not the fragrant breath of rosy morn,  
Nor tuneful lark on rising pinions borne,  
Nor all the verdure of the blooming spring,  
Can to the broken heart lost pleasure bring.

<sup>a</sup> Catherine of Spain, during the latter part of the time of the divorce, retired to Kimbolton Castle, where she died (it is supposed) of grief for the cruel treatment she received from Henry VIII.



In England then the sons of Freedom slept,  
 And drooping Virtue o'er their ashes wept:  
 In vain for right the royal stranger cry'd,  
 That right his slaves enjoy'd her lord deny'd:  
 Yon inmost grove oft heard her mournful tale,  
 Her sorrows spread along this silent vale;  
 'Till Fate in pity call'd her to the shore,  
 Where lust and tyranny oppress no more.

Thrice happy change! where royal virtue griev'd,  
 The aged and the orphan are reliev'd;  
 And thankful widows crowd the open'd door,  
 Where weeping majesty complain'd before.

O Britons! (if to pagan powers ye bow)  
 Be smiling Liberty ador'd by you!  
 Where mad Oppression waves her iron wand,  
 There Truth and Justice quit the wasted land:  
 But where the people feel a father's sway,  
 (As Rome felt once, and Britain feels to-day)  
 There Justice equal with the Sovereign reigns,  
 And peace and plenty glads the smiling plains.  
 When they, who govern with the govern'd join,  
 And, without faction, all their force combine;  
 Not the loud cannon, nor the ocean's roar,  
 That beats with angry waves the sounding shore,  
 Can crush contending hosts, or awe them more.

Those laurels, Granby! that adorn thy brow,  
 Far from the muddy fount of faction grew;  
 Fair Union gently rear'd the parent tree,  
 That stretch'd so wide her boughs for Hawke and thee.

And



And thus united, subject of my lays!  
 Thy sons, Kimbolton! claim'd the patriot's praise,  
 Who left their fields to guard the the threat'ned shore,  
 Ere Eliot fought and Thurot was no more.  
 And tho' no annals to their race shall tell,  
 What numbers vanquish'd by their valour fell;  
 The soul resolv'd that waited firm the foe,  
 And in his bosom brav'd th' impending blow,  
 Or conquer'd for his native fields, or bled,  
 Tho' no green laurels shade his honour'd head.

But lo! my Muse! the humid drops descend,  
 And parting shepherds to the hamlets tend,  
 O! quit the task those beauties to display,  
 That fairer spring with each returning day!

So Reynolds thus, presuming on his art,  
 To trace those charms, my Lord! that win your heart,  
 Sees softer smiles whene'er he lifts his eye,  
 That bid him throw his baffled pencil by.



RETIRE-





# RETIREMENT. AN ODE.

BY MR. BEATTIE.

**S**HOOK from the purple wings of Even  
 When dews impearl the grove,  
 And from the darkening verge of Heaven  
 Beams the sweet star of Love ;  
 Laid on a daisy-sprinkled green,  
 Beside a plaintive stream,  
 A meek-ey'd Youth of serious mien  
 Indulg'd this solemn theme.

Ye cliffs, in hoary grandeur pil'd  
 High o'er the glimmering dale!  
 Ye groves, along whose windings wild  
 Soft sighs the faddening gale !  
 Where oft lone Melancholy strays,  
 By wilder'd Fancy sway'd,  
 What time the wan moon's yellow rays  
 Gleam thro' the chequer'd shade !

To you, ye wastes, whose artless charms  
 Ne'er drew Ambition's eye,  
 'Scap'd a tumultuous world's alarms,  
 To your retreats I fly :

Deep



Deep in your most sequester'd bower  
 Let me my woes resign,  
 Where Solitude, mild modest power,  
 Leans on her ivy'd shrine.

How shall I woo thee, matchless Fair!  
 Thy heavenly smile how win!  
 Thy smile, that smooths the brow of Care,  
 And stills each storm within!  
 O wilt thou to thy favourite grove  
 Thine ardent votary bring,  
 And bless his hours, and bid them move  
 Serene on silent wing.

Oft let Remembrance soothe his mind  
 With dreams of former days,  
 When soft on Leisure's lap reclin'd  
 He caroll'd sprightly lays.  
 Blest days! when Fancy smil'd at Care,  
 When Pleasure toy'd with Truth,  
 Nor Envy with malignant glare  
 Had harm'd his simple Youth:

'Twas then, O Solitude! to thee  
 His early vows were paid,  
 From heart sincere, and warm, and free,  
 Devoted to the shade.

Ah!



Ah! why did Fate his steps decoy  
 In thorny paths to roam,  
 Remote from all congenial joy!—  
 O take thy wanderer home!

Henceforth thy awful haunts be mine!  
 The long-abandon'd hill;  
 The hollow cliff, whose waving pine  
 O'erhangs the darksome rill;  
 Whence the scar'd owl, on pinions grey,  
 Breaks from the rustling boughs,  
 And down the lone vale sails away  
 To shades of deep repose.

O while to thee the woodland pours  
 Its wildly warbling song,  
 And fragrant from the waste of flowers  
 The zephyr breathes along;  
 Let no rude sound invade from far,  
 No vagrant foot be nigh,  
 No ray from Grandeur's gilded car  
 Flash on the startled eye.

Yet if some pilgrim, 'mid the glade,  
 Thy hallow'd bowers explore,  
 O guard from harm his hoary head,  
 And listen to his lore!



For he of joys divine shall tell,  
 That wean from earthly woe,  
 And triumph o'er the mighty spell  
 That chains this heart below.

For me no more the path invites  
 Ambition loves to tread ;  
 No more I climb those toilsome heights,  
 By guileful Hope misled :  
 Leaps my fond fluttering heart no more  
 To Mirth's enlivening strain ;  
 For present pleasure soon is o'er,  
 And all the past is vain.



## THE TRIUMPH OF MELANCHOLY.

B Y   T H E   S A M E.

**M**EMORY, be still! why throng upon the thought  
 These scenes so deeply stain'd with Sorrow's die?  
 Is there in all thy stores no cheerful draught,  
 To brighten yet once more in Fancy's eye?

Yes—from afar a landscape seems to rise,  
 Embellish'd by the lavish hand of Spring ;  
 Thin gilded clouds float lightly o'er the skies,  
 And laughing Loves disport on fluttering wing.

How



How blest the youth in yonder valley laid!  
 What smiles in every conscious feature play!  
 While to the murmurs of the breezy glade  
 His merry pipe attunes the rural lay.

Hail Innocence! whose bosom all serene  
 Feels not as yet th' internal tempest roll :  
 O! ne'er may Care distract that placid mien!  
 Ne'er may the shades of Doubt o'erwhelm thy soul!

Vain wish! for lo, in gay attire conceal'd  
 Yonder she comes! the heart-enflaming fiend!  
 (Will no kind power the helpless stripling shield!)  
 Swift to her destin'd prey see Passion bend!

O smile accurst, to hide the worst designs!  
 Now with blithe eye she wooes him to be blest;  
 While round her arm unseen a serpent twines—  
 And lo, she hurls it hissing at his breast!

And instant, lo, his dizzy eye-ball swims  
 Ghastly, and reddening darts a frantic glare;  
 Pain with strong grasp distorts his writhing limbs,  
 And Fear's cold hand erects his frozen hair.

Is this, O Life, is this thy boasted prime!  
 And does thy spring no happier prospect yield!  
 Why should the sun-beam pain thy glittering clime,  
 When the keen mildew desolates the field!

How



How Memory pains ! Let some gay theme beguile  
 The musing mind, and soothe to soft delight :  
 Ye images of Woe, no more recoil ;  
 Be life's past scenes wrapt in oblivious night.

Now when fierce Winter, arm'd with wasteful power,  
 Heaves the wild deep that thunders from afar :  
 How sweet to sit in the sequester'd bower,  
 To hear, and but to hear, the mingling war !

Ambition here displays no gilded toy,  
 That tempts on desperate wing the soul to rise ;  
 Nor Pleasure's paths to wilds of Woe decoy,  
 Nor Anguish lurks in Grandeur's proud disguise.

Oft has Contentment cheer'd this lone abode  
 With the mild languish of her smiling eye ;  
 Here Health in rosy bloom has often glow'd,  
 While loose-rob'd Quiet stood enamour'd by.

Even the storm lulls to more profound repose ;  
 The storm these humble walls assails in vain :  
 The shrub is shelter'd, when the whirlwind blows,  
 While the oak's mighty ruin flows the plain.

Blow on, ye winds ! thine, Winter, be the skies,  
 And toss th' infuriate surge, and vales lay waste :  
 Nature thy temporary rage defies ;  
 To her relief the gentler Seasons haste.

Thron'd



Thron'd in her emerald car, see Spring appear!

(As Fancy wills the landscape starts to view)

Her emerald car the youthful Zephyrs bear,

Fanning her bosom with their pinions blue.

Around the jocund Hours are fluttering seen.

And lo, her rod the rose-lip'd Power extends!

And lo, the lawns are deck'd in living green,

And Beauty's bright-ey'd train from Heaven descends!

Haste, happy days, and make all Nature glad—

But will all Nature joy at your return?

O can ye cheer pale Sicknefs' gloomy bed,

Or dry the tears that bathe th' untimely urn?

Will ye one transient ray of gladness dart,

Where groans the dungeon to the captive's wail?

To ease tir'd Disappointment's bleeding heart,

Will all your stores of softening balm avail?

When stern Oppression, in his harpy-fangs,

From Want's weak grasp the last sad morsel bears,

Can ye allay the dying parent's pangs,

Whose infant craves relief with fruitless tears?

For ah! thy reign, Oppression, is not past.

Who from the shivering limbs the vestment rends?

Who lays the once rejoicing village waste,

Bursting the ties of lovers and of friends?

But



But hope not, Muse, vain-glorious as thou art;  
 With the weak impulse of thy humble strain;  
 Hope not to soften Pride's obdurate heart,  
 When ERROLL's bright example shines in vain.

Then cease the theme: Turn, Fancy, turn thine eye;  
 Thy weeping eye, nor further urge thy flight;  
 Thy haunts, alas! no gleams of joy supply,  
 Or transient gleams that flash and sink in night.

Yet fain the mind its anguish would forego.  
 Spread then, historic Muse, thy pictur'd scroll;  
 Bid thy great scenes in all their splendor glow,  
 And rouse to thought sublime th' exulting soul:

What mingling pomps rush on th' entraptur'd gaze!  
 Lo, where the gallant navy rides the deep!  
 Here glittering towns their spiry turrets raise,  
 There bulwarks overhang the shaggy steep.

Bristling with spears, and bright with burnish'd shields,  
 Th' embattled legions stretch their long array;  
 Discord's red torch, as fierce she scours the fields,  
 With bloody tincture stains the face of day.

And now the hosts in silence wait the sign:  
 Keen are their looks whom Liberty inspires:  
 Quick as the Goddess darts along the line,  
 Each breast impatient burns with noble fires:



Her form how graceful ! in her lofty mien  
 The smiles of Love stern Wisdom's frown controul ;  
 Her fearless eye, determin'd tho' serene,  
 Speaks the great purpose, and th' unconquer'd soul.

Mark, where Ambition leads the adverse band,  
 Each feature fierce and haggard, as with pain !  
 With menace loud he cries, while from his hand  
 He vainly strives to wipe the crimson stain.

Lo, at his call, impetuous as the storms,  
 Headlong to deeds of death the hosts are driven ;  
 Hatred to madness wrought each face deforms,  
 Mounts the black whirlwind, and involves the heaven.

Now, Virtue, now thy powerful succour lend,  
 Shield them for Liberty who dare to die—  
 Ah ! Liberty, will none thy cause befriend !  
 Are those thy sons, thy generous sons that fly !

Not Virtue's self, when Heaven its aid denies,  
 Can brace the loosen'd nerves, or warm the heart ;  
 Not Virtue's self can still the bursts of sighs,  
 When festers in the soul Misfortune's dart.

See, where by Terror and Despair dismay'd  
 The scattering legions pour along the plain !  
 Ambition's car, in bloody spoils array'd,  
 Hews its broad way, as Vengeance guides the rein.

But



But who is he, that, by yon lonely brook<sup>b</sup>,  
 With woods o'erhung, and precipices rude,  
 Lies all abandon'd, yet with dauntless look  
 Sees streaming from his breast the purple flood?

Ah, Brutus! ever thine be Virtue's tear!  
 Lo, his dim eyes to Liberty he turns,  
 As scarce supported on her broken spear  
 O'er her expiring son the Goddess mourns.

Loose to the wind her azure mantle flies,  
 From her dishevell'd locks she rends the plume;  
 No lustre lightens in her weeping eyes,  
 And on her tear-stain'd cheek no roses bloom.

Meanwhile the world, Ambition, owns thy sway,  
 Fame's loudest trumpet labours with thy name;  
 For thee, the Muse awakes her sweetest lay,  
 And Flattery bids for thee her altars flame.

Nor in life's lofty bustling sphere alone,  
 The sphere where monarchs and where heroes toil,  
 Sink Virtue's sons beneath Misfortune's frown,  
 While Guilt's thrill'd bosom leaps at Pleasure's smile.

Full oft where Solitude and Silence dwell,  
 Far, far remote amid the lowly plain,  
 Resounds the voice of Woe from Virtue's cell,  
 Such is Man's doom; and Pity weeps in vain.

<sup>b</sup> Such, according to Plutarch, was the scene of Brutus's death.



Still Grief recoils—How vainly have I strove  
 Thy power, O Melancholy, to withstand!  
 Tir'd, I submit; but yet, O yet remove,  
 Or ease the pressure of thy heavy hand!

Yet for a while let the bewilder'd soul  
 Find in society relief from woe;  
 O yield a while to Friendship's soft controul!  
 Some respite, Friendship, wilt thou not bestow!

Come then, Philander, whose exalted mind  
 Looks down from far on all that charms the great;  
 For thou canst bear, unshaken and resign'd,  
 The brightest smiles, the blackest frowns of Fate:

Come thou, whose love unlimited, sincere,  
 Nor Faction cools, nor Injury destroys;  
 Who lend'st to Misery's moan a pitying ear,  
 And feel'st with ecstasy another's joys:

Who know'st man's frailty, with a favouring eye,  
 And melting heart, behold'st a brother's fall;  
 Who, unenslav'd by Fashion's narrow tye,  
 With manly freedom follow'st Nature's call.

And bring thy Delia, sweetly-smiling fair,  
 Whose spotless soul no rankling thoughts deform;  
 Her gentle accents calm each throbbing care,  
 And harmonize the thunder of the storm.



'Tho' blest with wisdom, and with wit refin'd,  
 She courts no homage, nor desires to shine;  
 In her each sentiment sublime is join'd  
 To female softness and a form divine.

Come, and disperse th' involving shadows drear;  
 Let chaste'n'd Mirth the social hours employ:  
 O catch the swift-wing'd moment while 'tis near,  
 On swiftest wing the moment flies of joy.

Even while the careless disencumber'd soul  
 Sinks all dissolving into Pleasure's dream,  
 Even then to time's tremendous verge we roll  
 With headlong haste along life's surgy stream.

Can Gaiety the vanish'd years restore,  
 Or on the withering limbs fresh beauty shed;  
 Or soothe the sad inevitable Hour,  
 Or cheer the dark, dark mansions of the Dead?

Still sounds the solemn knell in Fancy's ear,  
 That call'd Eliza to the silent tomb:  
 With her how jocund roll'd the sprightly year!  
 How shone the nymph in Beauty's brightest bloom!

Ah! Beauty's bloom avails not in the grave,  
 Youth's lofty mien, nor Age's awful grace;  
 Moulder alike unknown the Prince and Slave,  
 Whelm'd in th' enormous wreck of human race:



The thought-fix'd portraiture, the breathing bust,  
 The arch with proud memorials array'd,  
 The long-liv'd pyramid shall sink in dust;  
 To dumb Oblivion's ever-desart shade.

Fancy from Joy still wanders far astray;  
 Ah! Melancholy, how I feel thy power!  
 Long have I labour'd to elude thy sway—  
 But 'tis enough; for I resist no more:

The traveller thus, that o'er the midnight waste  
 Thro' many a lonesome path is doom'd to roam,  
 'Wilder'd and weary sits him down at last  
 For the long night, and distant far his home.



## E L E G Y.

OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF A LADY.

BY THE SAME.

**S**TILL shall unthinking Man substantial deem  
 The forms that fleet thro' life's deceitful dream!  
 On clouds, where Fancy's beam amusive plays,  
 Shall heedless Hope his towering fabric raise!

Till



Till at Death's touch th' ideal glories fly,  
 And real scenes rush dismal on the eye;  
 And, from the bowers of Beauty torn,  
 The startled soul awakes to think—and mourn.

O Ye, whose hours in jocund train advance,  
 Whose spirits to the song of gladness dance;  
 Who flowery scenes in endless view survey,  
 Glittering in beams of visionary day!  
 O! yet while Fate delays th' impending woe,  
 Be rous'd to thought, anticipate the blow;  
 Lest, like the light'ning's glance, the sudden ill  
 Flash to confound, and penetrate to kill:  
 Lest, thus encompass'd with funereal gloom,  
 Like me ye bend o'er some untimely tomb,  
 Pour your wild ravings in night's frightened ear,  
 And half pronounce Heaven's sacred doom severe.

Wife! Beauteous! Good!—O every grace combin'd,  
 That charms the eye, that captivates the mind!  
 Fair as the flowret opening on the morn,  
 Whose leaves bright drops of liquid pearl adorn!  
 Sweet, as the downy-pinion'd gale, that roves  
 To gather fragrance in Arabian groves!  
 Mild, as the strains, that, at the close of day  
 Warbling remote, along the vales decay!  
 Yet, why with those compar'd? What tints so fine,  
 What sweetness, mildness can be match'd with thine?  
 Why roam abroad? since still, to Fancy's eyes,  
 I see, I see thy lovely form arise!



Still let me gaze, and every care beguile,  
 Gaze on that cheek, where all the Graces smile;  
 That soul-expressing eye, benignly bright,  
 Where Meekness beams ineffable delight;  
 That brow, where Wisdom sits enthron'd serene,  
 Each feature forms, and dignifies the mien:  
 Still let me listen, while her words impart  
 The sweet effusions of the blameless heart;  
 Till all my soul, each tumult charm'd away,  
 Yields, gently led, to Virtue's easy sway.

By thee inspir'd, O Virtue, Age is young,  
 And music warbles from the faltering tongue;  
 Thy ray creative cheers the clouded brow,  
 And decks the faded cheek with rosy glow,  
 Brightens the joyless aspect, and supplies  
 Pure heavenly lustre to the languid eyes:  
 Each look, each action, while it awes, invites,  
 And Age with every youthful grace delights.  
 But when Youth's living bloom reflects thy beams,  
 Resistless on the view the glory streams,  
 Th' ecstatic breast triumphant Virtue warms,  
 And Beauty dazzles with angelic charms.

Ah, whither fled!—ye dear illusions stay!  
 Lo pale and silent lies the lovely clay!  
 How are the roses on that lip decay'd,  
 Which Health in all the pride of bloom array'd!  
 Health on her form each sprightly grace bestow'd;  
 With active life each speaking feature glow'd.



Fair was the flower, and soft the vernal sky;  
 Elate with hope we deem'd no tempest nigh;  
 When lo! a whirlwind's instantaneous gust  
 Left all its beauties withering in the dust.

All cold the hand that sooth'd Woe's weary head!  
 All quench'd the eye the pitying tear that shed!  
 All mute the voice whose pleasing accents stole,  
 Infusing balm into the rankled soul! —  
 O Death, why arm with cruelty thy power,  
 And spare the weed, yet lop the lovely flower!  
 Why fly thy shafts in lawless error driven!  
 To Virtue then no more the care of Heaven! —

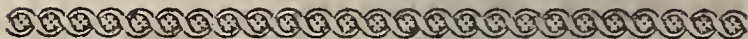
But peace, bold thought! be still, my bursting heart!  
 We, not ELIZA, felt the fatal dart.  
 Scap'd the dark dungeon does the slave complain,  
 Nor blest the hand that broke the galling chain?  
 Say, pines not Virtue for the lingering morn,  
 On this dark wild condemn'd to roam forlorn?  
 Where Reason's meteor-rays, with sickly glow,  
 O'er the dun gloom a dreadful glimmering throw;  
 Disclosing dubious to th' affrighted eye  
 O'erwhelming mountains tottering from on high,  
 Black billowy seas in storms perpetual tost,  
 And weary ways in wildering labyrinths lost.  
 O happy stroke that bursts the bonds of clay,  
 Darts thro' the rending gloom the blaze of day,

And



And wings the soul with boundless flight to soar,  
When dangers threat and fears alarm no more.

Transporting thought! here let me wipe away  
The falling tear, and wake a bolder lay;  
But ah! afresh the swimming eye o'erflows—  
Nor check the tear that streams for human woes.  
Lo! o'er her dust, in speechless anguish, bend  
The hopeless Parent, Husband, Brother, Friend!—  
How vain the hope of Man!—But cease thy strain,  
Nor Sorrow's dread solemnity prophane;  
Mix'd with yon drooping mourners, o'er her bier  
In silence shed the sympathetic tear.



## ABSENCE. A PASTORAL BALLAD.

B Y ———.

**H**OW sweet to recall the sweet moments of joy!  
'Tis this, and this only can Absence employ,  
Can ease my fond heart, and beguile my soft pain,  
Till I see with delight my dear charmer again.



Ah! who ever knew such full transports as I,  
 While with her, the swift minutes unheeded pass'd by,  
 Alas! with the sweet recollection I burn,  
 Bring back your delights, ye dear moments, return!

Ah me! what delights in my bosom would rise  
 While with eager attention I've hung on her eyes,  
 And watch'd the kind beams of Compassion and Love,  
 While she pitied my passion, and seem'd to approve;  
 Ah me! with what raptur'd attention I've hung,  
 To catch the sweet accents that flow'd from her tongue,  
 When tenderness bade the dear maiden impart  
 The pleasing sensations that glow'd in her heart.

O how does my Fair one consume the long day?  
 Is the Charmer quite easy while I am away?  
 Indeed if our thoughts like our hearts should agree,  
 The dear lovely maiden is thinking on me:  
 Ah! did she but think with such fondness as I,  
 How much would she grieve, and how oft would she sigh!  
 Yet with so much fond Love may her bosom ne'er burn,  
 If she sighs as I sigh, if she mourns as I mourn.

But why do I wander? why sigh thus alone?  
 Alas! 'tis the loss of my Fair that I moan.  
 Why thus every hour does my sorrow increase?  
 Alas! it is Absence that ruins my peace.

Why



Why swells my sad bosom with fear and with grief?  
 Ah! nought but her presence can bring me relief.  
 Why thus down my cheek trickles fast the big tear?  
 Alas! can I help it?—my Fair is not here.

Till I nourish'd this passion I all unconcern'd  
 Saw Peace my companion wherever I turn'd,  
 Till now with my heart all at ease I could rest,  
 And a sigh was a stranger unknown to my breast.  
 What then is this Love? and why do I endure  
 These griefs in my mind, nor endeavour to cure?  
 When thus my fond heart is o'erwhelm'd with Despair,  
 And I know no delight when away from my Fair?

Yet, Colin, these pains, spite of all thou hast said,  
 By one hour of her presence are far over-paid,  
 These sorrows from Absence which now you deplore,  
 Then vanish, are lost, and are thought of no more.  
 Recall those rash words, and forbear to complain,  
 Since the next tender meeting rewards all your pain,  
 Let sweet Expectation then lessen your care,  
 Let Hope soften Absence, and keep off Despair.

Sure, sure those dear pleasures once more will return;  
 How long in this Absence distressed must I mourn?  
 How long must I wish, while my lot I deplore,  
 That dear angel-face!—could I see it once more!

That



That dear angel-voice!—Time, how swift didst thou seem,  
 While I listen'd enchanted as Love was her theme!  
 O come those dear hours! and to soothe my fond pain  
 Love again be her theme, and I listen again!

How dull and how slow do the moments retreat!  
 Time was when they flew:—now there's lead on their feet.  
 Ye Loiterers, be gone; why so long do ye stay?  
 Ye fly when I'm with her, ye creep when away.  
 Ah! Colin, how foolish Time's progress to blame,  
 His paces are equal, his motions the same;  
 'Twas the joy of her Presence made Time appear fleet,  
 'Tis the pain of her Absence adds lead to his feet.



## ODE TO HEALTH.

BY MRS. BROOKE.

**T**HE Lesbian lute no more can charm,  
 Nor my once-panting bosom warm;  
 No more I breathe the tender sigh;  
 Nor when my beauteous swain appears,  
 With down-cast look, and starting tears,  
 Confess the lustre of his eye.

With



With Freedom blest, at early dawn  
 I wander o'er the verdant lawn,  
 And hail the sweet returning Spring :  
 The fragrant breeze, the feather'd choir,  
 To raise my vernal joys conspire,  
 While Peace and Health their treasures bring.

Come, lovely Health! divinest maid!  
 And lead me thro' the rural shade,  
 To thee the rural shades belong :  
 'Tis thine to bless the simple swain,  
 And, while he tries the tuneful strain,  
 To raise the raptur'd Poet's song.

Behold the patient village-hind !  
 No cares disturb his tranquil mind ;  
 By thee, and sweet Contentment, blest :  
 All day he turns the stubborn plain,  
 And meets at eve his infant train,  
 While guiltless pleasure fills his breast.

O! ever good and bounteous! still  
 By fountain fresh, or murmuring rill,  
 Let me thy blissful presence find!  
 Thee, Goddess, thee my steps pursue,  
 When, careless of the morning dew,  
 I leave the lessening vales behind.



## O D E.

BY THE SAME.

**O** Far remov'd from my retreat  
 Be Avarice and Ambition's feet!  
 Give me, unconscious of their power,  
 To taste the peaceful, social hour:  
 Give me, beneath the branching vine,  
 The woodbine sweet, or eglantine,  
 While evening sheds its balmy dews,  
 To court the chaste inspiring Muse!  
 Or, with the partner of my soul  
 To mix the heart-expanding bowl!  
 Yes, dear Sabina, when with thee  
 I hail the Goddess, Liberty;  
 When, joyous, thro' the leafy grove,  
 Or o'er the flowery mead, we rove;  
 When thy dear, tender bosom shares  
 Thy faithful Delia's joys and cares;  
 Nor Pomp; nor Wealth my wishes move,  
 Nor the more soft deceiver, Love.

O D E



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ODE TO FRIENDSHIP.

BY THE SAME.

**N**O more fond Love shall wound my breast,  
In all his smiles deceitful drest,  
I scorn his coward sway ;  
And now with pleasure can explore  
The galling chains I felt before,  
Since I am free to-day.

To-day with Friendship I'll rejoice,  
Whilst dear Lucinda's gentle voice  
Shall soften every care :  
O Goddess of the joy sincere !  
The social sigh ! the pleasing tear !  
Thy noble bonds I'll wear.

When first, ill-fated, hapless hour !  
My soul confest Amintor's power,  
Lucinda shar'd my grief ;  
And leaning on her faithful breast,  
The fatal passion I confest,  
And found a soft relief.



My steps she oft was wont to lead  
 Along the fair enamell'd mead,  
 To soothe my raging pain;  
 And oft with tender converse strove  
 To draw the sting of hopeless Love,  
 And make me smile again.

O! much-lov'd Maid! whilst life remains  
 To thee I'll consecrate my strains,  
 For thee I'll tune my lyre;  
 And, echoing with my sweetest lays,  
 The vocal hills shall speak the praise  
 Of Friendship's sacred fire.

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## T O T H E M O O N.

BY MR. ROBERT LLOYD.

**A**LL hail! majestic Queen of Night,  
 Bright Cynthia! sweetest Nymph, whose presence brings  
 The pensive pleasures, calm delight,  
 While Contemplation smooths her ruffled wings,  
 Which Folly's vain tumultuous joys,  
 Or business, care, and buzz of lusty day  
 Have all too ruffled.—Hence away  
 Stale Jest, and flippant Mirth, and Strife-engendering Noise.  
 VOL. IV. G When



When Evening dons her mantle grey,  
 I'll wind my solitary way,  
 And hie me to some lonely grove  
 (The haunt of Fancy and of Love)  
 Whose social branches, far outspread,  
 Possess the mind with pleasing dread.  
 While Cynthia quivers thro' the trees  
 That wanton with the summer breeze,  
 And the clear brook, or dimpled stream,  
 Reflects oblique her dancing beam.  
 How often, by thy silver light,  
 Have lovers tongues beguil'd the Night?  
 When forth the happy pair have stray'd,  
 The amorous swain and tender maid,  
 And as they walk'd the groves along,  
 Chear'd the still eve with various song.  
 While every artful strain confess'd  
 The mutual passion in their breast.  
 To lovers hours fly swift away,  
 And Night reluctant yields to Day.

Thrice happy Nymph, thrice happy Youth,  
 When Beauty is the meed of Truth!

Yet not the happy Loves alone,  
 Has thy celestial presence known.  
 To thee complains the Nymph forlorn  
 Of broken faith, and vows forsworn;  
 And the dull Swain, with folded arms,  
 Still musing on his false one's charms,



Frames many a sonnet to her name,  
 (As lovers use to express their flame)  
 Or pining wan with thoughtful care,  
 In downcast silence feeds Despair;  
 Or when the air dead stillness keeps,  
 And Cynthia on the water sleeps;  
 Charms the dull ear of sober night,  
 With love-born Music's sweet delight.

Oft as thy orb performs its round,  
 Thou listenest to the various sound  
 Of Shepherds hopes and Maidens fears  
 (Those conscious Cynthia silent hears  
 While Echo, which still loves to mock,  
 Bears them about from rock to rock).

But shift we now the pensive scene,  
 Where Cynthia silvers o'er the green.  
 Mark yonder spot, whose equal rim  
 Forms the green circle quaint and trim;  
 Hither the Fairies blithe advance,  
 And lightly trip in mazy dance;  
 Beating the pansie-paven ground  
 In frolic measures round and round;  
 These Cynthia's Revels gaily keep,  
 While lazy mortals snore asleep;  
 Whom oft they visit in the night,  
 Not visible to human sight;  
 And as old prattling Wives relate,  
 Tho' now the fashion's out of date,



Drop sixpence in the Housewife's shoe,  
 And pinch the Slattern black and blue.  
 They fill the mind with airy schemes;  
 And bring the Ladies pleasant dreams.

Who knows not Mab, whose chariot glides,  
 And athwart men's noses rides?  
 While Oberon, blithe Fairy, trips,  
 And hovers o'er the ladies lips;  
 And when he steals ambrosial bliss,  
 And soft imprints the charming kiss,  
 In Dreams the nymph her swain pursues,  
 Nor thinks 'tis Oberon that woos:

Ye sportive Youth, and lovely Fair,  
 From hence, my lesson read, beware,  
 While Innocence and Mirth preside,  
 We care not where the Fairies glide;  
 And Oberon will never miss  
 To greet his favourites with a kiss;  
 Nor ever more ambrosia sips,  
 Than when he visits ——'s lips.

When all things else in silence sleep,  
 The blithsome Elfs their vigils keep,  
 And always hover round about,  
 To find our worth or frailties out.  
 Receive with joy these Elfin sparks,  
 Their kisses leave no tell-tale marks,  
 But breathe fresh beauty o'er the face,  
 Where all is virtue, all is grace.



Not only elfin fays delight  
 To hail the sober Queen of Night,  
 But that sweet bird, whose gurgling throat  
 Warbles the thick melodious note,  
 Duly as evening shades prevail,  
 Renews her soothing love-lorn tale.  
 And as the Lover pensive goes,  
 Chaunts out her symphony of woes.  
 Which in boon Nature's wilder tone,  
 Beggar all sounds which Art has known.

But hilt—the melancholy bird  
 Among the groves no more is heard ;  
 And Cynthia pales her silver ray  
 Before th' approach of golden Day,  
 Which on yon mountain's misty height  
 Stands tiptoe with his gladfome light.  
 Now the shrill lark in æther floats,  
 And carols wide her liquid notes ;  
 While Phœbus, in his lusty pride,  
 His flaming beams flings far and wide.  
 Cynthia farewell—the pensive Muse  
 No more her feeble flight pursues,  
 But all unwilling takes her way,  
 And mixes with the buzz of Day:



## A B A L L A D.

BY THE SAME.

**Y**E shepherds so careless and gay,  
 Who sport with the nymphs of the plain,  
 Take heed lest you frolic away,  
 The peace you can never regain.  
 Let not Folly your bosoms annoy;  
 And of Love, the dear mischief, beware.  
 You may think 'tis all sunshine and joy,  
 —I know 'tis o'ershadow'd with care.

Love's morning how blithsome it shines,  
 With an aspect deceitfully fair;  
 Its day oft in sorrow declines,  
 And it sets in the night of despair.  
 Hope paints the gay scene to the sight,  
 While Fancy her visions bestows,  
 And gilds every dream with delight,  
 But to wake us to sensible woes.

How



How hard is my lot to complain  
 Of a nymph whom I yet must adore,  
 Tho' she love not her shepherd again,  
 Her Damon must love her the more.  
 For it was not the pride of her sex,  
 That treated his vows with disdain,  
 For it was not the pleasure to vex,  
 That made her delude her fond swain.

'Twas His, the fair nymph to behold,  
 He hop'd—and he rashly believ'd.  
 'Twas Hers to be fatally cold;  
 —He lov'd—and was fondly deceiv'd.  
 For such is of lovers the doom,  
 While passions their reason beguile,  
 'Tis warrant enough to presume,  
 If they catch but a look or a smile.

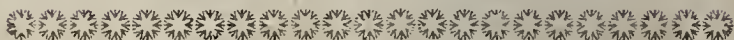
Yet surely my Phillis would seem  
 To prize me most shepherds above;  
 But that might be only esteem,  
 While I foolishly construed it love.  
 Yet others, like Damon, believ'd  
 The nymph might have favour'd her swain,  
 And others, like Him, were deceiv'd,  
 Like Him, tho' they cannot complain.

Of Phyllis was always my song,  
 For she was my pride and my care;  
 And the folks, as we wander'd along,  
 Would call us the conjugal pair.



They mark'd how I walk'd at her side,  
 How her hand to my bosom I prest,  
 Each tender endearment I try'd,  
 And I thought none was ever so blest.

But now the delusion is o'er,  
 These day-dreams of pleasure are fled,  
 Now Her Damon is pleasing no more,  
 And the hopes of her shepherd are dead.  
 May he that my fair shall obtain;  
 May He, as thy Damon, be true;  
 Or haply thou'lt think of that swain,  
 Who bids thee, dear maiden, adieu.



A B A L L A D.

BY THE SAME.

**H**ARK, hark, 'tis a voice from the tomb,  
 Come, Lucy, it cries, come away,  
 The grave of thy Colin has room  
 To rest thee beside his cold clay.  
 I come, my dear shepherd, I come,  
 Ye friends and companions adieu,  
 I haste to my Colin's dark home,  
 To die on his bosom so true.

All



All mournful the midnight bell rung,  
 When Lucy, sad Lucy, arose;  
 And forth to the green turf she sprung,  
 Where Colin's pale ashes repose.  
 All wet with the night's chilling dew,  
 Her bosom embrac'd the cold ground,  
 While stormy winds over her blew,  
 And night-ravens croak'd all around.

How long, my lov'd Colin, she cry'd,  
 How long must thy Lucy complain?  
 How long shall the grave my love hide?  
 How long ere it join us again?  
 For thee thy fond shepherdess liv'd,  
 With thee o'er the world would she fly;  
 For thee has she sorrow'd and griev'd;  
 For thee would she lie down and die.

Alas! what avails it how dear  
 Thy Lucy was once to her swain!  
 Her face like the lily so fair,  
 And eyes that gave light to the plain.  
 The shepherd that lov'd her is gone;  
 That face and those eyes charm no more;  
 And Lucy forgot, and alone,  
 To death shall her Colin deplore.

While thus she lay sunk in despair,  
 And mourn'd to the echoes around,  
 Inflam'd all at once grew the air,  
 And thunder shook dreadful the ground.

I hear



I hear the kind call, and obey,  
 O! Colin receive me, she cried,  
 Then breathing a groan o'er his clay,  
 She hung on his tomb-stone and died.



# LOVE - ELEGIES.

BY MR. HAMMOND.

## ELEGY I.

**W**HILE calm you sit beneath your secret shade,  
 And lose in pleasing thought the summer-day,  
 Or tempt the wish of some unpractis'd maid,  
 Whose heart at once inclines and fears to stray:

The sprightly vigour of my youth is fled,  
 Lonely and sick on Death is all my thought,  
 O spare, Persephone<sup>a</sup>, this guiltless head,  
 Love, too much Love, is all thy suppliant's fault:

No virgin's easy faith I e'er betray'd,  
 My tongue ne'er boasted of a feign'd embrace,  
 No poisons in the cup have I convey'd,  
 Nor veil'd destruction with a friendly face:

<sup>a</sup> The Goddess of Death.



No secret horrors gnaw this quiet breast,  
 This pious hand ne'er robb'd the sacred fane,  
 I ne'er disturb'd the Gods eternal rest  
 With curses loud,—but oft have pray'd in vain.

No stealth of Time has thinn'd my flowing hair,  
 Nor Age yet bent me with his iron hand;  
 Ah! why so soon the tender blossom tear?  
 E'er Autumn yet the ripen'd fruit demand.

Ye Gods, whoe'er, in gloomy shades below,  
 Now slowly tread your melancholy round;  
 Now wandering view the paleful rivers flow,  
 And musing hearken to their solemn found:

O let me still enjoy the chearful day,  
 Till many years unheeded o'er me roll'd,  
 Pleas'd in my age I trifle life away,  
 And tell how much we lov'd, e'er I grew old.

But you, who now with festive garlands crown'd  
 In chace of Pleasure the gay moments spend,  
 By quick enjoyment heal Love's pleasing wound,  
 And grieve for nothing but your absent Friend.





## E L E G Y II.

BY THE SAME.

**N**OW Delia breathes in woods the fragrant air,  
 Dull are the hearts that still in town remain,  
 Venus herself attends on Delia there,  
 And Cupid sports amid the sylvan train.

O with what joy my Delia to behold,  
 I'd prefs the spade, or wield the weighty prong,  
 Guide the slow plough-share thro' the stubborn mold,  
 And patient goad the loitering ox along :

The scorching heats I'd carelessly despise,  
 Nor heed the blisters on my tender hand ;  
 The great Apollo wore the same disguise,  
 Like me subdued to Love's supreme command.

No healing herbs could soothe their master's pain,  
 The art of physic lost and useles lay,  
 To Peneus' stream, and Tempe's shady plain,  
 He drove his herds beneath the noon-tide ray :

Oft



Oft with a bleating lamb in either arm,  
 His blushing Sister <sup>b</sup> saw him pace along;  
 Oft would his voice the silent valley charm,  
 Till lowing oxen broke the tender song.

Where are his triumphs? where his warlike toil?  
 Where by his darts the crested Python slain?  
 Where are his Delphi? his delightful isle?  
 The God himself is grown a cottage swain.

O Ceres, in your golden fields no more  
 With Harvest's chearful pomp my fair detain,—  
 Think what for lost Proserpina <sup>c</sup> you bore,  
 And in a mother's anguish feel my pain.

Our wiser fathers left their fields unsown,  
 Their food was acorns, Love their sole employ,  
 They met, they lik'd, they stay'd but till alone,  
 And in each valley snatch'd the honest joy.

No wakeful guard, no doors to stop desire;  
 Thrice happy times!—but O I fondly rave,  
 Lead me to Delia, all her eyes inspire  
 I'll do,—I'll plough or dig as Delia's slave:

<sup>b</sup> The Goddess Diana.

<sup>c</sup> The daughter of Ceres, taken from her by Pluto.





## E L E G Y . III.

BY THE SAME.

**L**ET others boast their heaps of shining gold,  
 And view their fields with waving plenty crown'd,  
 Whom neighbouring foes in constant terror hold,  
 And trumpets break their slumbers never found :

While calmly poor I trifle life away,  
 Enjoy sweet leisure by my chearful fire,  
 No wanton hope my quiet shall betray,  
 But cheaply blest I'll scorn each vain desire.

With timely care I'll sow my little field,  
 And plant my orchard with its master's hand,  
 Nor blush to spread the hay, the hook to wield,  
 Or range my sheaves along the sunny land.

If late at dusk, while carelessly I roam,  
 I meet a strolling kid, or bleating lamb,  
 Under my arm I'll bring the wanderer home,  
 And not a little chide its thoughtless dam.

What



What joy to hear the tempest howl in vain,  
And clasp a fearful mistress to my breast?  
Or lull'd to slumber by the beating rain,  
Secure and happy sink at last to rest?

Or if the sun in flaming Leo ride,  
By shady rivers indolently stray,  
And with my Delia, walking side by side,  
Hear how they murmur, as they glide away.

What joy to wind along the cool retreat,  
To stop and gaze on Delia as I go?  
To mingle sweet discourse with kisses sweet,  
And teach my lovely scholar all I know?

Thus pleas'd at heart, and not with Fancy's dream,  
In silent happiness I rest unknown;  
Content with what I am, not what I seem,  
I live for Delia, and myself alone.

Ah, foolish man! who thus of her posselt,  
Could float and wander with Ambition's wind,  
And if his outward trappings spoke him blest,  
Not heed the sickness of his conscious mind.

With her I scorn the idle breath of praise,  
Nor trust to happiness that's not our own,  
The smile of Fortune might suspicion raise,  
But here I know that I am lov'd alone.

Stanhope,



Stanhope, in wisdom as in wit divine,  
 May rise and plead Britannia's glorious cause,  
 With steady rein his eager wit confine,  
 While manly Sense the deep attention draws:

Let Stanhope speak his listening country's wrong,  
 My humble voice shall please one partial maid;  
 For her alone I pen my tender song,  
 Securely fitting in his friendly shade.

Stanhope shall come, and grace his rural friend,  
 Delia shall wonder at her noble guest,  
 With blushing awe the riper fruit commend,  
 And for her husband's patron cull the best.

Hers be the care of all my little train,  
 While I with tender indolence am blest,  
 The favourite subject of her gentle reign,  
 By Love alone distinguish'd from the rest.

For her I'll yoke my oxen to the plough,  
 In gloomy forests tend my lonely flock,  
 For her a goat-herd climb the mountain's brow,  
 And sleep extended on the naked rock:

Ah! what avails to press the stately bed,  
 And far from her 'midst tasteless grandeur weep,  
 By marble fountains lay the pensive head,  
 And, while they murmur, strive in vain to sleep?

Delia



Delia alone can please, and never tire,  
 Exceed the paint of thought in true delight;  
 With her, enjoyment wakens new desire,  
 And equal rapture glows thro' every night:

Beauty and Worth alike in her contend  
 To charm the Fancy, and to fix the mind,  
 In her, my wife; my mistress, and my friend;  
 I taste the joys of sense and reason join'd.

On her I'll gaze, when other loves are o'er,  
 And dying press her with my clay-cold hand—  
 Thou weep'st already, as I were no more,  
 Nor can that gentle breast the thought withstand.

O when I die, my latest moments spare;  
 Nor let thy grief with sharper torments kill,  
 Wound not thy cheeks, nor hurt that flowing hair,  
 Tho' I am dead, my soul shall love thee still:

O quit the room; O quit the deathful bed;  
 Or thou wilt die, so tender is thy heart;  
 O leave me, Delia, e'er thou see me dead;  
 These weeping friends will do thy mournful part:

Let them, extended on the decent bier;  
 Convey the corpse in melancholy state;  
 Thro' all the village spread the tender tear;  
 While pitying maids our wonderous loves relate.



# THE GENEALOGY OF CHRIST,

AS IT IS REPRESENTED ON THE EAST WINDOW OF  
WINCHESTER COLL. CHAPEL,

WRITTEN AT WINTON SCHOOL BY DR. LOWTH,  
LORD BISHOP OF OXFORD.

**A**T once to raise our reverence and delight,  
To elevate the mind, and please the sight,  
To pour in virtue at th' attentive eye,  
And waft the soul on wings of extasy;  
For this the painter's art with nature vies,  
And bids the visionary faint arise;  
Who views the sacred forms in thought aspires,  
Catches pure zeal, and as he gazes, fires;  
Feels the same ardour to his breast convey'd,  
Is what he sees, and emulates the shade.

Thy strokes, great Artist, so sublime appear,  
They check our pleasure with an awful fear;  
While, thro' the mortal line, the God you trace,  
Author himself, and Heir of Jesse's race;  
In raptures we admire thy bold design,  
And, as the subject, own the hand divine.  
While thro' thy work the rising day shall stream,  
So long shall last thy honour, praise, and name.

And



And may thy labours to the Muse impart  
 Some emanation from her sister art,  
 To animate the verse, and bid it shine  
 In colours easy, bright, and strong, as Thine.

Supine on earth an awful figure lies,  
 While softest slumbers seem to seal his eyes;  
 The hoary sire Heaven's guardian care demands,  
 And at his feet the watchful angel stands.  
 The form august and large, the mien divine  
 Betray the \* founder of Messiah's line.  
 Lo! from his loins the promis'd stem ascends,  
 And high to Heaven its sacred Boughs extends:  
 Each limb productive of some hero springs,  
 And blooms luxuriant with a race of kings.  
 Th' eternal plant wide spreads its arms around,  
 And with the mighty Branch the mystic top is crown'd.

And lo! the glories of th' illustrious line  
 At their first dawn with ripen'd splendors shine,  
 In DAVIS all express'd; the good, the great,  
 The king, the hero, and the man complete.  
 Serene he sits, and sweeps the golden lyre,  
 And blends the prophet's with the poet's fire.  
 See! with what art he strikes the vocal strings,  
 The God, his theme, inspiring what he sings!  
 Hark,—or our ears delude us—from his tongue  
 Sweet flows, or seems to flow, some heavenly song,  
 O! could thine art arrest the fleeting sound,  
 And paint the voice in magic numbers bound;

\* Jesse.



Could the warm sun, as erst when Memnon play'd,  
 Wake with his rising beam the vocal shade :  
 Then might he draw th' attentive angels down,  
 Bending to hear the lay, so sweet, so like their own.  
 On either side the monarch's offspring shine,  
 And some adorn, and some disgrace their line.  
 Here Ammon glories; proud, incestuous lord!  
 This hand sustains the robe, and that the sword.  
 Frowning and fierce, with haughty strides he towers,  
 And on his horrid brow defiance low'rs.  
 There Absalom the ravish'd sceptre sways,  
 And his stol'n honour all his shame displays :  
 The base usurper Youth! who joins in one  
 The rebel subject, and th' ungrateful son.

Amid the royal race, see Nathan stand :  
 Fervent he seems to speak, and lift his hand ;  
 His looks th' emotion of his soul disclose,  
 And eloquence from every gesture flows.  
 Such, and so stern he came, ordain'd to bring  
 Th' ungrateful mandate to the guilty King :  
 When, at his dreadful voice, a sudden smart  
 Shot thro' the trembling monarch's conscious heart ;  
 From his own lips condemn'd ; severe decree !  
 Had his God prov'd so stern a Judge as He.  
 But man with frailty is ally'd by birth ;  
 Consummate purity ne'er dwelt on earth :  
 Thro' all the soul tho' virtue holds the rein,  
 Beats at the heart, and springs at every vein :  
 Yet ever from the clearest source have ran  
 Some gross allay, some tincture of the man.

But



But who is he—deep musing—in his mind,  
 He seems to weigh in Reason's scales, Mankind;  
 Fix'd Contemplation hold his steady eyes—  
 I know the Sage <sup>b</sup>; the wisest of the wise.  
 Blest with all man could wish, or prince obtain,  
 Yet his great heart pronounc'd those blessings vain.  
 And lo! bright glittering in his sacred hands,  
 In miniature the glorious temple stands.  
 Effulgent frame! stupendous to behold!  
 Gold the strong valves, the roof of burnish'd gold.  
 The wandering ark, in that bright dome inshrind,  
 Spreads the strong light, eternal, unconfin'd!  
 Above th' unutterable glory plays  
 Presence divine! and the full-streaming rays  
 Pour thro' reluctant crowds intolerable blaze.

But stern Oppression rends Reboam's reign;  
 See the gay prince, injurious, proud, and vain!  
 Th' imperial sceptre totters in his hand,  
 And proud Rebellion triumphs in the land.  
 Curs'd with Corruption's ever-fruitful spring,  
 A beardless Senate, and a haughty King.

There Asa, good and great, the sceptre bears,  
 Justice attends his peace, success his wars:  
 While Virtue was his sword, and Heaven his shield,  
 Without controul the warrior swept the field;  
 Loaded with spoils, triumphant he return'd,  
 And half her swarthy sons sad Ethiopia mourn'd.

<sup>b</sup> Solomon.



But since thy flagging piety decay'd,  
 And barter'd God's defence for human aid ;  
 See their fair laurels wither on thy brow,  
 Nor herbs, nor healthful arts avail thee now,  
 Nor is Heaven chang'd, apostate prince, but Thou.  
 No mean atonement does this lapse require ;  
 But see the Son, you must forgive the Sire :  
 He, ' the just prince—with every virtue blest,  
 He reign'd, and goodness all the man possess'd,  
 Around his throne, fair happiness and peace  
 Smooth'd every brow, and smil'd in every face.  
 As when along the burning waste he stray'd,  
 Where no pure streams in bubbling mazes play'd,  
 Where drought incumbent on the thirsty ground,  
 Long since had breath'd her scorching blasts around ;  
 The <sup>d</sup> prophet calls, th' obedient floods repair  
 To the parch'd fields, for Josaphat was there.  
 The new-sprung waves, in many a gurgling vein,  
 Trickle luxurious thro' the sucking plain ;  
 Fresh honours the reviving fields adorn,  
 And o'er the desert Plenty pours her horn.  
 So, from the throne his influence he sheds,  
 And bids the Virtues raise their languid heads :  
 Where'er he goes, attending Truth prevails,  
 Oppression flies, and Justice lifts her scales.  
 See, on his arm, the royal eagle stand,  
 Great type of conquest and supreme command ;

© Josaphat,

♠ Elisha.

Th' exulting



Th' exulting bird distinguish'd triumph brings,  
 And greets the Monarch with expanded wings.  
 Fierce Moab's sons prevent th' impending blow,  
 Rush on themselves, and fall without the foe.  
 The pious Hero vanquish'd Heaven by prayer;  
 His faith an army, and his vows a war.  
 Thee too, Ozias, fates indulgent blest,  
 And thy days shone, in fairest actions drest;  
 Till that rash hand, by some blind frenzy sway'd,  
 Unclean, the sacred office durst invade.  
 Quick o'er thy limbs the surfy venom ran,  
 And hoary filth besprinkled all the man.

Transmissive worth adorns the pious <sup>e</sup> Son,  
 The father's virtues with the father's throne.  
 Lo! there he stands: he who the rage subdued  
 Of Ammon's sons, and drench'd his sword in blood,  
 And dost thou, Ahaz, Judah's scourge, disgrace,  
 With thy base front, the glories of thy race?  
 See the vile King his iron sceptre bear—  
 His only praise attends the pious <sup>f</sup> Heir;  
 He, in whose soul the virtues all conspire,  
 The best good son, from the most wicked fire.  
 And lo! in Hezekiah's golden reign,  
 Long-exil'd Piety returns again;  
 Again, in genuine purity she shines,  
 And with her presence gilds the long-neglected shrines.  
 Ill-starr'd does proud Assyria's impious <sup>g</sup> Lord  
 Bid Heaven to arms, and vaunt his dreadful sword;

<sup>e</sup> Jotham.<sup>f</sup> Hezekiah.<sup>g</sup> Sennacherib.



His own vain threats th' insulting King o'erthrow,  
 But breathe new Courage on the generous foe,  
 Th' avenging Angel, by divine command,  
 The fiery sword full-blazing in his hand,  
 Leant down from Heaven: amid the storm he rode,  
 March'd Pestilence before him; as he trod,  
 Pale Desolation bath'd his steps in blood.  
 Thick wrapt in night, thro' the proud host he past,  
 Dispensing death, and drove the furious blast;  
 Nor bade Destruction give her revels o'er,  
 Till the gorg'd sword was drunk with human gore.  
 But what avails thee, pious Prince, in vain  
 Thy sceptre rescued, and th' Assyrian slain?  
 Ev'n now the soul maintains her latest strife,  
 And Death's chill grasp congeals the fount of life.  
 Yet see, kind Heaven renews thy brittle thread,  
 And rolls full fifteen summers o'er thy head;  
 Lo! the receding sun repeats his way,  
 And, like thy life, prolongs the falling day.  
 Tho' Nature her inverted course forego,  
 The day forget to rest, the time to flow,  
 Yet shall Jehovah's servants stand secure,  
 His mercy fix'd, eternal shall endure;  
 On them her ever-healing rays shall shine;  
 More mild, and bright, and sure, O sun! than thine.

At length, the long-expected Prince behold,  
 The last good King; in ancient days foretold,  
 When Bethel's altar spoke his future fame,  
 Rent to its base, at good Josiah's name.

Blest,



Blest, happy prince! o'er whose lamented urn,  
 In plaintive song, all Judah's daughters mourn;  
 For whom sad Sion's softest Sorrow flows,  
 And Jeremiah pours his sweet melodious woes.

But now fall'n Sion, once the fair and great,  
 Sits deep in dust, abandon'd, desolate;  
 Bleeds her sad heart, and ever stream her eyes,  
 And anguish tears her, with convulsive sighs.  
 The mournful captive spreads her hands in vain,  
 Her hands, that rankle with the servile chain;  
 Till he, <sup>b</sup> Great Chief! in Heaven's appointed time,  
 Leads back her children to their native clime.

Fair Liberty revives with all her joys,  
 And bids her envy'd walls securely rise.  
 And thou, great hallow'd dome, in ruin spread,  
 Again shall lift sublime thy sacred head.

But ah! with weeping eyes, the ancients view  
 A faint resemblance of the old in you.

No more th' effulgent glory of thy God  
 Speaks awful answers from the mystic cloud:

No more thine altars blaze with fire divine,  
 And Heaven has left thy solitary shrine.

Yet, in thy courts, hereafter shalt thou see  
 Presence immediate of the Deity,

The light himself reveal'd, the God confest in thee.

And now at length the fated term of years

The world's desire have brought, and lo! the God appears.

<sup>a</sup> Zorobabel.

The



The Heavenly Babe the Virgin Mother bears,  
 And her fond looks confess the parent's cares,  
 The pleasing burden on her breast she lays,  
 Hangs o'er his charms, and with a smile surveys.  
 The Infant smiles, to her fond bosom prest,  
 And wantons, sportive, on the mother's breast.  
 A radiant glory speaks him all Divine,  
 And in the Child the beams of Godhead shine.

But now alas! far other views disclose  
 The blackest comprehensive scene of woes.  
 See where man's voluntary sacrifice  
 Bows his meek head, and God Eternal dies!  
 Fixt to the Cross, his healing arms are bound,  
 While copious Mercy streams from every wound.  
 Mark the blood-drops that life exhausting roll,  
 And the strong pang that rends the stubborn soul!  
 As all death's tortures, with severe delay,  
 Exult and riot in the noblest prey,  
 And can'st thou, stupid man, those sorrows see,  
 Nor share the anguish which He bears for Thee?  
 Thy sin, for which his sacred Flesh is torn,  
 Points every nail, and sharpens every thorn;  
 Canst thou?—while Nature smarts in every wound,  
 And each pang cleaves the sympathetic ground!  
 Lo! the black sun, his chariot backward driven,  
 Blots out the day, and perishes from Heaven:  
 Earth, trembling from her entrails, bear a part,  
 And the rent rock upbraids man's stubborn heart.

The yawning grave reveals his gloomy reign,  
 And the cold clay-clad dead start into life again.



And thou, O tomb, once more shalt wide display  
 Thy satiate jaws, and give up all thy prey.  
 Thou, groaning earth, shalt heave, absorpt in flame,  
 As the last pangs convulse thy labouring frame;  
 When the same God unshrouded thou shalt see,  
 Wrapt in full blaze of Power and Majesty,  
 Ride on the clouds; whilst, as his chariot flies,  
 The bright effusion streams thro' all the skies.  
 Then shall the proud dissolving mountains glow,  
 And yielding rocks in fiery rivers flow:  
 The molten deluge round the globe shall roar,  
 And all man's arts and labour be no more.  
 Then shall the splendors of th' enliven'd glass  
 Sink undistinguish'd in the burning mass.  
 And O! till earth, and seas, and Heaven decay,  
 Ne'er may that fair creation fade away;  
 May winds and storms those beauteous colours spare,  
 Still may they bloom, as permanent as fair,  
 All the vain rage of wasting time repell,  
 And his Tribunal see, whose Cross they paint so well,





# WINTER PROSPECTS IN THE COUNTRY.

AN EPISTLE TO A FRIEND IN LONDON, 1756.

BY J. S.

**W**Hile Learning's pleasing cares my friend detain,  
By Thames's banks on London's smoaky plain ;  
Where spacious streets their peopled length extend,  
And pompons domes and lofty spires ascend :  
Far different views the lonely country yields,  
Deserted roads, and unfrequented fields ;  
Bleak scenes, where hoary Winter holds command,  
And from his throne of clouds o'erlooks the land ;  
He frowns—the power of Vegetation dies,  
Frosts bind the earth, and Tempests rend the skies ;  
Or driving Snows descend, or pouring Rains,  
Or chilling Vapours hover o'er the plains.  
Sometimes awhile the hoary Tyrant sleeps,  
Hid in his cave beneath the watery deeps ;  
The distant sun extends a chearing ray,  
Bright smile the skies and soft the breezes play :

Then



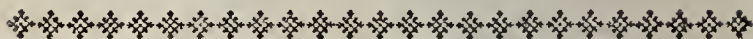
Then airy lawns the morning walk invite,  
 And rural landscapes charm the roving sight,  
 Mix'd with brown stubble, leafless woods are seen,  
 And neat-plough'd furrows clad in scanty green;  
 While turbid waters edg'd with yellow reeds  
 Wind thro' the ruffet herd-forfaken meads;  
 And groves that Winter's fiercest rage disdain  
 In fair plantations deck the shelter'd plain:  
 There painted hollies with red berries glow,  
 And their broad leaves the shining laurels show,  
 And pines and firs their varied verdure blend,  
 And cedars spread, and cypresses ascend.  
 Pleas'd with the scene, I range from field to field,  
 Till loftier lands remoter prospects yield;  
 And there the curious optic tube apply  
 Till a new world approaches on the eye;  
 Till where dark wood the hills slope surface shrouds;  
 Or the blue summit mingles with the clouds;  
 There fair inclosures lie of varied hue,  
 And trees and houses rise distinct to view.

But this too oft th' inclement clime denies,  
 Involv'd in misty or in watery skies;  
 And yet ev'n then with books engag'd, I find  
 A sweet employment for th' exploring mind;  
 There fair Description shews each absent scene,  
 The corn-clad mountain and the daisied green;  
 There over distant lands my fancy roves,  
 Thro' India's cany isles and palmy groves;

Where



Where clear streams wander thro' luxuriant vales,  
 Midst cloudless skies and ever-tepid gales,  
 While Spring sits smiling in her brightest bloom,  
 And calls around her every rich perfume.



## H Y M N   F R O M   P S A L M   LXV.

B Y   T H E   S A M E.

**P**RAISE to th' Almighty Lord of Heaven arise,  
 Who fix'd the mountains, and who spread the skies;  
 Who o'er his works extends paternal care,  
 Whose kind protection all the nations share;  
 From the glad climes whence morn in beauty drest,  
 Forth goes rejoicing to the farthest west;  
 On Him alone their whole dependance lies,  
 And his rich mercy every want supplies.  
 O Thou, great Author of th' extended Whole,  
 Revolving Seasons praise thee as they roll:  
 By thee Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter rise,  
 Thou giv'st the frowning, Thou the smiling skies;  
 By thy command the softening shower distils,  
 Till genial warmth the teeming furrow fills;  
 Then favouring sunshine o'er the clime extends,  
 And, blest by thee, the verdant blade ascends:

Next



Next Spring's gay products clothe the flowery hills,  
 And joy the wood, and joy the valley fills;  
 Then soon thy bounty swells the golden ear,  
 And bids the harvest crown the fruitful year :  
 Thus all thy works conspicuous worship raise,  
 And Nature's face proclaims her Maker's praise.



# S O N N E T.

APOLOGY FOR RETIREMENT, 1766.

BY THE SAME.

**W**HY asks my Friend what cheers the passing day,  
 Where these lone fields my rural home inclose;  
 That me no scenes the pompous city shows  
 Lure from that rural residence away?

Now thro' my laurel groves I musing stray,  
 Now breathe the gale that o'er the lilac blows,  
 Now in my grotto's solemn cells repose,  
 Or down the smooth vale wind at evening gray;

Now charms the lofty Poet's tuneful lay,  
 Where Music fraught with fair Instruction flows;

Now



Now Delia's converse makes the moments gay;  
 The nymph for love and innocence I chose :  
 O Friend ! the man who joys like these can taste  
 On Vice and Folly needs no hour to waste.



S O N N E T.

BY THE SAME.

**O**F Adverse Fortune gentle Shenstone 'plain'd,  
 The liberal soul, the taste that Nature gave ;  
 In narrow bounds her partial hand restrain'd,  
 But pour'd profusion on the titled slave :

Like his my lot, alike by me disdain'd  
 The pomp of courts, one only boon I crave,  
 O'er my fields fair as those Elysian feign'd,  
 To bid the green walk wind, the green wood wave ;

On the high hill to raise the higher tower,  
 To ope wide prospects over distant plains,  
 Where by broad rivers, towns, and villa's rise ;  
 Taste prompts the wish, but Fortune bounds the power,  
 Yet while Health cheers, and Competence sustains,  
 These more than all Contentment bids me prize.

SONNET.



S O N N E T.

T O D E L I A.

B Y T H E S A M E.

**T**H R I C E has the year its varied circuit run,  
And chearful, Delia, have the moments flown;  
Since with my love for thee, my care begun  
To form thy tender mind to virtue prone :

The flatteries of my sex I bade thee shun;  
I bade thee shun the follies of my own ;  
Fictitious manners by example won,  
Alike to truth and innocence unknown :

Say, blooming Maiden, in whose gentle breast  
Reigns simple Nature undisguis'd by Art,  
Now amply try'd by time's unerring test,  
How just the dictates of this faithful heart,  
That with the joys thy favouring smiles impart,  
Deems all its cares repair'd, itself supremely blest:





S O N N E T.

To BRITANNIA.

BY THE SAME.

**R**Enown'd Britannia! lov'd parental land,  
Regard thy welfare with a watchful eye;  
Whene'er the weight of Want's afflicting hand  
Wakes o'er thy vales the Poor's persuasive cry:

When Slaves in office Freemen's rights withstand,  
When Wealth enormous sets th' Oppressor high,  
And Bribes thy ductile Senators command;  
Then mourn, for then thy Fate approacheth nigh.

Not from perfidious Gaul, or haughty Spain,  
Nor all the neighbouring nations of the main,  
Tho' leagu'd in war tremendous round thy shore,  
But from thyself, thy Ruin must proceed;  
Nor boast thy Power, for know it is decreed,  
Thy Freedom gone, thy Power shall be no more.

ON



ON READING

MRS. MACAULAY'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

BY THE SAME.

**T**O Albion's Bards, the Muse of History spoke;  
 "Record the glories of your native land,  
 "How her brave sons the bonds of Slavery broke,  
 "And Power's fell rod tore from th' Oppressor's hand.

"Give to renown the Patriot's noble deeds,  
 "Brand with disgrace the Tyrant's hated name;  
 "Tho' Falshood oft' awhile the mind misleads,  
 "Impartial Time bestows impartial Fame."

She said, and soon the lofty lyre they strung,  
 But, artful, chang'd the subject and the lore,  
 Applause of courts and courtly slaves they sung,  
 But touch'd on Freedom's genuine notes no more.

The servile strain the Muse indignant heard,  
 Anxious for Truth, for Public Virtue warm;  
 She, Freedom's faithful advocate, appear'd,  
 And bore on earth the fair MACAULAY's form.





## WRITTEN AT THE HERMITAGE

AT ALDERSBROOK, MDCCLXI.

BY MR. C——.

W<sup>H</sup>oe'er thou art whom chance or choice may bring  
To these fair groves of venerable shade,  
The group of tall elms and the silver spring,  
Blame not the man who these his choice has made.

Hast thou not heard, that in a venal age  
Wife Scipio from the walls of Rome retir'd ;  
Content to muse on Nature's simple page<sup>1</sup>,  
And scenes the oft'ner view'd, the more admir'd.

Silent, like him, oft let me range the wood,  
At morn's inspiring hour, or twilight grey,  
And frequent sit where Reddon's ancient flood  
Winds thro' delightful meads its chrystal way :  
Ye Great! unenvy'd 'midst your grandeur shine,  
Whilst days of tranquil Solitude are mine!

<sup>1</sup> In the words of Linternaum, " Never less alone than when alone,"  
was his favourite saying.



ADVICE TO A SHEPHERD.

BY THE SAME.

**S**hepherd! seek not wealth nor power,  
 Let the verdant woodbine bower,  
 And the hills, and vales, and trees,  
 And the lonely cottage please.  
 Can the gaudy gilded room  
 Vie with fields in vernal bloom?  
 Or Italian airs excel  
 Plaintive tuneful Philomel?  
 Can the futile arts of dress  
 Grace thy modest Shepherdess?  
 Happier in her humble sphere,  
 Than the daughters of the peer.  
 'Midst the city's tempting glare  
 Dwell Disease, and Strife, and Care:  
 Quit not then the farm or fold,  
 Nor exchange thy Peace for Gold.





## ODE ON AUTUMN.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR MDCCLXI.

BY THE SAME.

**A** DIEU the pleasing rural scene,  
Sequester'd shades and meadows green,  
The field thick spread with sheaves of corn,  
The walk at early hour of morn,

No linnet's salutary song  
Soft echoes now the sprays among :  
No nightingale's more plaintive strain  
Soothes the lone peasant on the plain,

The vales their chearful green resign,  
And on their stems the flowers decline:  
No more we wish to pass the hour  
Where elms and lilacs form a bower.

And see the swallows leave their home,  
To distant, warmer climes they roam ;  
Where zephyrs coo and grateful showers  
Still wake the fair autumnal flowers.

How



How fade the glories of the year !  
 They bloom awhile and disappear,  
 And, melancholy truth, fond man !  
 Thy life's a flower, thy day's a span.

Parent of All ! tremendous Power !  
 Whom every realm and tongue adore,  
 Whose mandate form'd earth's spacious plain,  
 And the immeasurable main.

Prostrate before thy throne we bow,  
 Author of circling seasons Thou !  
 O hasten happier days, and bring  
 One glorious, One Eternal Spring.



## EPITAPH ON A PEASANT.

BY THE SAME.

**T**HE Swain who own'd yon rural cot  
 Now lies near this sequester'd spot.  
 With his industrious faithful wife  
 He trod the path of humble life,  
 Nor knew the sorrows which await  
 The trifling revels of the great :



Here village lads at evening hour  
 Shall strew the lately gather'd flower,  
 And pensive nymphs assemble here,  
 To shed a sympathetic tear.  
 O Stranger! thy sad tribute give,  
 Like Damon die, like Damon live!  
 For Virtue lasting plaudit gains,  
 When freed from these terrestrial plains.

P S A L M CXXXVII.

BY THE SAME.

**W**Here the fair streams of fam'd Euphrates stray,  
 And make the vales of Babylonia gay,  
 On the green borders of the silver flood,  
 Judea's exil'd mournful children stood:  
 A pensive band, oppress'd with grief severe,  
 For Zion's fate they shed the frequent tear;  
 Their silent harps, so tuneful late, unstrung,  
 High on the branches of the willows hung;  
 When lo! their enemies demand the strains  
 That erst resounded sweet on Judah's plains.—  
 How shall these songs, Jehovah, Sovereign King!  
 In this strange clime thy captive people sing?

Let



Let my right hand forget the note to play,  
 Let my mute tongue forget to tune the lay,  
 If e'er my thought neglectful, faithless roves,  
 From thee, O Salem! and thy sacred groves:  
 But, mighty Lord! remember thou their seed,  
 Who bade thy city mourn, thy people bleed!  
 Shall not e'er long proud Babel's turrets fall,  
 And in her fair streets noisome reptiles crawl;  
 Her haughty warriors pale and breathless lie,  
 Dash'd on the stones her helpless infants die,  
 The woes we suffer be to her repaid,  
 And all her glory sunk in everlasting shade?

THE LATTER PART OF

H A B B A K U K, CHAPTER III.

BY THE SAME.

**T**HO' in Judea's mead the verdant blade  
 Nipt by ungenial frost full sudden fade;  
 Tho' the ripe fig, pride of the garden gay,  
 Touch'd by the sun's too fervid beam decay;  
 Tho' fairer vines the raging whirlwind blast,  
 And olives useless on the heap are cast;

Tho'



Tho' struck by Death the bleating firstlings fall,  
 Vacant the fold, untenanted the stall;  
 Yet still to Thee, Jehovah! Power supreme!  
 My guide, my only hope, and constant theme!  
 I lift the feeble strain, and bow the knee,  
 And own incessant Strength belongs to Thee!  
 O let thy Love with rapture fill my breast,  
 And lead thro' life's untrodden wilds—to Rest.

\*\*\*\*\*:\*\*\*\*\*:\*\*\*\*\*

## O D E T O S L E E P.

BY T— S—, M. D.

**S**OFT Sleep, profoundly pleasing power,  
 Sweet patron of the peaceful hour,  
 O listen from thy calm abode,  
 And hither wave thy magic rod;  
 Extend thy silent, soothing sway,  
 And charm the canker Care away.  
 Whether thou lov'st to glide along,  
 Attended by an airy throng  
 Of gentle dreams and smiles of joy,  
 Such as adorn the wanton boy;  
 Or to the monarch's fancy bring  
 Delights that better suit a king;

The



The glittering host, the groaning plain,  
 The clang of arms, and victor's train :  
 Or should a milder vision please,  
 Present the happy scenes of Peace ;  
 Plump Autumn blushing all around,  
 Rich Industry with Toil embrown'd ;  
 Content with brow serenely gay,  
 And genial Art's refulgent ray.

ODE TO MIRTH.

BY THE SAME.

**P**arent of Joy! heart-easing Mirth!  
 Whether of Venus or Aurora born ;  
 Yet Goddess sure of heavenly birth,  
 Visit benign a son of Grief forlorn :  
 Thy glittering colours gay,  
 Around him, Mirth, display ;  
 And o'er his raptur'd sense  
 Diffuse thy living influence :  
 So shall each hill in purer green array'd,  
 And flower adorn'd in new-born beauty glow ;  
 The grove shall smooth the horrors of his shade,  
 And streams in murmurs shall forget to flow.

Shine,



Shine, Goddess, shine with unremitting ray,  
And gild (a second sun) with brighter beam our day.

Labour with thee forgets his pain,  
And aged Poverty can smile with thee,  
If thou be nigh, Grief's hate is vain,  
And weak the uplifted arm of Tyranny.  
The morning opes on high  
His universal eye ;  
And on the world doth pour  
His glories in a golden shower.

Lo! Darkness trembling 'fore the hostile ray  
Shrinks to the cavern deep and wood forlorn ;  
The brood obscene, that own her gloomy sway,  
Troop in her rear, and fly th' approach of morn.  
Pale shivering ghosts, that dread th' all-cheering light,  
Quick, as the lightnings flash, glide to sepulchral night.

But whence the gladdening beam  
That pours his purple stream  
O'er the long prospect wide ?  
'Tis Mirth. I see her sit  
In majesty of light,  
With Laughter at her side.  
Bright-ey'd Fancy hovering near  
Wide waves her glancing wing in air ;  
And young Wit flings his pointed dart,  
That guiltless strikes the willing heart.  
Fear not now Affliction's power,  
Fear not now wild Passion's rage,

Nor



Nor fear ye aught in evil hour,  
Save the tardy hand of Age.

Now Mirth hath heard the suppliant Poet's prayer;  
No cloud, that rides the blast, shall vex the troubled air.

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## ODE TO A SINGING BIRD.

BY MR. RICHARDSON,

OF QUEEN'S COLLEGE, OXON.

**O** Thou that glad'st my lonesome hours  
With many a wildly warbled song,  
When Melancholy round me low'rs,  
And drives her fullen storms along;  
When fell Adversity prepares  
To lead her delegated train,  
Pale Sickness, Want, Remorse, and Pain,  
With all her host of carking cares—  
The fiends ordain'd to tame the human soul,  
And give the humbled heart to Sympathy's controul.

Sweet soother of my misery, say,  
Why dost thou clap thy joyous wing?  
Why dost thou pour that artless lay?  
How canst thou, little prisoner, sing?

Hast



Hast thou not cause to grieve  
 That man, unpitying man! has rent  
 From thee the boon which Nature meant  
 Thou should'st, as well as he, receive?  
 The power to woo thy partner in the grove,  
 To build where instinct points; where chance directs, to rove.

Perchance, unconscious of thy fate,  
 And to the woes of bondage blind,  
 Thou never long'st to join thy mate,  
 Nor wishest to be unconfin'd;  
 Then how relentless he,  
 And fit for every foul offence,  
 Who could bereave such innocence  
 Of life's best blessing, Liberty!  
 Who lur'd thee, guileful, to his treacherous snare,  
 To live a tuneful slave, and dissipate his care.

But why for thee this fond complaint?  
 Above thy master thou art blest:  
 Art thou not free?—Yes; calm Content,  
 With olive sceptre, sways thy breast:  
 Then deign with me to live;  
 The falcon with insatiate maw,  
 With hooked bill and griping claw,  
 Shall ne'er thy destiny contrive:  
 And every tabby foe shall mew in vain,  
 While pensively demure she hears thy melting strain.

Nor



Nor shall the fiend, fell Famine, dare  
 Thy wiry tenement assail;  
 These, these shall be my constant care,  
 The limpid fount, and temperate meal:  
 And when the blooming Spring  
 In checquer'd livery robes the fields,  
 The fairest flowrets Nature yields  
 To thee officious will I bring;  
 A garland rich thy dwelling shall entwine,  
 And Flora's freshest gifts, thrice happy bird, be thine.

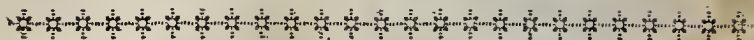
From drear Oblivion's gloomy cave  
 The powerful Muse shall wrest thy name,  
 And bid thee live beyond the grave—  
 This meed she knows thy merits claim;  
 She knows thy liberal heart  
 Is ever ready to dispense  
 The tide of bland Benevolence,  
 And Melody's soft aid impart;  
 Is ready still to prompt the magic lay,  
 Which hushes all our griefs, and charms our pains away,

Erewhile when brooding o'er my soul  
 Frown'd the black dæmons of Despair,  
 Did not thy voice that power controul,  
 And oft suppress the rising tear?  
 If Fortune should be kind,  
 If e'er with affluence I'm blest,  
 I'll often seek some friend distressed,  
 And when the weeping wretch I find,

Then,



Then, tuneful moralist, I'll copy thee,  
And solace all his woes with social sympathy.



## ELEGY ON A HUMMING-BIRD.

WRITTEN IN A FLOWER-GARDEN.

B Y ———.

A Humming-Bird, by Nature led,  
On Nature's bounteous honey fed ;  
In every flower beheld a feast,  
And every sip her charms increas'd :

Her plumage various, gaudy, bright;  
Surpass'd Aurora's radiant light ;  
Tho' burnish'd o'er with golden rays,  
As drest in Ariosto's lays.

O had you seen her glowing breast,  
Which every tint by turns exprest,  
Succeeding tints the past renewing,  
You had wish'd to be for ever viewing.

But, sweet inconstant! she would fly  
From flower to flower, and foil the eye ;  
Each motion giving something new,  
No sooner seen than vanish'd too.



One morn on murmuring wing suspended,  
 She to those well-known pinks descended;  
 Here hung a moment, sift the dew,  
 And elsewhere, gaily wanton, flew.

Her little crimson pinions play'd,  
 As thro' th' enamell'd plain she stray'd;  
 By every fragrant flower invited,  
 Which to delight her seem'd delighted.

I saw her, in an evil-hour,  
 Approach a deep-mouth trumpet-flower,  
 Within whose fatal tube, O me!  
 With mortal dagger, lurk'd a bee:

Deceitful weed! for ever may  
 Your filthy flower avoid the day,  
 Your nauseous odours taint the morn,  
 Yourself the dire <sup>k</sup> Peruvian Thorn!

May you, 'compell'd, pernicious bees!  
 Supply your murmuring hives from these;  
 By day restrain your busy flight,  
 Condemn'd to labour in the night.

Within her breast, secure of harm,  
 The feather'd Venus rais'd alarm,  
 Enrag'd the little, jealous thing,  
 And in her neck 'he plung'd his sting.

<sup>k</sup> Thorny Apple of Peru, call'd in Virginia The James-Town Weed.



Say, hast thou seen a courser start—  
 An arrow fly—the lightning dart?  
 Far swifter, wrung with raging pain,  
 The Beauty cleft the airy plain ;

Her course unsteady, high and low,  
 Too well explain'd her inward woe ;  
 Her strength decreasing, and her speed,  
 Her feeble wings refusing aid,

Her tender frame with fevers burn'd,  
 Her little brain to frenzy turn'd,  
 The charm of Nature, and the pride,  
 In many circles, sunk and died:

Her purest nectar erst she drew  
 From hence, here lie her beauties too ;  
 Where never flower the wandering eye  
 Hath since rejoic'd. (All bards will lie).  
 " The ways of Pleasure promise fair,  
 " But Mischief oft conceal'd lies there."





## A MORNING SOLILOQUY ON DEAFNESS.

B Y ———.

**N**ATURE! thy genial call I hear,  
Which wakes the morn and me,  
And seems to strike upon my ear,  
Tho' deaf to all but thee:  
To me the hours in silence roll away;  
No music greets the dawn, or mourns the close of day.

To me the sky-larks, pois'd aloft,  
In silence seem to play,  
And hail no more in warblings soft  
The rising dawn of day;  
For me in vain they swell their liquid throats,  
Contemplative I muse, nor hear the jocund notes.

To me the shepherd pipes in vain,  
In vain the milkmaid sings;  
Loft are the bleatings of the plain,  
The gurgling of the springs;  
No more I hear the nightingale complain,  
When to the moon she chaunts her sad love-labour'd strain.

K z

And



And when with me Lucinda strays  
 Along the breezy grove,  
 In transport on her charms I gaze,  
 And think she talks of love :  
 Ah! cease, dear maid, to talk of love in vain,  
 For smiles alone to me the voice of love explain.

Pygmalion thus, when he survey'd  
 The work his hand had form'd,  
 Enamour'd wish'd to see the maid  
 With mutual passion warm'd,  
 And as he woo'd his ear he oft inclin'd,  
 Whilst yet no voice of love reliev'd his anxious mind.

Cease thy complaints (methinks ev'n now  
 The voice of Reason cries)  
 Dispel the gloom that clouds thy brow,  
 Suppress the heaving sighs :  
 What Fate decrees 'tis folly to bewail ;  
 Weigh then the good and ill in Wisdom's equal scale.

No more in Friendship's thin disguise  
 Shall Flattery soothe thine ear,  
 Experienc'd kindness makes thee wise,  
 To know thy friend sincere ;  
 No more shalt thou attend to Faction's cries,  
 The taunts of jealous Pride, or Envy's blasting lyes.



No more shall now thy mind be tost  
 By every breath of praise ;  
 No more thy reason shall be lost  
 In controversy's maze ;  
 Thou safe thro' life's sequester'd vale shalt go,  
 And learn from Nature's works her wise decrees to know.



# T H E H E R M I T.

BY DR. GOLDSMITH.

“ T U R N, gentle Hermit of the dale,

“ And guide my lonely way

“ To where yon taper cheers the vale

“ With hospitable ray.

“ For here, forlorn and lost I tread,

“ With fainting steps and slow,

“ Where wilds immeasurably spread

“ Seem lengthening as I go.”

“ Forbear, my son,” the Hermit cries,

“ To tempt the dangerous gloom,

“ For yonder faithless phantom flies

“ To lure thee to thy doom.



“ Here to the houseless child of Want

“ My door is open still ;

“ And tho’ my portion is but scant,

“ I give it with good will :

“ Then turn to-night, and freely share

“ Whate’er my cell bestows ;

“ My rushy couch, and frugal fare,

“ My blessing, and repose.

“ No flocks that range the valley free

“ To slaughter I condemn ;

“ Taught by that Power that pities me,

“ I learn to pity them :

“ But from the mountain’s grassy side

“ A guiltless feast I bring ;

“ A scrip with herbs and fruits supply’d,

“ And water from the spring.

“ Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego ;

“ All earth-born cares are wrong :

“ Man wants but little here below,

“ Nor wants that little long.”

Soft as the dew from Heaven descends,

His gentle accents fell ;

The modest stranger lowly bends,

And follows to the cell,



Far in a wilderness obscure  
 The lonely mansion lay,  
 A refuge to the neighbouring poor,  
 And strangers led astray:

No stores beneath its humble thatch  
 Requir'd a master's care;  
 The wicket opening with a latch  
 Receiv'd the harmless pair.

And now when busy crowds retire  
 To take their evening rest,  
 The Hermit trimm'd his little fire,  
 And cheer'd his pensive guest ;

And spread his vegetable store,  
 And gaily prest, and smil'd,  
 And, skill'd in legendary lore,  
 The lingering hours beguil'd.

Around in sympathetic mirth  
 Its tricks the kitten tries,  
 The cricket chirrups in the hearth,  
 The crackling faggot flies.

But nothing could a charm impart,  
 To soothe the stranger's woe ;  
 For grief was heavy at his heart,  
 And tears began to flow.



His rising cares the Hermit spy'd,

With answering care oppress'd :

“ And whence, unhappy youth,” he cry'd,

“ The sorrows of thy breast ?

“ From better habitations spurn'd,

“ Reluctant dost thou rove ?

“ Or grieve for friendship unreturn'd,

“ Or unregarded love ?

“ Alas ! the joys that fortune brings

“ Are trifling, and decay ;

“ And those who prize the paltry thing

“ More trifling still than they.

“ And what is Friendship but a name,

“ A charm that lulls to sleep,

“ A shade that follows wealth or fame,

“ And leaves the wretch to weep ?

“ And Love is still an emptier sound,

“ The modern fair-one's jest,

“ On earth unseen, or only found

“ To warm the turtles nest.

“ For shame, fond youth, thy sorrows hush,

“ And spurn the sex,” he said :

But while he spoke, a rising blush

His love-lorn guest betray'd.

Surpriz'd



Surpriz'd he sees new beauties rise,  
 Swift mantling to the view,  
 Like colours o'er the morning skies,  
 As bright, as transient too.

The bashful look, the rising breast,  
 Alternate spread alarms,  
 The lovely stranger stands confest  
 A maid in all her charms.

“ And ah ! forgive a stranger rude,  
 “ A wretch forlorn,” she cry'd,  
 “ Whose feet unhallow'd thus intrude  
 “ Where Heaven and you reside.

“ But let a maid thy pity share,  
 “ Whom Love has taught to stray ;  
 “ Who seeks for rest, but finds despair  
 “ Companion of her way.

“ My father liv'd beside the Tyne,  
 “ A wealthy Lord was he ;  
 “ And all his wealth was mark'd as mine ;  
 “ He had but only me.

“ To win me from his tender arms  
 “ Unnumber'd suitors came ;  
 “ Who prais'd me for imputed charms,  
 “ And felt or feign'd a flame.



“ Each hour a mercenary crowd  
“ With richest proffers strove ;  
“ Among the rest young Edwin bow'd,  
“ But never talk'd of love.

“ In humble simplest habit clad,  
“ No wealth or power had he ;  
“ Wisdom and worth were all he had ;  
“ But these were all to me.

“ The blossom opening to the day  
“ The dews of heaven refin'd,  
“ Could nought of purity display  
“ To emulate his mind.

“ The dew, the blossoms of the tree,  
“ With charms inconstant shine ;  
“ Their charms were his, but woe to me,  
“ Their constancy was mine.

“ For still I try'd each fickle art,  
“ Importunate and vain ;  
“ And while his passion touch'd my heart  
“ I triumph'd in his pain ;

“ Till quite dejected with my scorn,  
“ He left me to my pride,  
“ And fought a solitude forlorn  
“ In secret, where he died.



“ But mine the sorrow, mine the fault,

“ And well my life shall pay,

“ I’ll seek the solitude he sought,

“ And stretch me where he lay—

“ And there forlorn, despairing hid,

“ I’ll lay me down and die ;

“ ’Twas so for me that Edwin did,

“ And so for him will I.”

“ Forbid it, Heaven !” the Hermit cry’d,

And clasp’d her to his breast ;

The wondering fair one turn’d to chide ;

’Twas Edwin’s self that prest.

“ Turn, Angelina, ever dear ;

“ My charmer, turn to see

“ Thy own, thy long-lost Edwin here,

“ Restor’d to love and thee.

“ Thus let me hold thee to my heart,

“ And every care resign ;

“ And shall we never, never part,

“ My life—my all that’s mine.

“ No, never, from this hour to part,

“ We’ll live and love so true ;

“ The sigh that rends thy constant heart,

“ Shall break thy Edwin’s too.”



## THE BELDAMES.

BY ———.

**H**AIL, happy Beldames ! yours those joys  
Which time, nor accident destroys.  
Sickness and cares your bliss dilate,  
And pain but whets your lust of hate.

The flower of Youth will soon decay,  
Health, Beauty, Pleasure fade away :  
Sharp sorrows sting the breast humane,  
And hopes are false, and wishes vain.  
But hence your joys eternal flow,  
Their source exhaustless, human woe.

For you fierce War high-piles his dead,  
Disease thick-strews her squalid bed ;  
Famine and Plagues their myriads sweep,  
And Tempests lash th' all-whelming deep.  
The fiery meteors hear your call,  
And houses blaze, and temples fall.

But far remote from Britain's eye  
The vaster scenes of ruin lie :  
The cities in Vulcanos lost,  
The scatter'd realms in whirlwinds tost,  
Or, feller scourge, a Tyrant's brand  
Wide-flaming o'er a blasted land :

Imperfect



Imperfect joy, the wretch unknown,  
Unmark'd the pang, unheard the groan.

Here mighty Horror scarce appears;  
One plague perhaps in ninety years:  
And Faction, long depriv'd of food,  
Sits pining over public good;  
Or feeds, with self-tormenting spleen,  
In present bliss, on ills foreseen,

But here more exquisite delight  
From private woes soothes ranc'rous Spight.  
In pride of youth our Frederic dies,  
And Anguish seals my Lonsdale's eyes:  
Richmond his generous soul resign'd,  
And Ca'ndish, friend to human kind,  
Ev'n thoughtless <sup>1</sup> Pleasure droop'd her head,  
While Britain wept o'er Pelham's bed.  
Yet such your joys, as when the bell  
First toll'd unhappy S —'s knell;  
When by that hand, which thousands fed,  
The best, the bravest Briton bled;  
And clos'd a life in virtue past  
With one wrong deed, his first and last.

Whether impure and hard of soul  
The Daughter mix'd the deadly bowl;  
Or if seducing Love betray'd  
To crimes unknown the yielding maid;  
Whether in weakness or in guilt,  
One joy is sure, her blood is spilt:

<sup>1</sup> Upon Mr. Pelham's death the places of public diversion were for a time deserted.



And still to raise the transport higher,  
Believe her innocent expire !

By no degree, no sex defin'd,  
Their Virtues stamp the Beldame-kind,  
Who cringe and slander, sting and fawn,  
In rags, or lace, or fur, or lawn ;  
Whether in perriwigs or pinner's,  
If Whitefield's faints, or Arthur's sinners ;  
If now the scold at Wapping flames,  
Or flaunts a Dutcheſs at St. James' ;  
Alike, if they revile or flatter,  
(Who lie in praise, will lie in satire)  
All the foul sisterhood compose,  
All those, and all resembling those.

But some, in hoary Age's train,  
By sixty winters chill'd in vain,  
With hearts that melt, and nerves that feel,  
Display a breast unarm'd with steel.  
How few are these ! and of these few  
Good Heaven hath seiz'd on Montagu.  
Germain yet lives, not half reveal'd,  
Her bounties more than half conceal'd ;  
And should I add another name,  
Blushing she flies pursuing Fame.  
For such is Virtue's awkward pride,  
Scarce more intent to give than hide.  
Peace to all such in silent state,  
So few scarce worth the Beldame's hate.

'Tis not enough that Nature's plan  
To Cares, to Death predestines Man ;

That



That ev'n those few, we happy call,  
 Bend to the general doom of all,  
 While blifs, a scanty portion, flows  
 Mixt in the stream of bitter woes :  
 Not one escapes the Beldame's hate,  
 Great leveller to one estate.

As in the Sun's meridian blaze  
 A cloud obscene of insects plays,  
 Or with invenom'd sting invades  
 The quiet of sequester'd shades,  
 Now swarms on filth, and now pollutes  
 The nectar of the fairest fruits :  
 So thro' each rank, thro' every stage  
 Wantons the ceaseless Beldame's rage.  
 Sublimely rapt in patriot heat,  
 Furious she shakes the Monarch's seat,  
 Now stooping spurns the lowly cell  
 Where calm Content, and Concord dwell,  
 Well pleas'd degraded Worth to see,  
 Or Felons load the groaning tree.

Yet shall the tear of Pity flow,  
 Yet shall her hand exalt the low ;  
 Shall pull aspiring Merit down,  
 And deck the base with Honor's crown ;  
 Intent to lower, not fond to raise,  
 Hatred her friendship, spite her praise.  
 Or when some all-respected name,  
 High-borne upon the tide of Fame,  
 In Glory's pomp resistless draws,  
 A nation breathless in applause ;



The Beldame loud exalts her voice,  
 And bids a gladden'd world rejoice;  
 Yet then dissembling Art will blend  
 Th' unwilling censure of a Friend :  
 Lavish in praise she pours her soul,  
 But one Exception damns the whole.

Behold the Fiend all pallid stand,  
 A pencil trembling in her hand :  
 See Malice mix the various dyes  
 Of fainter truths and bolder lies.  
 The deepening gloom thick spreads around  
 And lowering shades the dusky ground.  
 There Sickness blights the cheek of Health,  
 And Beggary soils the robe of Wealth.  
 Here, Columns moulder in decay ;  
 There, Virtue sets with dubious ray.  
 Now heavenly Beauty fades, and now  
 The laurel droops on Valour's brow.

Around the Dæmon throngs her race,  
 The weak, the busy, and the base ;  
 Eager to copy, and disperse :  
 Hence slanderous Prose, and ribald Verse ;  
 The heaps that crowd Suilla's board,  
 And swell wise Paulo's precious hoard.  
 There Scandal all its store unloads,  
 Ballads, and Epigrams, and Odes :  
 Stern Party whets her blunted knife,  
 And stabs the Husband thro' the Wife ;  
 While Notes historically sage  
 Fill the broad margin of each Page ;

Initials,



Initials, dashes well supply'd,  
 And all that fear or shame would hide ;  
 Faithful record for future times  
 To harden by their fathers' crimes.

No Beldam Bard with phrenzy fir'd,  
 No prophets by hell inspir'd,  
 Creative boasts so rich a vein  
 As swells the Beldame's teeming brain,  
 And mocking study, wit, and sense,  
 Flows in unletter'd eloquence.

Thus beyond Truth's contracted line  
 Invention's Universe is thine.  
 Thine every tale that Fiction brings,  
 Whether she soars with painted wings,  
 Or plunges in the depths of night  
 For horrid deeds, unknown to light.  
 There should she mark some real blot,  
 Tho' long forgiv'n, tho' long forgot ;  
 God's cancell'd Grace her rage resumes,  
 The crime rejudg'd, the man she dooms ;  
 In deeper dyes she spreads the stain,  
 And pitying Heaven relents in vain.

Fitly, o'er Libya's horrid sand,  
 The javelin arms the Huntsman's hand.  
 Lo ! where the mangled traveller lies,  
 Drawn by the false Hyæna's cries ;  
 And dreadful stalking o'er the plain,  
 The Lion shakes his brindled main.  
 But why shall barbarous Rage invade  
 The tenant of yon peaceful shade,



While issuing with the morning's dawn,  
 Playful she prints the dewy lawn?  
 O why that hostile pomp prepare  
 To vex the timorous harmless hare?  
 As if some monster, yet untam'd,  
 Single a host of Heroes claim'd :  
 While Echo o'er the hills resounds  
 Horsemen, and steeds, and horns, and hounds.

Such, nor less eager in their chace,  
 Forth springs the clamorous Beldame race:  
 Harsh Chorus of discordant notes  
 From yelping tongues and time-crack'd throats :  
 Where lewder Youth outstrips the wind,  
 And limping Eighty lags behind :  
 Yet faithful to the beaten track  
 The slow-pac'd sluggard hunts the pack.  
 Meek Virtue to the covert flies  
 With panting heart and clouded eyes.  
 Ah! spare the gentle coward's fears.  
 Who only answers with her tears ;  
 And trembles at imputed sin  
 Tho' all be innocence within.

But Lions to their shaggy breast  
 Shall fostering press the fearless guest ;  
 The sooth'd Hyæna shed a tear  
 O'er prostrate man, with soul sincere ;  
 The Priest with hesitating hand  
 Awhile suspend th' uplifted brand ;  
 Ere Pity melts the Beldame's eyes,  
 Glutted with human sacrifice,

With



With liquid fire the goblet crown'd,  
 The livid tapers gleaming round,  
 While Wisdom, Valour, Beauty sleep,  
 The midnight hags their sabbath keep :  
 And recent from impure delights  
 Fell Hecat' leads th' infernal-rites.  
 O'er her wan cheek diffusely spread  
 Fierce glares the bright vermillion's red.  
 The borrow'd hair in ringlets flows  
 Adown her neck of art-form'd snaws ;  
 While baleful drugs in vain renew  
 Departing Beauty's faded hue.

Some spotless name their rage demands,  
 The name rebellowing thro' the bands ;  
 Some holy Sage of fainted life,  
 A Virgin pure, a faithful Wife.  
 And you, who dauntless dar'd to brave  
 The ruthless foe and threatening wave,  
 Vainly you 'scap'd th' unequal fight ;  
 Deep yawns the gulph of deadlier spight ;  
 There plung'd—th' insatiate Beldames roar,  
 And the wide ruin gapes for more.

Where trees their mantling foliage spread,  
 And roses bend their blooming head,  
 Ye, Virgins, tread with cautious feet,  
 And cautious pluck the tempting sweet :  
 There lurks the snake with speckled crest,  
 There broods the toad with bloated breast ;  
 With poisons dire the reptiles fill'd,  
 From Heaven's transparent dews distill'd.



—But O! more wary trace the maze,  
 Where Youth in frolic pastime plays :  
 There dread the spight-swoln Beldame's wrath,  
 Glancing thro' Pleasure's flowery path,  
 And subtle drawing foul offence  
 From the chaste breath of innocence.

Or should the tender bosom yield  
 Transpierc'd thro' Honor's frailer shield ;  
 O Virtue smoothe thy brow austere,  
 Accept the penitential tear :  
 Raise the fall'n mourner from the ground,  
 And pour sweet mercy o'er the wound ;  
 Nor join these furies in their chace,  
 Nor drive her 'midst that hellish race.  
 Angels shall hear the suppliant's voice,  
 And Beldames howl, and Heaven rejoice.

Let the obdurate Stoic's pride  
 Climb the steep mountain's craggy side ;  
 Where far remote from mortal ken  
 Virtue usurps the Tyger's den,  
 And scowling on the crowd below  
 Nor feels, nor pities human woe.  
 Let holy zeal, with frantic mien,  
 And haggard look and garb obscene,  
 Spurn every gift the Heavens dispense,  
 And pine in fullen abstinence ;  
 Yet drink with eager ears and eyes  
 The tortur'd wretches agonies.

Hence, hell-born Fiends! nor dare bely  
 The Seraph with indulgent eye :

Whence



Whence Science beams eternal day,  
 Enlightening millions with her ray;  
 Whence Arts their genial influence spread  
 O'er smiling Nature's teeming bed;  
 Whence Bounty with extended hand  
 Scatters her blessings o'er the land;  
 And Love, the universal soul,  
 Pervades, unites, inspires the whole.

So Virtue dwelt, celestial guest,  
 O Lonsdale! in thy spotless breast.  
 Tho' pure as Heaven from moral stain,  
 Tho' torn with unrelenting pain,  
 'Twas thine for others woes to melt,  
 And pardon frailties never felt.  
 While Youth thy gayer converse sought,  
 And Age instructed heard and thought.

And thou, my Friend, for such my claim,  
 And such my best, my dearest Fame,  
 Tho' Time with shrivel'd fingers throws  
 Thick o'er thy head unmingled snows,  
 Still in that eye the spark divine  
 Shall with unfading lustre shine;  
 Still flow the stream of copious sense  
 Clear as in Attic eloquence.

So thro' the meadow's silver bed,  
 With lilies and with snow-drops spread,  
 Far-honour'd Thames, our Britain's pride,  
 Majestic rolls his crystal tide,  
 Where many an ancient brook distils  
 Its wealth in tributary rills.



And in the happy social hour.  
 Well fav'd from state, and cares, and power,  
 Long may I come a welcome guest  
 To share the treasures of that breast,  
 Where Spleen ne'er rankled at the heart,  
 Nor Malice lodg'd her rusty dart.



## ODE TO THE RIVER EDEN.

BY DR. J. LANGHORNE.

**D**elightful Eden! parent stream,  
 Yet shall the maids of Memory say,  
 When, led by Fancy's fairy dream,  
 My young steps trac'd thy winding way;  
 How oft along thy mazy shore,  
 Where slowly wav'd the willows hoar,  
 In pensive thought their poet stray'd;  
 Or, dozing near thy meadow'd side,  
 Beheld thy dimply waters glide,  
 Bright thro' trembling shade.

Yet shall they paint those scenes again,  
 Where once with infant-joy he play'd,  
 And bending o'er thy liquid plain,  
 The azure worlds below survey'd:

Led



Led by the rosy-handed hours,  
 When Time tript o'er that bank of flowers,  
     Which in thy crystal bosom smil'd :  
 Tho' old the God, yet light and gay,  
 He flung his glass, his scythe away,  
     And seem'd himself, a child.

The poplar tall, that waving near  
     Would whisper to thy murmurs free ;  
 Yet rustling seems to soothe mine ear,  
     And trembles when I sigh for thee.  
 Yet seated on thy shelving brim,  
 Can Fancy see the Naiads trim  
     Burnish their green locks in the sun ;  
 Or at the last lone hour of day,  
 To chace the lighty glancing jay,  
     In airy circles run.

But, Fancy, can thy mimic power  
     Again those happy moments bring ?  
 Canst thou restore that golden hour,  
     When young Joy wav'd his laughing wing ?  
 When first in Eden's rosy vale,  
 My full heart pour'd the lover's tale,  
     The vow sincere, devoid of guile !  
 While Delia in her panting breast,  
 With sighs, the tender thought suppress,  
     And look'd as angels smile.



O Goddess of the crystal brow,  
 That dwell'st the golden meads among ;  
 Whose streams still fair in memory flow,  
 Whose murmurs melodize my song !  
 O! yet those gleams of joy display,  
 Which brightening glow'd in Fancy's ray,  
 When, near thy lucid urn reclin'd,  
 The Dryad, Nature, bar'd her breast,  
 And left, in naked charms impress'd,  
 Her image on my mind.

In vain—the maids of Memory fair  
 No more in golden visions play ;  
 No friendship smooths the brow of care,  
 No Delia's smile approves my lay.  
 Yet, love and friendship lost to me,  
 'Tis yet some joy to think of thee,  
 And in thy breast this moral find ;  
 That life, tho' stain'd with sorrow's showers,  
 Shall flow serene, while Virtue pours  
 Her sunshine on the mind.





ON THE DUTCHESS OF MAZARIN'S RETIRING  
INTO A CONVENT.

BY THE SAME.

**Y**E holy cares that haunt these lonely cells,  
These scenes where salutary sadness dwells;  
Ye sighs that minute the slow wasting day,  
Ye pale regrets that wear my life away;  
O bid these passions for the world depart,  
These wild desires, and vanities of heart!  
Hide every trace of vice, of follies past,  
And yield to Heaven the victory at last.

To that the poor remains of life are due,  
'Tis Heaven that calls, and I the call pursue.  
Lord of my life, my future cares are thine,  
My love, my duty greet thy holy shrine:  
No more my heart to vainer hopes I give,  
But live for thee, whose bounty bids me live.

The power that gave these little charms their grace,  
His favours bounded, and confin'd their space;  
Spite of those charms shall time, with rude essay,  
Tear from the cheek the transient rose away;

But



But the free Mind, ten thousand ages past,  
Its maker's form, shall with its maker last.

Uncertain objects still our hopes employ ;  
Uncertain all that bears the name of joy !  
Of all that feels the injuries of fate  
Uncertain is the search, and short the date :  
Yet ev'n that boon what thousands wish to gain ?  
That boon of Death, the sad resource of pain !

Once on my path 'all fortune's glory fell,  
Her vain magnificence, and courtly swell :  
Love touch'd my soul at least with soft desires,  
And Vanity there fed her meteor fires.  
This truth at last the mighty scenes let fall,  
An hour of Innocence was worth them all.

Lord of my life ! O let thy sacred ray  
Shine o'er my heart, and break its clouds away !  
Deluding, flattering, faithless world adieu !  
Long hast thou taught me GOD IS ONLY TRUE.  
That God alone I trust, alone adore,  
No more deluded, and misled no more.

Come, sacred hour, when wavering doubts shall cease !  
Come, holy scenes of long-repose and peace !  
Yet shall my heart, to other interests true,  
A moment balance 'twixt the world and you ?  
Of pensive nights, of long-reflecting days,  
Be yours, at last, the triumph and the praise !

Great,



Great, gracious Master! whose unbounded sway,  
 Felt thro' ten thousand worlds, those worlds obey,  
 Wilt thou for once thy awful glories shade,  
 And deign t' espouse the creature thou hast made?  
 All other ties indignant I disclaim,  
 Dishonour'd those, and infamous to name!

O fatal ties, for which such tears I've shed,  
 For which the pleasures of the world lay dead!  
 That world's soft pleasures you alone disarm;  
 That world without you still might have its charm.  
 But now those scenes of tempting hope I close,  
 And seek the peaceful studies of Repose;  
 Look on the past as time that stole away,  
 And beg the blessings of a happier day.

Ye gay saloons, ye golden-vested halls,  
 Scenes of high treats, and heart-bewitching balls!  
 Dress, figure, splendor, charms of play, farewell,  
 And all the toilet's science to excel!  
 Ev'n Love, that ambush'd in this beauteous hair,  
 No more shall lie, like Indian archers, there.  
 Go, erring Love! for nobler objects given!  
 Go, beauteous hair, a sacrifice to Heaven!

Soon shall the veil these glowing features hide,  
 At once the period of their power and pride!  
 The hapless lover shall no more complain  
 Of vows unheard, or unrewarded pain;  
 While calmly sleep in each untortur'd breast  
 My secret sorrow, and his sighs profess.

Go,



Go, flattering train ! and, slaves to me no more,  
 With the same sighs some happier fair adore !  
 Your alter'd faith I blame not, nor bewail—  
 And haply yet (what woman is not frail ?)  
 Yet, haply, might I calmer minutes prove,  
 If he that lov'd me knew no other love !

Yet were that ardor, which his breast inspir'd,  
 By charms of more than mortal beauty fir'd,  
 What nobler pride ! could I to Heaven resign  
 The zeal, the service that I boasted mine !  
 O change your false desires, ye flattering train !  
 And love me pious, whom ye love profane !

These long adieus with lovers doom'd to go,  
 Or prove their merit, or my weakness shew ;  
 But Heaven, to such soft frailties less severe,  
 May spare the tribute of a female tear,  
 May yield one tender moment to deplore  
 Those gentle hearts that I must hold no more.





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## THE TULIP AND MYRTLE.

BY THE SAME.

**T**WAS on the border of a stream  
A gaily-painted Tulip flood,  
And, gilded by the morning beam,  
Survey'd her beauties in the flood.

And sure, more lovely to behold,  
Might nothing meet the wistful eye,  
Than crimson fading into gold,  
In streaks of fairest symmetry.

The beauteous flower, with pride elate,  
Ah me! that Pride with Beauty dwells!  
Vainly affects superior state,  
And thus in empty fancy swells:

“ O lustre of unrivall'd bloom!  
“ Fair painting of a hand divine,  
“ Superior far to mortal doom,  
“ The hues of Heaven alone are mine!

“ Away;



“ Away, ye worthless, formless race!

“ Ye weeds, that boast the name of flowers!

“ No more my native bed disgrace,

“ Unmeet for tribes so mean as yours!

“ Shall the bright daughter of the sun

“ Associate with the shrubs of earth?

“ Ye slaves, your sovereign’s presence shun!

“ Respect her beauties and her birth.

“ And thou, dull, sullen ever-green!

“ Shalt thou my shining sphere invade?

“ My noon-day beauties beam unseen,

“ Obscur’d beneath thy dusky shade!”

“ Deluded flower!” the Myrtle cries,

“ Shall we thy moment’s bloom adore?

“ The meanest shrub that you despise,

“ The meanest flower has merit more.

“ That daisy, in its simple bloom,

“ Shall last along the changing year;

“ Blush on the snow of winter’s gloom,

And bid the smiling spring appear.

“ The violet, that, those banks beneath,

“ Hides from thy scorn its modest head,

“ Shall fill the air with fragrant breath,

“ When thou art in thy dusty bed.

“ Ev’n



" Ev'n I, who boast no golden shade,  
 " Am of no shining tints possess'd,  
 " When low thy lucid form is laid,  
 " Shall bloom on many a lovely breast.

" And he, whose kind and fostering care  
 " To thee, to me, our beings gave,  
 " Shall near his breast my flowrets wear,  
 " And walk regardless o'er thy grave.

" Deluded flower! the friendly screen  
 " That hides thee from the noon-tide ray,  
 " And mocks thy passion to be seen,  
 " Prolongs thy transitory day.

" But kindly deeds with scorn repaid,  
 " No more by Virtue need be done :  
 " I now withdraw my dusky shade,  
 " And yield thee to thy darling sun."

Fierce on the flower the scorching beam  
 With all its weight of glory fell ;  
 The flower exulting caught the gleam,  
 And lent its leaves a bolder swell.

Expanded by the searching fire,  
 The curling leaves the breast disclos'd ;  
 The mantling bloom was painted higher,  
 And every latent charm expos'd.



But when the sun was sliding low,  
 And evening came with dews so cold;  
 The wanton beauty ceas'd to blōw,  
 And sought her bending leaves to fold.

Those leaves, alas! no more will close;  
 Relax'd, exhausted, sickening, pale;  
 They left her to a parent's woes,  
 And fled before the rising gale.



## RURAL SIMPLICITY.

A N O D E:

BY THE SAME.

**O** Thou, whom Love and Fancy lead  
 To wander near this woodland hill,  
 If ever music sooth'd thy quill;  
 Or pity wak'd thy gentle reed;  
 Repose beneath my humble tree;  
 If thou lov'st Simplicity.



Stranger, if thy lot has laid  
 In toilsome scenes of busy life,  
 Full sorely may'st thou see the strife  
 Of weary passions ill repaid,  
 In a garden live like me,  
 If thou lov'st Simplicity.

Flowers have sprung for many a year  
 O'er the village-maiden's grave,  
 That, one memorial-sprig to save,  
 Bore it from a sister's bier ;  
 And homeward walking, wept o'er me  
 The true tears of Simplicity.

And soon, her cottage-window near,  
 With care my slender stem she plac'd,  
 And fondly thus her Grief embrac'd,  
 And cherish'd sad Remembrance dear ;  
 For Love sincere and Friendship free  
 Are children of Simplicity.

When past was many a painful day,  
 Slow-pacing o'er the village-green  
 In white were all its maidens seen,  
 And bore my guardian friend away.  
 Ah, Death! what sacrifice to thee  
 The ruins of Simplicity!



One generous swain her heart approv'd,  
 A youth, whose fond and faithful breast,  
 With many an artless sigh confess,  
 In Nature's language that he lov'd:  
 But, Stranger, 'tis no tale for thee,  
 Unless thou lov'st Simplicity.

He died—and soon her lip was cold,  
 And soon her rosy lip was pale,  
 The village wept to hear the tale  
 When for both the slow bell toll'd—  
 Beneath yon flowery turf they lie,  
 The lovers of Simplicity.

Yet one boon have I to crave;  
 Stranger, if thy pity bleed,  
 Wilt thou do one tender deed,  
 And strew my pale flowers o'er their grave?  
 So lightly lie the turf on thee,  
 Because thou lov'st Simplicity!





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WRITTEN ON A CHINESE TEMPLE

IN MR. SCOTT'S GARDEN AT AMWELL.

BY THE SAME.

**T**O scenes where Taste and Genius dwell,  
Unwillingly we bid farewell :  
For these, of more than mortal birth,  
Strangers and sojourners on earth,  
Have, far from every vulgar road,  
At Amwell fix'd their fair abode.

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WRITTEN ON ANOTHER OPEN TEMPLE

UNDER THE WORDS " MIHI ET AMICIS."

BY THE SAME.

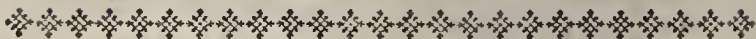
**T**HY friends have access to a nobler part;  
They claim the open Temple of thy heart,  
O may no sighs from that calm region borne,  
Thy shade's soft whispers turn to sounds forlorn,

M 2

Far,



Far, far be thence each monument of pain,  
No paintings there of sorrows past remain!  
To please by Art, by Nature's charms to please,  
The first great object is a mind at ease.



L I N E S

OCCASIONED BY LORD LYTTLETON'S VERSES TO THE  
COUNTESS OF EGREMONT.

B Y T H E S A M E.

SWEET Muse of Hagley, whose melodious lyre  
To strains divine the British Petrarch strung,  
Wilt thou thy long revolted bard inspire,  
And wake lost memory to the lays he sung?

Ah no! no more with sighs of pensive love,  
No more with sorrow fill his melting strain!  
Else other woes my passive heart would prove,  
My eyes would weep with Lytton again.

But should he now, by nobler motives fir'd,  
Unfold the riper treasures of his mind,  
And tune those lays which love and grief inspir'd,  
To Truth and Freedom may'st thou still be kind.

A S O N.



## A S O N N E T

MADE ON ISABELLA MARKHAME, WHEN I FIRSTE  
THOUGHT HER FAYER AS SHE STOOD AT THE PRIN-  
CESS'S WINDOWE IN GOODLYE ATTYRE, AND TALK-  
EDE TO DYVERS IN THE COURTE-YARD.

FROM A MS. OF JOHN HARRINGTON, dated 1564.

**W**Hence comes my love, O hearte, disclose,  
'Twas from cheeks that shamed the rose;  
From lips that spoyle the rubies prayse;  
From eyes that mock the diamond's blaze.  
Whence comes my woe, as freely owne,  
Ah me! 'twas from a hearte lyke stone.

The blushyng cheek speakes modest mynde,  
The lipps befitting wordes moſte kynde;  
The eye does tempte to love's deſyre,  
And ſeems to ſay, 'tis Cupid's fire;  
Yet all ſo faire, but ſpeak my moane,  
Syth noughte dothe ſaye the heart of ſtone.



Why thus, my love, so kynde bespeake,  
 Sweet lyppe, sweet eye, sweet blushyng cheeke,  
 Yet not a hearte to save my paine,  
 O Venus, take thy giftes againe,  
 Make not so faire to cause our moane,  
 Or make a hearte that's lyke our owne.



## THE HOSPITABLE OAKE.

BY ———.

**E**RST in Arcadia's londe much prais'd was found,  
 A lustie tree far rearing t'ward the skies,  
 Sacred to Jove, and placed on high ground,  
 Beneath whose shade did gladsome sheperds hie,  
 Met plenteous good, and oft were wont to shunne  
 Bleak winter's drizzle, summer's parching sunne.

Outstretch'd in all the luxurie of ease

They pluck'd rich misletoe of virtue rare ;  
 Their lippe was tempted by each kindlie breeze,  
 That wav'd the branch to proffer acorns fair ;  
 While out the hollow'd root, with sweets inlaide,  
 The murm'ring bee her daintie hoard betrayde.

The



The fearless bird safe bosom'd here its nest,  
 Its sturdie side did brave the nipping winde,  
 Where many a creeping ewe mought gladlie reſte;  
 Warne comforte here to all and every kinde;  
 Where hunge the leaf well ſprint with honey dew,  
 Whence dropt their cups, the gamboling fairie knew.

But ah! in luckleſſ day what miſchief 'gan  
 Midſt fell debate, and maddening revelrie,  
 When tipſie Bacchus had bewitched Pan,  
 For ſober ſwain ſo thankleſſ ne'er mought be;  
 Tho' paſſinge ſtrange—'twas bruited all arounde,  
 This goodlie tree did ſhadowe too much grounde.

With much deſpight they aim its overthrow,  
 And ſorrie jeſtes its wonted giſtes deride,  
 How ſnaring birdlimes made of miſſetoe;  
 Nor truſt their flocks to ſhelter 'neath its ſide;  
 It drops chill venom on our ewes, they cry,  
 And ſubtle ſerpent at its root doth lie.

Eſtſoons the axe doth rear its deadlie blowe,  
 Arounde do the eccho bear each labouringe ſtroke;  
 Now to the grounde its loſtie head doth bowe,  
 Then angry Jove aloud in thunder ſpoke.  
 On high Olympos next mine tree I'll place,  
 Heaven's ſtill unſcann'd by ſich ungrateful race.



T O A L O V E R.

B Y ———.

WHY didst thou rase such woeful wayle,  
And waste in briny tears thyne days;  
Cause shee, that wont to flout and rayl,  
At last gave proof of woman's waies?  
Shee did, in soothe, display the hearte  
That mought have wroughte thee greater smarte.

Why thank her then, not weepe nor mone,  
Let others guard their careles hearte;  
And praise the day that thus made knowne  
The faithles hold on woman's art.  
Their lips can gloze and gain fuche roote,  
That gentle youthe hathé hope of fruite,

But, ere the blossom faire dothe rise,  
To shoot its sweetnes o'er the taste,  
Creepeth disdaine in canker-wife,  
And chilling scorne the fruite dothe blaste.  
There is no hope of all our toyl,  
There is no fruit from such a soyl,



Give o'er thy playnt, the danger's o'er,  
 Shee might have poyson'd all thyne lyfe;  
 Such wayward mynde had bred thee more  
 Of forrowe, had she prov'd a wyfe.  
 Leave her to meet all hopeles meed,  
 And blefs thyself that so art freed.

No youthe shall sue suche one to winne,  
 Unmark'd by all the shyning fair,  
 Save for her pride and scorn, such sinne  
 As hearts of love can never bear;  
 Like leafles plant in blasted shade,  
 So liveth shee a barren mayde.



## THE HERMITE's ADDRESSE TO YOUTHE,

WRITTEN IN THE SPRING-GARDEN AT BATH.

B Y ———.

SAY, gentle youthe, that tread'st untouch'd with care,  
 Where Nature hath so guerdon'd Bathe's gay scene;  
 Fedde with the songe that daunceth in the aire;  
 'Midst fairest wealthe of Flora's magazine;  
 Hath eye or eare yet founde, thine steppes to blesse,  
 That gem of life y-clep'd true happinesse.

With



With Beautie restes she not ; nor wooes to lighte  
 Her hallow'd taper at proud Honour's flame ;  
 Nor Circe's cuppe doth crown ; nor comes in flighte  
 Upon th' Icarian winge of bablinge Fame :  
 Not shrine of golde dothe this fair sainte embower,  
 She glides from Heaven, but not in Danae's shower.

Go, Blossome, wanton in such joyous aire,  
 But ah!—oft soone thy buxome blast is oer!  
 When the sleek pate shall grow far 'bove its haire,  
 And creepinge Age shall reap this piteous lore!  
 To broode o'er Follie, and with me confesse,  
 " Earth's flattering dainties prove but sweete distresse."

THE OLDE HERMITE.

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## THE FEMINEAD: OR FEMALE GENIUS.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR MDCCLI.

BY JOHN DUNCOMBE, M. A.

SHall lordly man, the theme of every lay,  
 Usurp the Muse's tributary bay?  
 In kingly state on Pindus' summit sit,  
 Tyrant of verse, and arbiter of wit?

By



By Salic law the female right deny,  
 And view their genius with regardless eye?  
 Justice forbid! and every muse inspire  
 To sing the glories of a sister-choir!  
 Rise, rise, bold swain; and to the listening grove  
 Resound the praises of the sex you love;  
 Tell how, adorn'd with every charm, they shine,  
 In mind and person equally divine,  
 Till man, no more to female merit blind,  
 Admire the person, but adore the mind.

To these weak strains, O thou! the sex's friend  
 And constant patron, <sup>m</sup> Richardson! attend:  
 Thou, who so oft with pleas'd, but anxious care,  
 Hast watch'd the dawning genius of the fair,  
 With wonted smiles wilt hear thy friend display  
 The various graces of the female lay;  
 Studious from Folly's yoke their minds to free,  
 And aid the generous cause espous'd by thee.

Long o'er the world did Prejudice maintain,  
 By sounds like these, her undisputed reign:  
 " Woman! she cried, to thee, indulgent Heaven  
 " Has all the charms of outward beauty given:  
 " Be thine the boast, unrival'd, to enslave  
 " The great, the wise, the witty, and the brave;  
 " Deck'd with the Paphian rose's damask glow,  
 " And the vale-lily's vegetable snow,

<sup>m</sup> The author of those three celebrated works, Pamela, Clarissa, and Sir Charles Grandison.



" Be thine, to move majestic in the dance,  
 " To roll the eye, and aim the tender glance,  
 " Or touch the strings, and breathe the melting song,  
 " Content to emulate that airy throng,  
 " Who to the sun their painted plumes display,  
 " And gaily glitter on the hawthorn spray,  
 " Or wildly warble in the beechen grove,  
 " Careless of aught but music, joy, and love."

Heavens! could such artful, flavish sounds beguile  
 The free-born sons of Britain's polish'd isle?  
 Could they, like fam'd Ulysses' dastard crew,  
 Attentive listen, and enamour'd view,  
 Nor drive the Syren to that dreary plain,  
 In loathsome pomp, where eastern tyrants reign;  
 Where each fair neck the yoke of slavery galls,  
 Clos'd in a proud seraglio's gloomy walls,  
 And taught, that levell'd with the brutal kind,  
 Nor sense, nor souls to women are assign'd.

Our British nymphs with happier omens rove,  
 At freedom's call, thro' wisdom's sacred grove,  
 And, as with lavish hand each sister grace  
 Shapes the fair form, and regulates the face,  
 Each sister musé, in blissful union join'd,  
 Adorns, improves, and beautifies the mind.  
 Ev'n now fond Fancy in our polish'd land  
 Assembled shews a blooming, studious band:  
 With various arts our reverence they engage,  
 Some turn the tuneful, some the moral page;  
 These, led by Contemplation, soar on high,  
 And range the Heavens with philosophic eye;

While



While those, furrounded by a vocal choir,  
 The canvas tinge, or touch the warbling lyre.  
 Here, like the stars' mix'd radiance, they unite  
 To dazzle and perplex our wandering sight :  
 The muse each charmer singly shall survey,  
 And tune to each her tributary lay.  
 So when, in blended tints, with sweet surprize  
 Assembled beauties strike our ravish'd eyes,  
 Such as in Lely's melting colours shine,  
 Or spring, great Kneller! from a hand like thine,  
 On all with pleasing awe at once we gaze,  
 And, lost in wonder, know not which to praise,  
 But, singly view'd, each nymph delights us more,  
 Disclosing graces unperceiv'd before.

First let the muse with generous ardor try  
 To chase the mist from dark opinion's eye :  
 Nor mean we here to blame that father's care,  
 Who guards from learned wives his booby heir,  
 Since oft that heir with prudence has been known  
 To dread a genius that transcends his own :  
 The wise themselves should with discretion chuse,  
 Since letter'd nymphs their knowledge may abuse,  
 And husbands oft experience to their cost  
 The prudent housewife in the scholar lost :  
 But those incur deserv'd contempt, who prize  
 Their own high talents, and their sex despise,  
 With haughty mien each social bliss defeat,  
 And fully all their learning with conceit :  
 Of such the parent justly warns his son,  
 And such the muse herself will bid him shun.

But



But lives there one, whose unassuming mind,  
 Tho' grac'd by nature, and by art refin'd,  
 Pleas'd with domestic excellence, can spare  
 Some hours from studious ease to social care,  
 And with her pen that time alone employs  
 Which others waste in visits, cards, and noise;  
 From affectation free, tho' deeply read,  
 " With wit well natur'd, and with books well bred:"  
 With such (and such there are) each happy day  
 Must fly improving, and improv'd away;  
 Inconstancy might fix and settle there,  
 And wisdom's voice approve the chosen fair.

Nor need we now from our own Britain rove,  
 In search of Genius, to the Lesbian grove,  
 Tho' Sappho there her tuneful lyre has strung,  
 And amorous griefs in sweetest accents sung,  
 Since here, in Charles's days, amidst a train  
 Of shameless bards, licentious and profane,  
 The chaste <sup>a</sup> Orinda rose; with purer light,  
 Like modest Cynthia, beaming thro' the night:  
 Fair Friendship's lustre, undisguis'd by art,  
 Glows in her lines, and animates her heart;  
 Friendship, that jewel, which, tho' all confess  
 Its peerless value, yet how few possess!  
 For her the never-dying myrtle weaves  
 A verdant chaplet of her odorous leaves;

<sup>a</sup> Mrs. Catherine Philips: she was distinguished by most of the wits of king Charles's reign, and died young. Her pieces on friendship are particularly admired.



If Cowley's or Roscommon's song can give  
Immortal fame, her praise shall ever live.

Who can unmov'd hear ° Winchelsea reveal  
Thy horrors, Spleen! which all, who paint, must feel?  
My praises would but wrong her sterling wit,  
Since Pope himself applauds what she has writ.

But say, what matron now walks musing forth  
From the bleak mountains of her native North?  
While round her brows two sisters of the Nine  
Poetic wreaths with philosophic twine!  
Hail, P Cockburne, hail! ev'n now from Reason's bowers  
Thy Locke delighted culls the choicest flowers  
To deck his great, successful champion's head,  
And Clarke expects thee in the laurel shade.  
Tho' long to dark, oblivious want a prey,  
Thy aged worth pass'd unperceiv'd away,  
Yet Scotland now shall ever boast thy fame,  
While England mourns thy undistinguish'd name,  
And views with wonder, in a female mind,  
Philosopher, divine, and poet join'd!

The modest muse a veil with pity throws  
O'er vice's friends, and virtue's female foes;

° Anne countess of Winchelsea, a lady of great wit and genius, wrote (among others) a poem, much admired, on the Spleen, and is praised by Mr. Pope, &c. under the poetical name of Ardelia.

P Mrs. Catherine Cockburne was the wife of a clergyman, lived obscurely, and died a few years ago in an advanced age in Northumberland; her works on dramatic, philosophical, and sacred subjects have been lately collected by the learned Dr. Birch, and are generally admired.

Abash'd



Abash'd the views the bold unblushing mien  
 Of modern <sup>q</sup> Manley, Centlivre, and Behn ;  
 And grieves to see one nobly born disgrace  
 Her modest sex, and her illustrious race.  
 Tho' harmony thro' all their numbers flow'd,  
 And genuine wit its every grace bestow'd,  
 Nor genuine wit, nor harmony, excuse  
 The dangerous fallies of a wanton muse :  
 Nor can such tuneful, but immoral, lays  
 Expect the tribute of impartial praise :  
 As soon might <sup>r</sup> Philips, Pilkington, and V——  
 Deserv'd applause for spotless virtue gain.

But hark ! what <sup>s</sup> nymph, in Frome's embroider'd vale,  
 With strains seraphic swells the vernal gale ?  
 With what sweet sounds the bordering forest rings ?  
 For sportive Echo catches, as she sings,  
 Each falling accent, studious to prolong  
 The warbled notes of Rowe's ecstatic song.  
 Old Avon pleas'd his reedy forehead rears,  
 And polish'd Orrery delighted hears.  
 See with what transport she resigns her breath,  
 Snatch'd by a sudden, but a wish'd-for death !

<sup>q</sup> The first of these wrote the scandalous memoirs called *Atalantis*, and the other two are notorious for the indecency of their plays.

<sup>r</sup> These three ladies have endeavoured to immortalize their shame by writing their own memoirs.

<sup>s</sup> The character of Mrs. Rowe and her writings is too well known to be dwelt on here. It may be sufficient to say, that without any previous illness she met at last with that sudden death for which she had always wished.



Releas'd from earth, with smiles she soars on high  
 Amidst her kindred spirits of the sky,  
 Where faith and love those endless joys bestow,  
 That warm'd her lays, and fill'd her hopes below.

Nor can her noble <sup>t</sup> friend escape unseen,  
 Or from the muse her modest virtues screen;  
 Here, sweetly blended, to our wondering eyes,  
 The peerefs, poetefs, and Christian rise:  
 And tho' the Nine her tuneful strains inspire,  
 We less her genius, than her heart, admire,  
 Pleas'd, 'midst the great, one truly good to see,  
 And proud to tell that Somerset is she.

By generous views one <sup>u</sup> peerefs more demands  
 A grateful tribute from all female hands;  
 One, who to shield them from the worst of foes,  
 In their just cause dar'd Pope himself oppose.  
 Their own dark forms deceit and envy wear,  
 By Irwin touch'd with <sup>w</sup> truth's celestial spear:  
 By her disarm'd, ye witlings! now give o'er  
 Your empty sneers, and shock the sex no more.

<sup>t</sup> Frances, Countess of Hertford, and afterwards dutchess dowager of Somerset, Mrs. Rowe's illustrious friend, lamented her death in some verses prefixed to her poems, and was author of the letters in her collection signed Cleora.

<sup>u</sup> Anne, viscountess Irwin, and aunt to the present earl of Carlisle: this lady, in a poetical epistle to Mr. Pope, has rescued her sex's cause from the aspersions cast on them by that satyrist in his essay on the characters of women.

<sup>w</sup> See Milton, book iv. ver. 811.



'Thus bold Camilla, when the Trojan chief  
 Attack'd her country, flew to its relief;  
 Beneath her lance the bravest warriors bled,  
 And fear dismay'd the host which great Æneas led.

But ah! why heaves my breast this pensive sigh?  
 Why starts this tear unbidden from my eye?  
 What breast from sighs, what eye from tears refrains,  
 When, sweetly-mournful, hapless \* Wright complains?  
 And who but grieves to see her generous mind,  
 For nobler views and worthier guests design'd,  
 Admit the hateful form of black despair,  
 Wan with the gloom of superstitious care?  
 In pity-moving lays, with earnest cries,  
 She call'd on Heaven to close her weary eyes,  
 And, long on earth by heart-felt woes oppress'd,  
 Was borne by friendly death to welcome rest.

In nervous strains, lo! † Madan's polish'd taste  
 Has poetry's successive progress trac'd,  
 From antient Greece, where first she fix'd her reign,  
 To Italy, and Britain's happier plain.  
 Praise well-bestow'd adorns her glowing lines,  
 And manly strength with female softness joins.  
 So female charms and manly virtues grace,  
 By her example form'd, her blooming race,

\* Mrs. Wright, sister to the famous Welleys, has published some pieces, which, tho' of a melancholy cast, are written in the genuine spirit of poetry.

† Mrs. Madan is author of a poem called the Progress of Poetry, wherein the characters of the best Grecian, Roman, and English poets are justly and elegantly drawn.

And,



And, fram'd alike to please our ears and eyes,  
 There new Cornelias and new Gracchi rise.  
 O that you now, with genius at command,  
 Would snatch the pencil from my artless hand,  
 And give your sex's portraits, bold and true,  
 In colours worthy of themselves and you!

Now in ecstatic visions let me rove,  
 By Cynthia's beams, thro' Brackley's glimmering grove,  
 Where still each night, by startled shepherds seen,  
 Young <sup>z</sup> Leapor's form flies shadowy o'er the green.  
 Those envied honours nature lov'd to pay  
 The briar-bound turf, where erst her Shakespear lay,  
 Now on her darling Mira she bestows;  
 There o'er the hallow'd ground she fondly strows  
 The choicest fragrance of the breathing spring,  
 And bids each year her favourite linnet sing.

Let cloister'd pedants, in an endless round,  
 Tread the dull mazes of scholastic ground;  
 Brackley unenvying views the glittering train  
 Of learning's useless trappings idly vain;  
 For, spite of all that vaunted learning's aid,  
 Their fame is rivall'd by her rural maid.

So, while in our Britannia's beechen sprays  
 Sweet Philomela trills her mellow lays,

<sup>z</sup> Mrs. Leapor, daughter to a Northamptonshire gardener, has lately convinced the world of the force of unassisted nature, by imitating and equalling some of our most approved poets, by the strength of her parts, and the vivacity of her genius.



We to the natives of the sultry line  
 Their boasted race of parrots pleas'd resign;  
 For tho' on citron boughs they proudly glow  
 With all the colours of the watery bow,  
 Yet thro' the grove harsh discord they prolong,  
 Tho' rich in gaudy plumage, poor in song.

Now bear me, Clio, to that Kentish strand,  
 Whose rude o'erhanging cliffs and barren sand  
 May challenge all the myrtle-blooming bowers  
 Of fam'd Italia, when, at evening hours,  
 Thy own <sup>2</sup> Eliza muses on the shore,  
 Serene, tho' billows beat, and tempests roar.  
 Hail, Carter, hail! your favourite name inspires  
 My raptur'd breast with sympathetic fires;  
 Ev'n now I see your lov'd Ilyssus lead  
 His mazy current thro' th' Athenian mead;  
 With you I pierce thro' academic shades,  
 And join in Attic bowers th' Aonian maids;  
 Beneath the spreading plane with Plato rove,  
 And hear his morals echo thro' the grove.  
 Joy sparkles in the sage's looks, to find  
 His genius glowing in a female mind;  
 Newton admiring fees your searching eye  
 Dart thro' his mystic page, and range the sky;

<sup>2</sup> Mrs. Eliza Carter of Deal, well known to the learned world for her late translation of Epictetus, has translated, from the Italian, Algarotti's dialogues on light and colours; and lately published a small collection of elegant poems.



By you his colours to your sex are shown,  
 And Algarotti's name to Britain known.  
 While, undisturb'd by pride, you calmly tread  
 Thro' life's perplexing paths, by wisdom led;  
 And, taught by her, your grateful muse repays  
 Her heavenly teacher in nocturnal lays.

So when Prometheus from th' Almighty Sire,  
 As sings the fable, stole celestial fire,  
 Swift thro' the clay the vital current ran,  
 In look, in form, in speech resembling man;  
 But in each eye a living lustre glow'd,  
 That spoke the heavenly source from whence it flow'd.

“ What magic powers in <sup>b</sup> Celia's numbers dwell,  
 “ Which thus th' unpractis'd breast with ardor swell  
 “ To emulate her praise, and tune that lyre  
 “ Which yet no bard was able to inspire!  
 “ With tears her suffering Virgin we attend,  
 “ And sympathize with father, lover, friend!  
 “ What sacred rapture in our bosom glows,  
 “ When at the shrine she offers up her vows!  
 “ Mild majesty and virtue's awful power  
 “ Adorn her fall, and grace her latest hour.”

Transport me now to those embroider'd meads,  
 Where the slow Ouze his lazy current leads;  
 There, while the stream soft-dimpling steals along,  
 And from the groves the green-hair'd Dryads throng,

<sup>b</sup> We could not here, with justice, withhold our tribute of praise  
 from Mrs. Brooke, author of the tragedy of Virginia.



Clio herself, or <sup>c</sup> Ferrar tunes a lay,  
 Sweet as the darkling Philomel of May.  
 Haste, haste, ye Nine, and hear a sister sing  
 The charms of Cynthia, and the joys of spring :  
 See! night's pale goddess with a grateful beam  
 Paints her lov'd image in the shadowy stream,  
 While, round his votary, spring profusely showers  
 " A snow of blossoms, and a wild of flowers."  
 O happy nymph, tho' winter o'er thy head,  
 Blind to that form, the snow of age shall shed ;  
 Tho' life's short spring and beauty's blossoms fade,  
 Still shall thy reason flourish undecay'd ;  
 Time, tho' he steals the roseate bloom of youth,  
 Shall spare the charms of virtue and of truth,  
 And on thy mind new charms, new bloom bestow,  
 Wisdom's best friend, and only beauty's foe.

Nor shall thy much-lov'd <sup>d</sup> Pennington remain  
 Unsung, unhonour'd in my votive strain.  
 See where the soft enchantress, wandering o'er  
 The fairy ground that Philips trod before,  
 Exalts her chymic wand, and swift behold  
 The basest metals ripen into gold :  
 Beneath her magic touch, with wondering eye,  
 We view vile copper with pure sterling vie ;  
 Nor shall the farthing, sung by her, forbear  
 To claim the praises of the smiling fair ;

<sup>c</sup> This lady has written two beautiful odes to Cynthia and the Spring.

<sup>d</sup> Mrs. Pennington has happily imitated Mr. Philips's Splendid Shilling, in a burlesque poem called The Copper Farthing.



Till chuck and marble shall no more employ  
The thoughtless leisure of the truant boy.

Returning now to Thames's flowery side,  
See how his waves in still attention glide!  
And, hark! what songstrefs shakes her warbling throat?  
Is it the nightingale, or <sup>c</sup> Delia's note?  
The balmy zephyrs, hovering o'er the fair,  
On their soft wings the vocal accents bear;  
Thro' Sanbury's low vale the strains rebound,  
Ev'n neighbouring Chertsey hears the chearful sound,  
And wondering sees her Cowley's laurel'd shade  
Transported listen to the tuneful maid.  
O may those nymphs, whose pleasing power she sings,  
Still o'er their suppliant wave their fostering wings!  
O long may Health and soft-ey'd Peace impart  
Bloom to her cheek, and rapture to her heart!  
Beneath her roof the red-breast shall prolong,  
Unchill'd by frosts, his tributary song;  
For her the lark shall wake the dappled morn,  
And linnet twitter from the blossom'd thorn.  
Sing on, sweet maid! thy Spenser smiles to see  
Kind Fancy shed her choicest gifts on thee,  
And bids his Edwards, on the laurel spray  
That shades his tomb, inscribe thy rural lay.

<sup>c</sup> This lady has written odes to Peace, Health, and the Robin Red-breast, which are here alluded to; and she has been celebrated in a sonnet by Mr. Edwards, author of the *Canons of Criticism*.



With lovely mien<sup>f</sup> Eugenia now appears,  
 The muse's pupil from her tenderest years ;  
 Improving tasks her peaceful hours beguile,  
 The sister arts on all her labours smile,  
 And while the Nine their votary inspire,  
 " One dips the pencil, and one strings the lyre."  
 O may her life's clear current smoothly glide,  
 Unruffled by misfortune's boisterous tide!  
 So while the charmer leads her blameless days  
 With that content which she so well displays,  
 Her own Honoria we in her shall view,  
 And think her allegoric vision true.

Thus wandering wild among the golden grain  
 That fruitful floats on Bansted's airy plain,  
 Careless I sung, while summer's western gale  
 Breath'd health and fragrance thro' the dusky vale ;  
 When from a neighbouring hawthorn, in whose shade  
 Conceal'd she lay, up-rose th' Aonian maid :  
 Pleas'd had she listen'd ; and, with smiles, she cried,  
 " Cease, friendly swain ! be this thy praise and pride,  
 " That thou, of all the numerous tuneful throng,  
 " First in our cause hast fram'd thy generous song.  
 " And ye, our sister choir ! proceed to tread  
 " The flowery paths of fame, by science led !  
 " Employ by turns the needle and the pen,  
 " And in their favourite studies rival men !

<sup>f</sup> This lady has successfully applied herself to the sister arts of drawing and poetry, and has written an ingenious allegory, wherein two pilgrims, Fidelio and Honoria, after a fruitless search for the palace of Happiness, are at last conducted to the house of Content.



“ May all our sex your glorious track pursue,  
 “ And keep your bright example still in view !  
 “ These lasting beauties will in youth engage,  
 “ And smoothe the wrinkles of declining age,  
 “ Secure to bloom, unconscious of decay,  
 “ When all Corinna’s roses fade away.  
 “ For ev’n when love’s short triumph shall be o’er,  
 “ When youth shall please, and beauty charm no more,  
 “ When man shall cease to flatter; when the eye  
 “ Shall cease to sparkle, and the heart to sigh,  
 “ In that dread hour, when parent dust shall claim  
 “ The lifeless tribute of each kindred frame,  
 “ Ev’n then shall wisdom for her chosen fair  
 “ The fragrant wreaths of virtuous fame prepare;  
 “ Those wreaths which flourish in a happier clime,  
 “ Beyond the reach of envy and of time;  
 “ While here, th’ immortalizing muse shall save  
 “ Your darling names from dark Oblivion’s grave;  
 “ Those names the praise and wonder shall engage  
 “ Of every polish’d, wife, and virtuous age;  
 “ To latest times our annals shall adorn,  
 “ And save from folly thousands yet unborn.”







## ODE TO THE HON. JOHN YORK.

IMITATED FROM HORACE, BOOK II. ODE XVI.

BY THE SAME.

**F**OR quiet, on Newmarket's plain,  
 The shivering curate prays in vain,  
 When wintry showers are falling,  
 And stumbling steed, and whistling wind,  
 Quite banish from his anxious mind  
 The duties of his calling.

With thoughts engross'd by routs and plays,  
 The gallant soph for quiet prays,  
 Confuted and confuting;  
 And quiet is alike desir'd  
 Ev'n by the king's professor, tir'd  
 With wrangling and disputing.

In crowded senate, on the chair  
 Of our vice-chancellor sits Care,  
 Undaunted by the Mace;

Care



Care climbs the yatcht, when adverse gales  
 Detain or tear our patron's sails,  
 And ruffles ev'n his Grace.

How blest is he whose annual toil  
 With well-rang'd trees improves a foil  
 For ages yet unborn !  
 Such as at humble & Barley, plann'd  
 By mitred Herring's youthful hand,  
 The cultur'd glebe adorn.

From place to place we still pursue  
 Content, and hope in each to view  
 The visionary guest ;  
 Vainly we fly intruding care,  
 Not all, like you, the joys can share  
 Of Wimple and of Wreft.

Then let us snatch, while in our power,  
 The present transitory hour,  
 And leave to Heaven the morrow ;  
 Youth has its griefs ; a friend may die,  
 Or nymph deceive ; for none can fly  
 The giant hand of sorrow.

& Dr. Herring, late lord archbishop of Canterbury, was some time  
 rector of Barley, a village near Barkway in Hertfordshire.

His



His country's hope, and parent's pride,  
In bloom of life young Blandford died :

His godlike father's eyes  
Were dimm'd with age and helpless tears ;  
And Heaven to me may grant the years  
Which it to you denies.

Your rising virtues soon will claim  
A portion of your brother's fame ;  
And catch congenial fire ;  
They shine in embassy and war,  
They grace the senate and the bar,  
And emulate their fire.

Invested with the sacred gown,  
You soon, to rival their renown,  
The glorious task shall join ;  
And while they guard Britannia's laws,  
You, steady to Religion's cause,  
Shall guard the laws divine.







# SOLITUDE. A SONG.

TO LADY COVENTRY'S MINUET.

BY DR. COTTON.

SWEET companion of the muse!  
Gentle Solitude! appear,  
All thy calm content infuse,  
Soften anguish, banish care:  
Lead me, O majestic queen!  
Thro' the aromatic scene:

Nature's copied here by art,  
Joyful we the fraud confess,  
Yet so well performs her part,  
'Tis but Nature's better dress:  
Solitude here fix my seat,  
Here in Cowley's soft retreat.

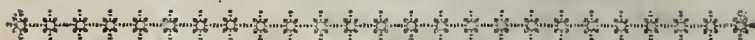
Lay me in the silent mead,  
Where the murmuring river flows,  
Where the elm expands the shade,  
And each rising beauty blows:  
There I'll say, in peace of mind,  
"Empty greatness fall behind."

Teach



Teach thy votary all the powers  
 Of each plant, and every tree,  
 Tell how short-liv'd are the flowers;  
 Bring the moral home to me;  
 Bid me fleeting life despise,  
 Make me humble, make me wise.

Pride within my lowly cell  
 Never yet up-rear'd her head,  
 Solitude, with thee I'll dwell!  
 Pride with me is long since dead:  
 Cold to Pleasure, deaf to Praise,  
 Here I wish to end my days.



TO THE MEMORY  
 OF THE LATE DUKE OF BRIDGEWATER,  
 MDCCXLVIII.

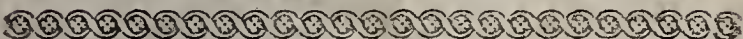
BY THE SAME.

**P**atient to hear, and bounteous to bestow,  
 A mind that melted at another's woe;  
 Studious to act the self-approving part,  
 That midnight music of the honest heart;

These



These silent joys th' illustrious youth possess,  
 This cloudless sunshine of th' unsullied breast:  
 From pride of peerage, and from folly free;  
 Life's early morn fair Virtue gave to thee.  
 The tear no longer stole from Sorrow's eye,  
 And Poverty rejoic'd, when he was nigh;  
 Like Titus, knew the value of a day,  
 And Want went smiling from his gates away.  
 Titles and rank are borrow'd from the throne:  
 These honours, Egerton, were all thy own.



## THE AFRICAN PRINCE,

NOW IN ENGLAND, TO ZARA AT HIS FATHER'S COURT.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR MDCCXLIX.

BY DR. DODD.

**P** RINCES, my fair, unfortunately great,  
 Born to the pompous vassalage of state,  
 Whene'er the public calls, are doom'd to fly  
 Domestic bliss, and break the private tie.  
 Fame pays with empty breath the toils they bear,  
 And love's soft joys are chang'd for glorious care;

Yet



Yet conscious virtue, in the silent hour,  
 Rewards the hero with a noble dower.  
 For this alone I dar'd the roaring sea,  
 Yet more, for this I dar'd to part with thee.  
 But while my bosom feels the nobler flame,  
 Still unprov'd, it owns thy gentler claim.  
 Tho' virtue's awful form my soul approves,  
 'Tis thine, thine only, Zara, that it loves.  
 A private lot had made the claim but one,  
 The prince alone must love, for virtue, shun.  
 Ah! why distinguish'd from the happier crowd,  
 To me the bliss of millions disallow'd?  
 Why was I singled for imperial sway,  
 Since love and duty point a different way?

Fix'd the dread voyage, and the day decreed,  
 When, duty's victim, love was doom'd to bleed,  
 Too well my memory can these scenes renew,  
 We met to sigh, to weep our last adieu.  
 That conscious palm, beneath whose towering shade  
 So oft our vows of mutual love were made;  
 Where hope so oft anticipated joy,  
 And plann'd of future years the best employ;  
 That palm was witness to the tears we shed,  
 When that fond hope, and all those joys were fled.  
 Thy trembling lips, with trembling lips, I prest,  
 And held thee panting to my panting breast.  
 Our sorrow, grown too mighty to sustain,  
 Now snatch'd us, fainting, from the sense of pain.  
 Together sinking in the trance divine,  
 I caught thy fleeting soul, and gave thee mine!



O! blest oblivion of tormenting care!  
 O! why recall'd to life and to despair?  
 The dreadful summons came, to part—and why?  
 Why not the kinder summons but to die?  
 To die together were to part no more,  
 To land in safety on some peaceful shore,  
 Where love's the business of immortal life,  
 And happy spirits only grieve at strife.  
 “ If in some distant land my prince should find  
 “ Some nymph more fair, you cried, as Zara kind”—  
 Mysterious doubt! which could at once impart  
 Relief to mine, and anguish to thy heart.  
 Still let me triumph in the fear express'd,  
 The voice of love that whisper'd in thy breast;  
 Nor call me cruel, for my truth shall prove  
 'Twas but the vain anxiety of love.

Torn from thy fond embrace, the strand I gain,  
 Where mourning friends inflict superfluous pain;  
 My father there his struggling sighs suppress,  
 And in dumb anguish clasp'd me to his breast,  
 Then fought, conceal'd the conflict of his mind,  
 To give the fortitude he could not find;  
 Each life-taught precept kindly he renew'd,  
 “ Thy country's good, said he, be still pursued!  
 “ If, when the gracious gods my son restore,  
 “ These eyes shall sleep in death, to wake no more;  
 “ If then these limbs, that now in age decay,  
 “ Shall mouldering mix with earth's parental clay;  
 “ Round my green tomb perform the sacred rite,  
 “ Assume my throne, and let thy yoke be light;



“ From lands of freedom glorious precepts bring,  
 “ And reign at once a father and a king.”

How vainly proud, the arrogantly great  
 Presume to boast a monarch's godlike state!  
 Subject alike, the peasant and the king,  
 To life's dark ills, and care's corroding sting.  
 From guilt and fraud, that strikes in silence sure,  
 No shield can guard us, and no arms secure.  
 By these, my fair, subdued, thy prince was lost,  
 A naked captive on a barbarous coast.

Nurtur'd in ease, a thousand servants round,  
 My wants prevented, and my wishes crown'd,  
 No painful labours stretch'd the tedious day,  
 On downy feet my moments danc'd away.  
 Where-e'er I look'd, officious courtiers bow'd,  
 Where-e'er I pass'd, a shouting people crowd;  
 No fears intruded on the joys I knew,  
 Each man my friend, my lovely mistress you.  
 What dreadful change! abandon'd and alone,  
 The shouted prince is now a slave unknown;  
 To watch his eye, no bending courtiers wait,  
 No hailing crowds proclaim his regal state;  
 A slave condemn'd, with unrewarded toil,  
 To turn, from morn to eve, a burning soil.  
 Fainting beneath the sun's meridian heat,  
 Rouz'd by the scourge, the taunting jest I meet:  
 “ Thanks to thy friends, they cry, whose care recalls  
 “ A prince to life, in whom a nation falls!”  
 Unwholesome scraps, my strength but half sustain'd,  
 From corners glean'd, and ev'n by dogs disdain'd;



At night I mingled with a wretched crew,  
 Who by long use with woe familiar grew;  
 Of manners brutish, merciless, and rude,  
 They mock'd my sufferings, and my pangs renew'd;  
 In groans, not sleep, I pass'd the weary night,  
 And rose to labour with the morning light.

Yet, thus of dignity and ease beguil'd,  
 Thus scorn'd and scourg'd, insulted and revil'd,  
 If Heaven with thee my faithful arms had blest,  
 And fill'd with love my intervals of rest,  
 Short tho' they were, my soul had never known  
 One secret wish to glitter on a throne;  
 The toilsome day had heard no sigh of mine,  
 Nor stripes, nor scorn, had urg'd me to repine.  
 A monarch, still beyond a monarch blest,  
 Thy love my diadem, my throne thy breast;  
 My courtiers, watchful of my looks, thy eyes,  
 Should shine, persuade, and flatter, and advise;  
 Thy voice my music, and thy arms should be—  
 Ah! not the prison of a slave in me!  
 Could I with infamy content remain,  
 And wish thy lovely form to share my chain?  
 Could this bring ease? forgive th' unworthy thought,  
 And let the love that sinn'd atone the fault.  
 Could I, a slave, and hopeless to be free,  
 Crawl, tamely recent from the scourge, to thee?  
 Thy blooming beauties could these arms embrace?  
 My guilty joys enslave an infant race?  
 No: rather blast me lightnings, whirlwind tear,  
 And drive these limbs in atoms thro' the air;



Rather than this, O! curse me still with life,  
 And let my Zara smile a rival's wife :  
 Be mine alone th' accumulated woe,  
 Nor let me propagate my curse below.

But, from this dreadful scene, with joy I turn ;  
 To trust in Heaven, of me let Zara learn.  
 The wretch, the sordid hypocrite, who sold  
 His charge, an unsuspecting prince, for gold,  
 That Justice mark'd, whose eyes can never sleep,  
 And death, commission'd, smote him on the deep.  
 The generous crew their port in safety gain,  
 And tell my mournful tale, nor tell in vain ;  
 The king, with horror of th' atrocious deed,  
 In haste commanded, and the slave was freed.  
 No more Britannia's cheek, the blush of shame,  
 Burns for my wrongs, her king restores her fame :  
 Propitious gales, to Freedom's happy shore  
 Waft me triumphant, and the prince restore ;  
 Whate'er is great and gay around me shine,  
 And all the splendor of a court is mine.  
 Here knowledge too, by piety refin'd,  
 Sheds a blest radiance o'er my brightening mind ;  
 From earth I travel upward to the sky,  
 I learn to live, to reign, yet more, to die.  
 O! I have tales to tell, of love divine—  
 Such blissful tidings! they shall soon be thine.  
 I long to tell thee, what, amaz'd, I see,  
 What habits, buildings, trades, and polity!  
 How art and nature vie to entertain  
 In public shows, and mix delight with pain.



O! Zara<sup>P</sup>, here, a story like my own,  
 With mimic skill, in borrow'd names, was shown;  
 An Indian chief, like me, by fraud betray'd,  
 And partner in his woe an Indian maid.  
 I can't recal the scenes, 'tis pain too great,  
 And, if recall'd, should shudder to relate.

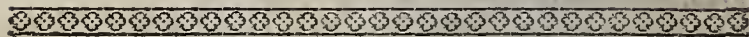
To write the wonders here, I strive in vain;  
 Each word would ask a thousand to explain.  
 The time shall come, O! speed the lingering hour!  
 When Zara's charms shall lend description power;  
 When plac'd beside thee in the cool alcove,  
 Or thro' the green Savannahs as we rove,  
 The frequent kifs shall interrupt the tale,  
 And looks shall speak my sense, tho' language fail.  
 Then shall the prodigies, that round me rise,  
 Fill thy dear bosom with a sweet surprize;  
 Then all my knowledge to thy faithful heart,  
 With danger gain'd, securely I'll impart.  
 Methinks I see thy changing looks express  
 Th' alternate sense of pleasure and distress;  
 As all the windings of my fate I trace,  
 And wing thy fancy swift from place to place.

Yet where, alas! has flattering thoughts convey'd  
 The ravish'd lover with his darling maid?  
 Between us, still unmeasur'd oceans roll,  
 Which hostile barks infest, and storms controul.  
 Be calm my bosom, since th' unmeasur'd main,  
 And hostile barks, and storms, are God's domain:

<sup>P</sup> He alludes to the Play of Oroonoko, at which he was present, and so affected as to be unable to continue, during its performance, in the house.



He rules resistless, and his power shall guide  
 My life in safety o'er the roaring tide;  
 Shall bless the love that's built on virtue's base,  
 And spare me to evangelize my race.  
 Farewell! thy prince still lives, and still is free:  
 Farewell! hope all things, and remember me.



# Z A R A,

AT THE COURT OF ANAMABOE, TO THE AFRICAN  
 PRINCE WHEN IN ENGLAND.

BY THE SAME.

SHOULD I the language of my heart conceal,  
 Nor warmly paint the passion that I feel;  
 My rising wish should groundless fears confine,  
 And doubts ungenerous chill the glowing line;  
 Would not my prince, with nobler warmth, disdain  
 That love, as languid, which could stoop to feign?  
 Let guilt dissemble—in my faithful breast  
 Love reigns unblam'd, and be that love confess.  
 I give my bosom naked to thy view,  
 For, what has shame with innocence to do?  
 In fancy, now, I clasp thee to my heart,  
 Exchange my vows, and all my joys impart.

I catch



I catch new transport from thy speaking eye;—  
 But whence this sad involuntary sigh?  
 Why pants my bosom with intruding fears?  
 Why, from my eyes, distil unbidden tears?  
 Why do my hands thus tremble as I write?  
 Why fades thy lov'd idea from my sight?  
 O! art thou safe on Britain's happy shore,  
 From winds that bellow, and from seas that roar?  
 And has my prince—(Oh, more than mortal pain!)  
 Betray'd by ruffians, felt the captive's chain?  
 Bound were those limbs, ordain'd alone to prove  
 The toils of empire, and the sweets of love?  
 Hold, hold! Barbarians of the fiercest kind!  
 Fear Heaven's red lightning—'tis a prince ye bind;  
 A prince, whom no indignities could hide,  
 They knew, presumptuous! and the gods defied.  
 Where-e'er he moves, let love-join'd reverence rise,  
 And all mankind behold with Zara's eyes!

Thy breast alone, when bounding o'er the waves  
 To Freedom's climes, from slavery and slaves;  
 Thy breast alone the pleasing thought could frame  
 Of what I felt, when thy dear letters came:  
 A thousand times I held them to my breast,  
 A thousand times my lips the paper prest:  
 My full heart panted with a joy too strong,  
 And "Oh, my prince!" died faltering on my tongue:  
 Fainting I sunk, unequal to the strife,  
 And milder joys sustain'd returning life.  
 Hope, sweet enchantress, round my love-sick head  
 Delightful scenes of blest delusion spread.



“ Come, come, my prince! my charmer! haste away;

“ Come, come, I cried, thy Zara blames thy stay.

“ For thee, the shrubs their richest sweets retain;

“ For thee, new colours wait to paint the plain;

“ For thee, cool breezes linger in the grove,

“ The birds expect thee in the green alcove;

“ Till thy return, the rills forget to fall,

“ Till thy return, the sun, the soul of all!—

“ He comes, my maids, in his meridian charms,

“ He comes refulgent to his Zara’s arms:

“ With jocund songs proclaim my love’s return;

“ With jocund hearts his nuptial bed adorn.

“ Bright as the sun, yet gentle as the dove,

“ He comes, uniting majesty and love.”—

Too soon, alas! the blest delusion flies;

Care swells my breast, and sorrow fills my eyes.—

Ah! why do thy fond words suggest a fear—

Too vast, too numerous, those already here!

Ah! why with doubts torment my bleeding breast,

Of seas which storms controul, and foes inest!

My heart, in all this tedious absence, knows

No thoughts but those of seas, and storms, and foes.

Each joyless morning, with the rising sun,

Quick to the strand my feet spontaneous run:

“ Where, where’s my prince! what tidings have ye brought?”

Of each I met, with pleading tears I fought.

In vain I fought, some, conscious of my pain,

With horrid silence pointed to the main.

Some with a sneer the brutal thought exprest,

And plung’d the dagger of a barbarous jest.



Day follow'd day, and still I wish'd the next,  
 New hopes still flatter'd, and new doubts perplex'd;  
 Day follow'd day, the wish'd to-morrow came,  
 My hopes, doubts, fears, anxieties the same.  
 At length—" O Power Supreme! whoe'er thou art,  
 " Thy shrine the sky, the sea, the earth; or heart;  
 " Since every clime, and all th' unbounded main,  
 " And hostile barks, and storms, are thy domain,  
 " If faithful passion can thy bounty move,  
 " And goodness sure must be the friend of love,  
 " Safe to these arms my lovely prince restore,  
 " Safe to his Zara's arms, to part no more.  
 " O! grant to virtue thy protecting care,  
 " And grant thy love to love's availing prayer,  
 " Together then, and emulous to praise,  
 " A flowery altar to thy name we'll raise;  
 " There, first and last, on each returning day,  
 " To thee our vows of gratitude we'll pay."

Fool that I was, to all my comfort blind,  
 Why, when thou went'st, did Zara stay behind?  
 How could I fondly hope one joy to prove,  
 'Midst all the wild anxieties of love?

Had fate in other mold, thy Zara form'd,  
 And my bold breast in manly friendship warm'd,  
 How had I glow'd exulting at thy side!  
 How all the shafts of adverse fate defied!  
 Or yet a woman, and not nerv'd for toil,  
 With thee, O! had I turn'd a burning soil!  
 In the cold prison had I lain with thee,  
 In love still happy, we had still been free;



Then fortune brav'd, had own'd superior might,  
And pin'd with envy, while we forc'd delight.

Why shouldst thou bid thy love remember thee?  
'Thine all my thoughts have been, and still shall be.  
Each night the cool Savannahs have I sought,  
And breath'd the fondness of enamour'd thought;  
The curling breezes murmur'd as I sigh'd,  
And hoarse, at distance, roar'd my foe the tide:  
My breast still haunted by a motly train,  
Now doubts, now hopes prevail'd, now joy, now pain.  
Now fix'd I stand, my spirit fled to thine,  
Nor note the time, nor see the sun decline;

Now rous'd I start, and wing'd with fear I run,  
In vain, alas! for 'tis myself I shun.

When kindly sleep its lenient balm supplied,  
And gave that comfort waking thought denied.

Last night—but why, ah Zara! why impart,  
The fond, fond fancies of a love-sick heart?

Yet true delights on fancy's wings are brought,  
And love's soft raptures realiz'd in thought—

Last night I saw, methinks I see it now—

Heaven's awful concave round thy Zara bow;

When sudden thence a flaming chariot flew,

Which earth receiv'd; and six white couriers drew.

Then—quick transition—did thy Zara ride,

Borne to the chariot—wonderous—by thy side:

All glorious both, from clime to clime we flew,

Each happy clime with sweet surprize we view.

A thousand



A thousand voices sung—" All bliss betide  
 " The prince of Lybia, and his faithful bride."  
 " 'Tis done, 'tis done," resounded thro' the skies,  
 And quick aloft the car began to rise;  
 Ten thousand beauties crowded on my sight,  
 Ten thousand glories beam'd a dazzling light.  
 My thoughts could bear no more, the vision fled,  
 And wretched Zara view'd her lonely bed.—  
 Come, sweet interpreter, and ease my soul;  
 Come to my bosom, and explain the whole.  
 Alas! my prince—yet hold, my struggling breast!  
 Sure we shall meet again, again be blest.  
 " Hope all, thou say'st, I live, and still am free;"  
 O! then prevent those hopes, and haste to me.  
 Ease all the doubts thy Zara's bosom knows,  
 And kindly stop the torrent of her woes.

But, that I know too well thy generous heart,  
 One doubt, than all, more torment would impart:  
 'Tis this, in Britain's happy courts to shine,  
 Amidst a thousand blooming maids, is thine—  
 But thou, a thousand blooming maids among,  
 Art still thyself, incapable of wrong;  
 No outward charm can captivate thy mind,  
 Thy love is friendship heighten'd and refin'd;  
 'Tis what my soul, and not my form inspires,  
 And burns with spotless and immortal fires.  
 Thy joys, like mine, from conscious truth arise,  
 And, known these joys, what others canst thou prize?




Be jealous doubts the curse of fordid minds;  
Hence, jealous doubts, I give ye to the winds.—

Once more, O come! and snatch me to thy arms!  
Come, shield my beating heart from vain alarms!  
Come, let me hang enamour'd on thy breast,  
Weep pleasing tears, and be with joy disrest!  
Let me still hear, and still demand thy tale,  
And, oft renew'd, still let my suit prevail!  
Much still remains to tell and to enquire,  
My hand still writes, and writing prompts desire;  
My pen denies my last farewell to write,  
Still, still, “ return,” my wishful thoughts indite:  
O! hear, my prince, thy love, thy mistress call,  
Think o'er each tender name, and hear by all.  
O! pleasing intercourse of soul with soul,  
Thus, while I write, I see, I clasp thee whole;  
And these kind letters trembling Zara drew,  
In every line shall bring her to thy view.  
Return, return, in love and truth excell;  
Return, I write; I cannot add—Farewell.







## H Y M N T O H O P E.

BY THE SAME.

**A**LL hail, bright Hope! Thou, when the fatal box,  
 Replete with ills, was sent by angry Jove  
 In punishment of Japhet's <sup>9</sup> daring son,  
 When every woe of fearful name flew forth  
 To vex the human race, thou kindly deign'dst  
 To stay behind, man's gentle comforter,  
 Life's balm and blessing! or, without the aid  
 Of truth-assimilated fiction, thou  
 Wast given by God himself, a cheering light  
 To guide man's feet, driv'n from fair Eden's groves  
 Across the untrack'd wilderness of life  
 To Heaven's blest mansions : where, and where alone  
 Thy office, friendly Hope, shall sweetly cease  
 To full fruition yielded ! But on earth,  
 Nay, not, perchance, ev'n in fair Eden's groves,  
 Are thy assuasive consolations vain :  
 For what is life, or what its highest scenes  
 Of boasted happiness, if present bliss

<sup>9</sup> Prometheus.



Bounds the horizon of our views ; nor Hope,  
 With eagle eye, kens aught beyond, on which  
 To fix the future, ardent, heart's desire,  
 To fill the soul, and make the rapid wish  
 Run o'er with plenitude of joy?—Vain, vain,  
 To man's felicity, in youth or age,  
 The present draught of pleasure, tho' once wish'd  
 With all the eagerness of panting thirst.  
 Deep, deep he drinks, and longs for more ! From hope  
 To hope he springs : he views ; and still extends  
 His view : o'er cloud-capt Alps new Alps arise !  
 He gains the summit : still the prospect wide  
 Enlarges to his eye : forward he fares  
 Nor ceases to ascend, till high in heaven  
 He rides at anchor, and then Hope's no more.

But O ! thou general blessing, smiling Hope !  
 Thy lucid ray, not only leads us on  
 From view to view ; not only dost thou cheer  
 With expectation sweet of future good ;  
 But with serenity of present bliss  
 Thou fill'st the heart expectant ! Hope can give  
 Habitual good-humour ! To the soul  
 A vital heat : she quickens the still parts,  
 Nay, ev'n in motion keeps the springs of life !  
 And when most indolent, and most remiss,  
 Or rouses, or preserves the mind awake.

See, too, how few—and ev'n those few how short—  
 Are actual enjoyments ! But thro' thee,  
 Blest Hope, we gain a taste, delicious taste  
 Of pleasures possible ! Taste, not less sweet,

Perchance,



Perchance, than real : for kind Hope bestows  
 A bliss in expectation, not less full,  
 And fuller oft than ripe fruition brings :  
 Fruition, haughty nymph, she never deigns  
 To walk with humble Hope, who, at her sight,  
 Retires, abash'd, unnotic'd, and unthank'd !

But O ! blest comforter, ingrate to thee  
 Let me not ever prove, should wish'd success  
 Crown my heart's hope ! let me not e'er forget  
 The dear indulgences thy soothing views  
 Have to my soul presented ! Yet, O yet—  
 Thy promis'd consummation too, too long  
 Delay'd, the heart in deep despondence sighs,  
 And sickens sad with care. O then, indulge  
 Thy votary's prayer, nor ever let me lose  
 Thy cheering aspect ; never let the night  
 Of black despondence, with its dismal veil,  
 My little prospects in thick darkness wrap !  
 Nor yet too long delay to grant my wish  
 Accomplishment, if worthy ! So my soul  
 Invigorated still shall onward press  
 To more and more improvement : nor grow faint  
 Till the big buds of Hope terrestrial burst  
 To blossoms full and fair in better climes !

But say, bright Hope, what numbers shall be found,  
 Worthy to sing thy praise : for that thy hand  
 Not only to the happiest life imparts  
 Its zest, its relish ; but with tender care  
 Is stretch'd forth to assuage the wretch's woe,

To



To soothe the anguish of disease and pain,  
 And soften sad adversity's rough bed!  
 Thou only cheap and universal cure  
 Of human ills—of human sorrow, thou  
 Best comforter, and oft, full oft, alas!  
 The only comforter the wretched find!

Ah! see from that unfortunate, o'erwhelm'd  
 In the deep gulph of sorrow, with what speed;  
 What cruel speed, as from contagion, all  
 With one consent are flying!—and will none,  
 For gentle pity's sake, remain behind  
 To comfort the distressed! Yes, faithful Hope  
 Benevolently stays! and, flatterer kind,  
 Her far-foreseeing tube applies, thro' which  
 The eye, tho' dim with mourning, oft discerns  
 Future and happier days, thro' the black gloom  
 Of melancholy prospects shining bright.

Ah, honest flatterer!—yes, for once the muse  
 Commends, what most the worthy mind abhors,  
 And calls thee honest flatterer: for while all  
 Assiduous join to adulate the blest,  
 Hope, tender Hope alone, with soft concern,  
 Flatters th' unhappy! and when every friend  
 Flies from the ship-wreck'd, naked, ruin'd wretch;  
 When every woe, in dire array, crowds round,  
 Ev'n then, in that sad hour, Hope still remains,  
 As loth to leave (divine philanthropist!)  
 Her labour of disinterested love!



See—with those anxious sailors †, see her watch  
 Her eye! almost exhausted on the mast,  
 The top-mast of yon high Admiral  
 Just peeping from those waves! that have ingulph'd  
 The gallant vessel with its hapless crew,  
 Save those who sit, as if for bitterer fate  
 Reserv'd, long wakeful nights and anxious days  
 High on the top-mast! fearing instant death  
 From each insulting wave! yet, yet, not yet  
 Will Hope desert them! See, she strains her eye  
 Far o'er the trackless ocean: see, she looks,  
 With eager expectation, looks around!  
 Wild winds alone are heard: green waves alone,  
 Foaming with fury, are beheld! O Hope,  
 Blest Hope! forsake them not: should'st thou forsake,  
 And from the top-mast fly, they fall, they sink  
 Irrevocably lost!—She will not go;  
 Still will she watch; nor watch in vain! she spies  
 A white sail, rising from the waves: it comes;  
 Behold! it comes, and in its bosom bears  
 Thrice-precious life! They faint for joy! their feet  
 Scarce bear them trembling to the welcome bark;

† This refers to a real event, which happened two winters past. These mariners, when their vessel was sunk, continued two days and nights on the mast, where they found an accidental keg of brandy, which, under God, preserved their lives till a vessel from Margate came with great hazard to their preservation; the person who first saw the vessel immediately fainted away.



Where safely boarded—Hope her golden wings  
Plumes, and exulting shoots across the deep,  
Quick as in winter's skies the radiant star!

But whither thus precipitate her flight  
Urges the general comforter? Behold  
Where, stretch'd upon the bed of sore disease,  
Worn out with pain, the sick man languid lies!  
She comes, blest Hope! and lo! her kindly arm  
Rears from the pillow his enfeebled head,  
And lenient soothes his melancholy heart!  
Now, pointing to fair Health, with roseate bloom,  
Rekindling vigour in the mantling cheek:  
Now, to the robe of white and crown of gold,  
Reserv'd for Christ's true servants, in the realms  
Of everlasting day!—Thrice faithful Hope,  
Thou, like the heart, liv'st first, and diest last;  
Nor, ev'n in death's extremest pangs, wilt leave  
The fluttering soul—but, when earth's fears and joys  
Sink into darkness all, thy beaming light  
Unvelopes prospects new, and better far,  
Prospects which make man, man: and cause the soul  
In death to triumph, and defy the grave.

Nor ceases with the man of sorrow, stretch'd  
On bed of sickness, Hope's indulgent aid:  
The balm of comfort, see, how she presents  
To the dear tender partner of his heart,  
The wife, with weeping love, beside the couch:  
Watching solicitous, with sleepless eye!  
Hope shews her the fond husband, to her arms  
Once more restor'd: Hope to her aching heart



The valued parent represents, once more  
Smiling amidst his children : and endear'd,  
As thus endanger'd, tenfold more endear'd !

Look thro' the varied scenes of hapless life,  
Hope, all-beneficent, is ever found  
Where-e'er is found affliction ! None so low  
Can sink, but Hope will to their wretchedness  
Descend, and point out consolation's star  
Bright'ning in better skies ! not ev'n the slave,  
Loaden with cruel chains, deep in the mines  
Of rich Potosi, toiling, though from light  
Ever sequester'd of all-cheering day,  
Can, from her light, be hid ! See, through his soul  
It shoots illuminating : and affords  
Bright blessing glances of his native land,  
Recover'd freedom, and rejoicing friends !

All hail, bright Hope ! O, thro' the weary ways  
Of this bad world, be thou the pilgrim's staff  
On which my hands may lean, and find support  
'Gainst all despondency ! yet, Goddess ! say,  
While on thy altars all of human race  
Devoutly sacrifice ; while to thy shrine  
All mortals bend the knee ; whence doth it hap,  
That oft the mournful tongue proclaims thee false,  
And dares to defecrate thy hallow'd name,  
Deceitful calling thee ; and apt to slide  
Full oft from the embrace, ev'n in the hour  
Of highest expectation : often found  
To promise what thou never dost bestow ?



" Vain mortals — (yes, with serious solemn heed,  
 I mark thy words, celestial!) — " Mortals! know,  
 " 'Tis not in Hope, 'tis in yourselves, deceiv'd  
 " And still deceiving, that the error lies :  
 " Short-liv'd, and of a span, ye stretch your hopes,  
 " Proud hopes of sublunary happiness,  
 " Far into time, as if of time secure,  
 " As if on earth immortal! or those hopes  
 " On objects fix, incapable to bless,  
 " When granted to your wishes! or, more vain,  
 " By self-delusion blinded, fancy-led,  
 " Ye idly-hope, where reason's self recoils :  
 " Thus rendering your existence, dream at best,  
 " Still more a dream! — Less credulous and fond,  
 " Mortals, be wise ; either as mortals hope,  
 " Or, still more wise, hope as immortals!" Yes!  
 With sacred awe thy counsel I receive,  
 Blest teacher : O assist me to obey  
 Its dictates : far above this waning moon,  
 Teach me to rise o'er momentary bliss,  
 Triumphant : and to soar on thy bright wings  
 Beyond the lessen'd clouds, beyond all time  
 Deep into vast immensity! where thou,  
 Tho' born of immortality, and proof  
 Of thy high parent's glory — where, ev'n thou,  
 Earth's blessing — never, never shalt be known!  
 Then, farewell, Hope, for ever! — then adieu,  
 Sweet expectation ; when each ravish'd sense  
 Lives in the plenitude of God's own joy!



But, till that hour, O deign, all-cheering Hope,  
 To smile before me: gild my prospects round  
 With thy reviving splendor: full in view  
 Present the vast realities, which wait  
 Th' immortal stranger, travelling from this world  
 To his eternal home, his rest, his haven!  
 So shall my heart ne'er with impatient throbs  
 Pant for th' uncertain, sublunary gifts  
 Of this e'er-changing life! So Reason's hand  
 With Fortitude attending, on shall lead  
 To the neat cottage of retir'd Content,  
 Where dwells man's truest happiness! there lodg'd,  
 Like Cæsar, with a generous disdain  
 Present possessions nobly I'll despise,  
 And from them frankly part, in the full hope,  
 Hope, which can ne'er deceive, nor mount too high;  
 Hope of possessions, future, better far:  
 Boundless duration: bliss immutable!

Hail then, bright Hope! of immortality  
 True, genuine daughter! hail, man's chiefest good,  
 And his best portion, while no more than man!  
 Smile o'er the human race: and still vouchsafe  
 To gild, to gladden all their joys: to soothe  
 With gentle blandishment their woes: to fill  
 With just contempt of transitory life!  
 Still realizing to their raptur'd view  
 Heaven's high felicities! O! while strong Faith,  
 With steady finger, points us to our home,  
 Do thou invigorate our active feet  
 Along the rugged way: full, full in sight



Place that home's glories : while thy sister Love  
 Charms us the while, the weary journey through ;  
 And, when it ends, receive us from the arms  
 Of Faith and thee ; to take up our abode  
 In realms, where God and Love are all in all.



# V E R S E S

OCCASIONED BY A PRESENT OF A MOSS ROSE-BUD, FROM  
 MISS JACKSON OF SOUTHGATE.

BY THE SAME,

THE slightest of favours bestow'd by the fair  
 With rapture we take, and with transport we wear ;  
 But a MOSS-WOVEN ROSE-BUD, Eliza, from thee,  
 A well-pleasing gift to a monarch would be :  
 —Ah ! that illness, too cruel, forbidding should stand,  
 And refuse me the gift from thine own lovely hand !

With joy I receive it, with pleasure will view,  
 Reminded of thee by its odour and hue ;  
 “ Sweet rose ! let me tell thee, tho’ charming thy bloom,  
 “ Tho’ thy fragrance exceeds Saba’s richest perfume ;  
 “ Thy breath to Eliza’s hath no fragrance in’t ;  
 “ And thy bloom is but dull to her cheeks blushing tint.

“ Yet



" Yet alas! my fair flower, that bloom will decay,  
 " And all thy fine beauties soon wither away;  
 " Tho' pluck'd by her hand, to whose touch thou must own  
 " Harsh and rough is the cygnet's most delicate down:  
 " Thou too, snowy hand;—nay, I mean not to preach;  
 " But the Rose, lovely moralist! suffer to teach."

" Extol not, fond maiden, thy beauties o'er mine,  
 " They too are short-liv'd, and they too must decline;  
 " And small in conclusion, the difference appears  
 " In the bloom of few days, or the bloom of few years!  
 " But remember a virtue the Rose hath to boast,  
 " —Its Fragrance remains, when its Beauties are lost."

## THE EQUALITY OF MANKIND.

BY MR. WODHULL.

**T**HERE was a time when from those hapless schools,  
 Where Science droops, and pension'd Litchfield rules,  
 Inhaling faction, with the Tory race  
 On Right Divine, Hereditary Grace,  
 Much did I waver, much did I unite  
 The names of Patriot, and of Jacobite:



Thanks to my friendly stars those days are o'er,  
 And now, not meanly pinion'd as before,  
 Untaught to bend the pliant knee, and join  
 The slaves, who flock to Grandeur's tinsel shrine,  
 Kindling at thy perpetual flame the brand  
 Of honest Satire, with officious hand  
 To thee, O Truth, I consecrate the blaze ;—  
 Receive, exalt, invigorate my lays.

The studious Pilgrim, as his bare feet tread  
 O'er holy Carmel ! with religious dread,  
 If, sunk in mouldering rubbish, he descries  
 Where some old fane, or massive altar lies,  
 Kneeling adores it with a stedfast gaze,  
 And ruminates the works of mightier days,  
 Feasts his rapt soul on pure devotion's fires,  
 And slowly from the much-lov'd spot retires.  
 Led by dark Legend on from clime to clime  
 Amid th' historic ravages of Time,  
 Thus the bold Muse asserts her liberal plan  
 To mark the genuine privilege of man,  
 To prove how Fiction, and how Fact agree,  
 That God was just, and all Mankind were free.

From Jura's mount, from those inclement skies,  
 (Where pale and wan Helvetia's Genius lies,  
 His arms revers'd, his shield thrown idly by,  
 To note the sad decays of Liberty ;)  
 Come, stern Philosophy,—that garb of woe  
 Befits thee most, majestically slow

Thy



Thy gait, while rais'd aloof thy red right hand  
 Waves in the gale Resentment's flaming brand,  
 Such as, from Seine's proud banks when Rousseau fled,  
 Thy Vengeance hurl'd at mitred Beaumont's head :  
 Beneath thy auspices in Albion's plain,  
 While Justice triumphs in a George's reign,  
 Alone, yet scorning Caution's coward mask,  
 Will I encounter this adventurous task ;  
 Tho' far too sanguine to conceal their rage,  
 My Foes already curse each opening page,  
 And Friends, half shrinking at so rude a test,  
 Glance o'er my title, and forswear the rest.

Back to Creation's infancy, when Earth  
 Few revolutions dated from its birth,  
 My theme invites :—poor Exile doom'd to rove  
 Far from the sweets of Eden's happy grove  
 Behold our first Progenitor ;—his race  
 Plung'd in a lineal series of disgrace,  
 Become a prey from that ill-fated hour  
 To pain, disease, and death's remorseless power.

Some evils soon attain'd their utmost prime,  
 To perfect others was a work of time.  
 Perhaps in those rude ages, when no law  
 Kept the warm passions of mankind in awe,  
 Rapine was frequent; from his neighbour's fold  
 Some proud Oppressor, of gigantic mold,  
 His fleecy charge, his only treasure bore,  
 And left the shepherd weltering in his gore :

Yet



Yet then no dire necessity had made  
 Murder a system, war a needful trade;  
 No Frederick, foe to nature and to man,  
 Justice his pretext, tyranny his plan,  
 Born every right of nations to betray,  
 O'er Leipzick's walls had forc'd his desperate way;  
 Coarse was their food, their sordid dwelling small,  
 Such was the lot of one, the lot of all:  
 In some deep vale their shapeless altar stood  
 Rais'd with the casual turf, or unhewn wood;  
 Thither, by grateful adoration taught,  
 On some choice festival the Rustic brought  
 A decent offering from his little stock,  
 Fruits of the ground, or firstlings of his flock:  
 No temple rear'd its fretted roof on high,  
 No golden censer's blaze perfum'd the sky,  
 No vain High-Priest with surly grandeur trod,  
 As if to shame the meanness of his God.

When, like the Titans, earth's rebellious crew  
 To Heaven's high bulwarks rais'd their hostile view,  
 In vain, their boastful arrogance to quell,  
 Their leaders were dispers'd, their turret fell;  
 On Shinar's plains Despotic Power unfurl'd  
 Her banner, and to vex the groaning world  
 From shore to shore the strange contagion ran;  
 Fraternal concord ceas'd, and Monarchy began.

Thus while the storms in hollow caverns sleep,  
 And scarce a zephyr fans the quiet deep,

Suddenly



Suddenly from the rock's impending brow  
 A cumbrous fragment on the tide below  
 Comes rushing downwards; boils the vast profound,  
 Waves upon waves dash'd on the beach resound.

Detested Hunter! Nimrod led the way,  
 War was his savage pastime, man his prey;  
 For brutal strength by trembling vassals fear'd  
 The walls of ancient Babylon he rear'd:  
 In his high dome, with crayons rude portray'd,  
 The warrior's dread achievements were display'd;  
 Here pierc'd with darts th' expiring tyger lay,  
 There rush'd embattled hosts in firm array;  
 There in his car the thickest ranks he broke,  
 And nations yielded to his galling yoke.

Such empire's origin:—with horrid yell  
 From the black confines of his native hell  
 Emerg'd the Demon of tyrannic pride,  
 And Vice came onward with a larger stride:  
 Ungrateful were the task, and endless toil  
 To trace its progress thro' each distant soil.  
 Fertile of Tyrants. Craft with Prowess join'd  
 Soon tam'd the generous fierceness of mankind.  
 Dominion first was gain'd by lawless might;  
 The claim of long Hereditary Right  
 Succeeded; when to varnish o'er each flaw,  
 And bow the world with superstitious awe,  
 The Priests dress'd up some bugbear of their own,  
 Call'd him a King, and plac'd him on a throne;

Then



Then caught the weakness of those darker times,  
And dragg'd in Heaven to sanctify his crimes.

Search well its inmost source, and tell whence springs  
This sacred claim of Israel's vaunted Kings:  
When that audacious crew renounc'd their God,  
Despis'd his mercies, brav'd his heaviest rod;  
And for his Patronage too mighty grown  
Set up a little Idol of their own:  
Say, did their Prophet urge Saul's Right Divine?—  
His incense blaz'd not at so vile a shrine.  
Or did some ill in mystic leaves foretold,  
And chronicled by gravest seers of old,  
While on delusive hopes they fondly built,  
O'erwhelm them with involuntary guilt?  
No; 'twas their baffled pride whose last resource  
Dragg'd this perdition on their heads by force.

From that black period each intenser crime,  
That brands with infamy its parent clime,  
Assail'd the palace, overspread the land,  
And in their temple took its guilty stand.

The seat of Chemosh by the purple vine  
Was planted, and at Moloch's brazen shrine,  
As with inhuman zeal the trembling fire  
Consign'd his shrieking infants to the fire,  
While with loud din their hideous cymbals rung,  
His Worshippers obscene their uncouth orgies sung.

Belief,



Belief, in various senses understood,  
 Is man's severest curse, or surest good.  
 Thus, in the meads where hallow'd Jordan glides,  
 Enriching Palestine with copious tides,  
 Where springs the branching palm, where streams the oil,  
 Where fruitful vineyards bless the peasant's toil;  
 Deep in the heart of Siddim's odious vale,  
 Impregnating with death each tainted gale,  
 The black Asphaltes from its slimy bed  
 Sees pitchy clouds, sulphureous vapours, spread.

Let Mecca tell, big with aspiring schemes,  
 Scraphic trances, counterfeited dreams,  
 How subtle Mahomet, of servile birth,  
 Diffus'd his tenets thro' th' astonish'd earth,  
 By fire and sword the Nations undeceiv'd  
 Confess'd their former errors, and believ'd.

In Judah's soil the tree of knowledge grew;  
 Whose fruit unsound, yet specious to the view,  
 Entrusted to the treacherous Levite's care,  
 Fell, ere it ripen'd, in that baleful air;  
 Relentless Cowards! with a brutal hand  
 Urging their fraudulent progress thro' the land,  
 O'er Nature's parting agonies they trod,  
 And slaughter'd millions in the name of God,  
 Each right of arms infringing, nor forbore  
 To dip their reeking blades in infant gore;  
 Till mighty conscience, whose prevailing call  
 Ope the dread volume of her laws to all,

Bewail'd



Bewail'd them darken'd by so strong a taint,  
That none discern'd the villain from the faint.

Far other fame the Christian doctrine gain'd,  
From Heaven transmitted, and by Heaven maintain'd,  
With scepter'd arrogance to vex the earth,  
Yet most those realms which gave his grandeur birth,  
To make divided Faith and Virtue foes,  
On its firm base no second David rose :  
Yet from this pure and unpolluted source,  
Ere long, the streams in a perverted course  
Ran foul : Fanatics soon began to call  
Merit a sound, Religion all in all ;  
Infuriate Priests the bonds of nature tore,  
And Persecution drench'd the world with gore.  
Arm'd with the Cross, o'er Asia's ravag'd lands,  
See fainted Champions pour their desperate bands,  
A dreaming Hermit leads them, and aloud  
Preaches salvation to the frantic crowd :  
Zeal whets the poniard, and with ruthless joy  
They come, they sack, they ravish, they destroy.

The Muse rejecting this historic draught  
With bitter truths, strict testimonies fraught,  
Its civil discords, and religious strife  
O'erlooks, to take a fairer view of life ;  
Borne on the rapid wings of Thought she flies,  
Opes new creations, seeks for other skies,  
Revolving all that sportive Ovid told  
Of cloudless suns, of ages wing'd with gold,



Those ages, when in Peneus' chearful grove  
 Man knew no sorrows, no disease but Love;  
 When Nature's self was unconstrain'd and young,  
 And Bards rang'd lawless as the Gods they sung.

Ye happier times of innocence and truth,  
 Pleasing instructors of my thoughtless youth,  
 When none the image of his God belied,  
 No Minions crouch'd beneath a Sultan's pride,  
 No wealth ensnar'd, no poverty distress'd,  
 No ruffians plunder'd, and no kings oppress'd;  
 Tho' doom'd to grovel in a baser age,  
 Will I from Memory's enchanting page  
 Retrace your scatter'd annals.—When of old  
 Arcadia's peaceful shepherds uncontroul'd  
 Their ranging flocks thro' boundless pastures drove,  
 Or tun'd their pipes beneath the myrtle grove,  
 Their laws on brazen tablets unimprest  
 Were deeply grav'd on each ingenuous breast,  
 No proud Vicegerent of Astrea reign'd,  
 Astrea's self her own decrees maintain'd.

Books, useless lumber, yet in embryo slept,  
 No Damon rav'd in rhyme, no Delia wept;  
 Nor had, nor needed they the casuist's page,  
 Plain were the duties of that simpler age:  
 For Nature, best of mothers, pleas'd to teach  
 Virtues no modern theorist can reach;  
 With characters indelible, on high  
 Blazon'd her system of Equality.

Alas!



Alas! how gladly would Illusion's beam  
 For ever vibrate on this glittering theme:  
 Here let me finish; nor, my soul to wring,  
 From Fable's sweets proceed to Fable's sting:  
 I must;—these fairy dreams have had their space,  
 And now the dreadful sequel claims a place.  
 Like the presumptuous Mariner, whose sails,  
 Wafted from port with soft Etesian gales,  
 Urge his o'erweening eagerness to brave  
 Without a Pilot the perfidious wave,  
 Soon o'er whose bark th' impetuous tempests sweep,  
 And bury all his fortunes in the deep:  
 Seduc'd by Fancy's charms, amidst a grove  
 Of pleasing errors have I dar'd to rove,  
 Till, half desponding, comfortless, aghast,  
 I but survey bright Freedom's form at last,  
 To see her perish by as sure a wound  
 Mid these enchantments, as on vulgar ground.

Fond Epimetheus! when thy luckless hand  
 Scatter'd Pandora's curses o'er the land,  
 Forth from the casket glittering to the view  
 Scepters, and crowns, delusive trumpery, flew;  
 Man ey'd the bait, and with an idiot joy  
 Eagerly rush'd to snatch the gilded toy:  
 Freedom thenceforth, and Peace, and Justice fled,  
 Infernal Discord rear'd her snaky head  
 From blackest Erebus, whose scorpions hurl'd  
 By dread Oppression curb'd a wretched world;



Too late remorse congeal'd each guilty soul,  
And fork'y lightnings flash'd from pole to pole.

Where-e'er we search the vast instructive page  
Of Fact, or Fiction, we in every age  
See Saints impal'd and tortur'd at the stake  
Thro' fervent zeal, and for Religion's sake;  
Murders and forceries, and Men, whose heart  
Ne'er prompted one humane, one generous part,  
While some vain Mortal, arbiter of ill,  
Govern'd the rest; at whose imperious will  
Millions of slaughter'd Heroes bit the dust  
To soothe a Tyrant's pride, a Strumpet's lust;  
Till loathing both the present, and the past,  
We learn this melancholy truth at last;  
“ On Life's rough sea by stormy passions tost,  
“ Freedom and Virtue were together lost.”

Shame on our vaunted reason, when we find  
No creature else so senseless, and so blind;  
The Brutes indeed to force superior yield,  
And leave the strongest master of the field,  
Yet this imperial claim to none descends,  
With the possessor's strength his title ends;  
Nor, if their enterprizing Leader calls,  
Do they forsake their well-replenish'd stalls,  
And with heroic frenzy risk their life,  
Fomenting some unnecessary strife.  
Unfall'n, and uncorrupted, they fulfil  
Their Nature's end, their mighty Maker's will:



Stoop then, ye sons of Reason, stoop, and own  
The veriest beast more worthy of a throne.

The Chain, whose two Extremities unite,  
Presenting still a middle to our sight,  
Where link by link in fruitless search we tend,  
Yet find not a beginning, or an end,  
Talk as we please, dissemble how we can,  
Presents a just similitude of Man ;  
Who, in each state of life constrain'd to own  
A strict dependance, useless when alone,  
Cleaves, tho' a Monarch, to his native dung,  
And venerates the soil from whence he sprung.

View first the Slave, whom his unhappy fate  
In galling fetters to some foreign state  
Tears from his dearest home ; there basely sold  
By those, who truck humanity for gold,  
Abus'd, neglected, sinking with distress,  
When all is dark, and Hope alone can bless ;  
Ev'n then thro' Life's dim curtain he descries  
Some happier regions, and serener skies,  
Where Commerce never rears her impious head,  
No Fiends approach, no Missionaries tread.

Next him the Peasant, whose incessant toil,  
Hardly requited, tills the rugged soil,  
Press'd by the barbarous insults of the great,  
The foolish prodigality of state :



Yet his low couch no thorny cares molest,  
His even spirits yield unbroken rest.

Those restless Beings next in order place,  
Whose motley stations wear a doubtful face;  
Who dragg'd by Fortune into Middle Life;  
That vortex of malevolence and strife,  
Envyng the great, and scoffing at the mean;  
Or swol'n with pride; or wasted with chagrin;  
Like Mahomet's unsettled ashes, dwell,  
Midway suspended; between Heaven and Hell.

Clad with those Titles antient Justice gave  
To grace the wise, the generous, and the brave;  
O'er these ascend the Sycophants of Power,  
Their master's tools, the minions of an hour.

Last of the Group, to close this irksome scene;  
Childishly great, and eminently mean,  
Behold the Monarch, whose exalted throne,  
Dupes to their fear, his Eastern Vassals own;  
When by the toil, which earns the Hind's hard bread,  
His splendor is maintain'd; his lux'ry fed;  
Is not a wretch like this, to either side  
Of Life's perverse extremities allied?  
Here to its source the line revolving tends;  
Here close the points; and here the circle ends.

When lust, when rapine, when ungovern'd rage  
Strongly characteris'd the iron age;



Law soon became a necessary ill,  
 Vice edg'd the sword, and gave it force to kill;  
 Monarchs, we see, were then at first design'd  
 A general good, a blessing unconfin'd:  
 For public welfare, not for private ends,  
 From fire to son the regal crown descends.  
 When Kings support afflicted Virtue's cause,  
 Curb potent Vice, and vindicate the laws,  
 Our high respect deservedly they share,  
 Not for themselves, but for the trust they bear.

As on the slippery pinnacle they stand  
 Of brittle grandeur, with rapacious hand  
 If they assume unlimited domain,  
 And madly govern with perverted rein  
 The vast Machine of Empire; to the skies  
 Ascend the widow's tears, the orphan's cries;  
 A Cato's spirit, or a Cicero's tongue  
 With keen resentment animates the throng;  
 Some Hampden hears his gasping country's groan,  
 And in just vengeance shakes a guilty throne.

Should inauspicious Fortune tear away  
 From Virtue's grasp the triumphs of a day,  
 Should Tyranny, by long success grown great,  
 Crush the defenceless victims of her hate,  
 Grim Superstition with an haggard eye  
 Points to the spoils, and rears her torch on high,  
 From regal conquest her own inference draws,  
 And blends with that of Heaven its dearer cause.



Blind to the treacherous snare, when Fate decreed  
 That Troy should perish by the wooden steed;  
 The rest stood fix'd with hesitating fear,  
 While bold Laocoon huri'd his forceful spear  
 Against the monster, from whose knotty side  
 Resounding arms, and Grecian shrieks replied:  
 Stung by a snake the pious Priest expir'd,  
 While Folly gaz'd, and Ignorance admir'd;  
 This moral curb'd th' infatuated crew—  
 “ The sacrilegious wretch Minerva flew.”

When virtuous <sup>s</sup> Greville thus in civil strife  
 Crown'd with that honest prayer his closing life;  
 Can we unmov'd with indignation bear  
 To see grave Clarendon, whose stile, whose air,  
 'Twixt tortur'd facts, and scripture-phrases quaint,  
 Shews half the royalist, and half the faint,  
 Stamp on his ashes with a dotard's pride,  
 And execrate the cause for which he died?

Ye fields of Naseby, where the thundering hand  
 Of Freedom greatly prosper'd; where that band  
 Of hardy Patriots resolutely bore,  
 Thro' storms of horror, and thro' seas of gore,  
 Their country's charter, snatch'd in happiest hour  
 From Sacerdotal wrath, and Kingly power:  
 Oft as your towers, on which dread Vengeance wrote  
 Strong characters, and blasted where she smote,

<sup>s</sup> Lord Brooke, see Clarendon's History.



In youth's gay season fix'd my roving eye,  
 How did I hail that scene of victory!  
 Ev'n now methinks I see brave Fairfax tread  
 Th' ensanguin'd plain;—to grace the warrior's head  
 From Fame's un sullied grove let Virtue bring  
 Those laurels green with everlasting spring:  
 Illustrious meed, too oft profusely strewn  
 To deck the precincts of Ambition's throne,  
 To crown some proud Infringer of the laws:  
 But due to vengeance, due to Britain's cause.

Nor, tho' the Muse forlorn and helpless stray  
 O'er thy bare coast, nor glean one fragrant bay,  
 Bleak Caledonia, shalt thou pass unsung,  
 For Freedom on thy hills her arm new-strung:  
 When thy firm sons, who lov'd the public weal,  
 Or inly burn'd to see tyrannic Zeal  
 Against their altars lift an impious hand,  
 And threat th' accusom'd worship of the land,  
 From their huge cliffs descending like a flood,  
 Stood forth, prepar'd to seal their faith with blood;  
 At their approach while perjur'd Holland fled,  
 False to his Master's cause, his Master's bed;  
 And Hierarchy, that fiend, whom Scripture paints  
 Drunk with the blood of Martyrs and of Saints,  
 Consign'd by Fate in penal chains to dwell,  
 Slunk unregarded to her native hell.

Curse on the shouts of that licentious Throng,  
 Whose merriment (more brutal than the song



Of mad Agave, when wild Hæmus o'er  
 Her Pentheus' mangled limbs the mother bore;)   
 Proclaims the fall of Liberty :—ye shades  
 Of mighty Chiefs, from your Elysian glades  
 Look down benign, avert the dire prefage,  
 Nor with two Charles's brand one sinful age.  
 O, my poor country! what capricious tide  
 Of Fortune swells the Tyrant's motley pride!  
 Around his brows yon servile Prelates twine  
 The stale and blasted wreath of Right Divine;  
 While Harlots, like the Coan Venus fair,  
 Move their light feet to each lascivious air.

Hence with your orgies!—righteous Heaven ordains  
 A purer worship, less audacious strains.  
 When falls by William's sword (as soon it must)  
 This Edifice of bigotry and lust,  
 The Muse shall start from her inglorious trance,  
 And give to Satire's grasp her vengeful lance,  
 At Truth's historic shrine shall victims smoke,  
 And a fresh Stuart bleed at every stroke :  
 Thine too, perfidious Albemarle (whose steel,  
 Drawn to protect embroil'd Britannia's weal,  
 Shrunk from thy coward arm, consign'd the reins  
 Of power to Charles, and forg'd a nation's chains)  
 Compar'd with nobler villainies of old,  
 High deeds, on plates of adamant enroll'd,  
 Shall meet the felon's undistinguish'd fate,  
 Sure of contempt, unworthy of our hate.



Once more emerging from this baleful reign  
 Of Stuart Kings, and from the Pontiff's chain,  
 By Boyne's swift current Freedom rear'd her head,  
 When from those banks the Papal Tyrant fled ;  
 Then every vale with Io Pæans rung  
 As the glad reaper at his harvest sung,  
 Thee, great Nassau, benevolently brave,  
 Equally born to conquer, and to save,  
 When Glory's sounding trump to Gallia's shore,  
 Th' exulting shouts of British Freedom bore,  
 Dismay'd she saw the kindling ardor burn,  
 And Seine hung trembling o'er her wasted urn.

Warm with the same benevolence of mind,  
 Friends to the native rights of human kind,  
 Succeeding Kings extend the generous plan,  
 And Brunswick perfects what Nassau began.  
 Thrice happy Albion! in whose favour'd land  
 Impartial Justice with a steady hand  
 Poises the scales of empire ; where the names  
 Of servile tenure, and the feudal claims  
 Of Norman Peers in musty tomes decay,  
 Swept by obliterating years away.

But if in Faction's loud and empty strain  
 You frontless rabble vex a gentle reign,  
 In Peace itself ideal dangers find,  
 Provoke new wars, and challenge half mankind ;  
 What tho' another Tully at their head  
 From breast to breast the rank contagion spread :

Say,



Say, what are we? some pension'd Patriot's tools,  
 Meer artless, unsuspecting, British fools:

Born in a changeful clime, beneath a sky  
 Whence storms descend, and hovering vapours fly,  
 Stung with the fever, tortur'd with the spleen,  
 Boisterously merry, churlishly serene,  
 By each vague blast dejected or elate,  
 Dupes in their love, immoderate in their hate,  
 With strange formality, or bearish ease,  
 Then most disgustful, when they strive to please,  
 No happy mean the sons of Albion know,  
 Their wavering tempers ever ebb and flow,  
 Rank contraries, in nothing they agree;  
 Untaught to serve, unable to be free.

While parties rage, O Truth! with honest zeal  
 To thee, protectress of my lays, I kneel;  
 O deign to shew me in their real light,  
 Stript of that glare which cheats the dazzled sight,  
 The Chiefs, whose blazon'd deeds and sounding worth  
 Usurp a sphere above the sons of earth;  
 Ope dark Futurity's instructive womb,  
 Conduct me to the mansions of the tomb,  
 Where titles cease, where worldly pomp is o'er,  
 Mute are the Nine, and Flattery soothes no more:  
 So may I take a more impartial view,  
 Forget the rank, and give the man his due.

Yet



Yet what regards it or the world, or me,  
 How Fame awards her posthumous decree,  
 If man, unconscious of her loudest breath,  
 Sleep a cold tenant of the vale of death?  
 Let the delirious Siamois compute  
 How Sommonokodon his worshipp'd brute,  
 Thro' being's long progressive stages trod,  
 Began an Ox, and ended in a God.  
 Our fleeting souls let the weak <sup>t</sup> Samian trace  
 In birds, in beasts, and all the finny race;  
 These baseless structures, fictions light and vain,  
 Coin'd in the foldings of an idle brain,  
 To their absurd inventors I resign,  
 They are not in the Church's creed, or mine.

But shall the Peasant from his turf-bound grave  
 Or rise no more, or wake again a Slave?  
 And shall the Monarch in a future state,  
 With the same visionary pomp elate,  
 Resume the trappings of his lost command,  
 And wield a mimic scepter in his hand?

Tho' gloomy Bigots paint a partial God,  
 Bare his red arm, and lift his scorpion rod;  
 Tho' on a text perverting Zealots dwell,  
 Till Scripture suits the purposes of hell;  
 Think for thyself;—suppose life's voyage o'er;  
 Think for thyself, and envy Kings no more:

<sup>t</sup> Pythagoras.

Resign'd



Resign'd and calm await that awful hour,  
 That crisis of all sublunary power,  
 When wreaths of glory shall adorn the Just,  
 And Empire's proud Colossus sink to dust.

L O V E E L E G I E S.

B Y ———.

E L E G Y I.

**T**IS night, dead night; and o'er the plain  
 Darkness extends her ebon ray,  
 While wide along the gloomy scene  
 Deep Silence holds her solemn sway:

Throughout the earth no chearful beam  
 The melancholic eye surveys,  
 Save where the worm's fantastic gleam  
 The 'nighted traveller betrays:

The savage race (so Heaven decrees)  
 No longer thro' the forest rove;  
 All nature rests, and not a breeze  
 Disturbs the stillness of the grove:



All nature rests ; in Sleep's soft arms  
 The village swain forgets his care ;  
 Sleep, that the sting of Sorrow charms,  
 And heals all sadness but Despair :

Despair alone her power denies,  
 And, when the sun withdraws his rays,  
 To the wild beach distracted flies,  
 Or cheerless thro' the desert strays ;

Or, to the church-yard's horrors led,  
 While fearful echoes burst around,  
 On some cold stone he leans his head,  
 Or throws his body on the ground.

To some such drear and solemn scene,  
 Some friendly power direct my way,  
 Where pale Misfortune's haggard train,  
 Sad luxury! delight to stray.

Wrapp'd in the solitary gloom,  
 Retir'd from life's fantastic crew,  
 Resign'd, I'll wait my final doom,  
 And bid the busy world adieu.

The world has now no joy for me,  
 Nor can life now one pleasure boast,  
 Since all my eyes desir'd to see,  
 My wish, my hope, my all, is lost ;

Since



Since she, so form'd to please and bless,  
 So wise, so innocent, so fair,  
 Whose converse sweet made sorrow less,  
 And brighten'd all the gloom of care,

Since she is lost :—Ye powers divine,  
 What have I done, or thought, or said,  
 O say, what horrid act of mine  
 Has drawn this vengeance on my head!

Why should Heaven favour Lycon's claim?  
 Why are my heart's best wishes crost?  
 What fairer deeds adorn his name?  
 What nobler merit can he boast?

What higher worth in him was found  
 My true heart's service to outweigh?  
 A senseless fop!—A dull compound  
 Of scarcely animated clay!

He dress'd, indeed, he danc'd with ease,  
 And charm'd her by repeating o'er  
 Unmeaning raptures in her praise,  
 That twenty fools had said before:

But I, alas! who thought all art  
 My passion's force would meanly prove,  
 Could only boast an honest heart,  
 And claim'd no merit but my love.

Have



Have I not fate—Ye conscious hours  
 Be witnesses—while my Stella sung,  
 From morn to eve, with all my powers  
 Rapt in th' enchantment of her tongue!

Ye conscious hours, that saw me stand  
 Entranc'd in wonder and surprize,  
 In silent rapture press her hand,  
 With passion bursting from my eyes,

Have I not lov'd?—O earth and Heaven!  
 Where now is all my youthful boast?  
 The dear exchange I hop'd was given  
 For slighted fame and fortune lost!

Where now the joys that once were mine?  
 Where all my hopes of future blifs?  
 Must I those joys, these hopes resign?  
 Is all her friendship come to this?

Must then each woman faithless prove;  
 And each fond lover be undone?  
 Are vows no more!—Almighty Love!  
 The sad remembrance let me shun!

It will not be—My honest heart  
 The dear sad image still retains;  
 And, spite of reason, spite of art,  
 The dreadful memory remains.



Ye powers divine, whose wondrous skill  
 Deep in the womb of time can see,  
 Behold, I bend me to your will,  
 Nor dare arraign your high decree.

Let her be blest with health, with ease,  
 With all your bounty has in store;  
 Let sorrow cloud my future days,  
 Be Stella blest!—I ask no more.

But lo! where, high in yonder east,  
 The star of morning mounts apace!  
 Hence—let me fly th' unwelcome guest,  
 And bid the Muse's labour cease.

E L E G Y II.

BY THE SAME.

WHEN, young, life's journey I began,  
 The glittering prospect charm'd my eyes,  
 I saw along th' extended plan  
 Joy after joy successive rise;

And



And Fame her golden trumpet blew ;  
 And Power display'd her gorgeous charms ;  
 And Wealth engag'd my wandering view ;  
 And Pleasure woo'd me to her arms :

To each by turns my vows I paid,  
 As Folly led me to admire ;  
 While Fancy magnified each shade,  
 And Hope increas'd each fond desire :

But soon I found 'twas all a dream ;  
 And learn'd the fond pursuit to shun,  
 Where few can reach their purpos'd aim,  
 And thousands daily are undone :

And Fame, I found, was empty air ;  
 And Wealth had Terror for her guest ;  
 And Pleasure's path was strewn with care ;  
 And Power was vanity at best.

Tir'd of the chace, I gave it o'er ;  
 And, in a far sequester'd shade,  
 To Contemplation's sober power  
 My youth's next services I paid.

There Health and Peace adorn'd the scene ;  
 And oft, indulgent to my prayer,  
 With mirthful eye and frolic mien,  
 The Muse would deign to visit there :



There would she oft delighted rove  
 The flower-enamell'd vale along ;  
 Or wander with me thro' the grove,  
 And listen to the woodlark's song ;

Or, 'mid the forest's awful gloom,  
 Whilst wild amazement fill'd my eyes,  
 Recal past ages from the tomb,  
 And bid ideal worlds arise.

Thus in the Muse's favour blest,  
 One wish alone my soul could frame,  
 And Heaven bestow'd, to crown the rest,  
 A friend, and Thyrsis was his name.

For manly constancy, and truth,  
 And worth, unconscious of a stain,  
 He bloom'd the flower of Britain's youth,  
 The boast and wonder of the plain.

Still with our years our friendship grew ;  
 No cares did then my peace destroy ;  
 Time brought new blessings as he flew,  
 And every hour was wing'd with joy.

But soon the blissful scene was lost,  
 Soon did the sad reverse appear ;  
 Love came, like an untimely frost,  
 To blast the promise of my year.



I saw young Daphne's angel-form,  
 (Fool that I was, I blest'd the smart)  
 And, while I gaz'd, nor thought of harm,  
 The dear infection seiz'd my heart.

She was—at least in Damon's eyes—  
 Made up of loveliness and grace,  
 Her heart a stranger to disguise,  
 Her mind as perfect as her face :

To hear her speak, to see her move,  
 (Unhappy I, alas ! the while)  
 Her voice was joy, her look was love,  
 And Heaven was open'd in her smile !

She heard me breathe my amorous prayers,  
 She listen'd to the tender strain,  
 She heard my sighs, she saw my tears,  
 And seem'd at length to share my pain :

She said she lov'd—and I, poor youth !  
 (How soon, alas, can Hope persuade !)  
 Thought all she said no more than truth,  
 And all my love was well repaid.

In joys unknown to courts or kings,  
 With her I fate the live-long day,  
 And said and look'd such tender things,  
 As none beside could look or say !



How soon can Fortune shift the scene,  
 And all our earthly bliss destroy?  
 Care hovers round, and Grief's fell train  
 Still treads upon the heels of Joy.

My age's hope, my youth's best boast,  
 My soul's chief blessing, and my pride,  
 In one sad moment all were lost,  
 And Daphne chang'd, and Thyrsis died.

O who, that heard her vows ere-while,  
 Could dream these vows were insincere?  
 Or who could think, that saw her smile,  
 That fraud could find admittance there?

Yet she was false—my heart will break!  
 Her frauds, her perjuries were such—  
 Some other tongue than mine must speak—  
 I have not power to say how much!

Ye swains, hence warn'd, avoid the bait,  
 O shun her paths, the traitress shun!  
 Her voice is death, her smile is fate,  
 Who hears, or sees her, is undone.

And, when Death's hand shall close my eye,  
 (For soon, I know, the day will come)  
 O chear my spirit with a sigh,  
 And grave these lines upon my tomb!



## T H E E P I T A P H.

Consign'd to dust, beneath this stone,  
 In manhood's prime is Damon laid ;  
 Joyless he liv'd, and dy'd unknown  
 In bleak misfortune's barren shade.

Lov'd by the Muse, but lov'd in vain—  
 'Twas beauty drew his ruin on ;  
 He saw young Daphne on the plain ;  
 He lov'd, believ'd, and was undone.

His heart then sunk beneath the storm,  
 (Sad meed of unexampled truth)  
 And sorrow, like an envious worm,  
 Devour'd the blossom of his youth.

Beneath this stone the youth is laid—  
 O greet his ashes with a tear !  
 May Heaven with blessings crown his shade,  
 And grant that peace he wanted here !





AN INSCRIPTION

WRITTEN UPON ONE OF THE <sup>u</sup> TUBS IN HAM-WALKS,  
SEPTEMBER, 1760.

BY THE SAME.

**D**ARK was the sky with many a cloud,  
The fearful lightnings flash'd around,  
Low to the blast the forest bow'd,  
And bellowing thunders rock'd the ground ;

Fast fell the rains upon my head,  
And weak and weary were my feet,  
When lo! this hospitable shed  
At length supply'd a kind retreat.

That in fair memory's faithful page  
The bard's escape may flourish long,  
Yet shuddering from the tempest's rage,  
He dedicates the votive song.

<sup>u</sup> Two seats in Ham-walks, called Tubs, from their form, which resembles an hog'shead split in two.



For ever sacred be the earth  
 From whence the tree its vigour drew!  
 The hour that gave the seedling birth!  
 The forest where the scyon grew!

Long honour'd may his ashes rest,  
 Who first the tender shoot did rear!  
 Blest be his name!—But doubly blest  
 The friendly hand that plac'd it here!

O ne'er may war, or wind, or wave,  
 This pleasurable scene deform,  
 But time still spare the seat, which gave  
 The poet shelter from the storm!





V E R S E S

WRITTEN UPON A PEDESTAL BENEATH A ROW OF ELMS  
IN A MEADOW NEAR RICHMOND FERRY, BELONGING  
TO RICHARD OWEN CAMBRIDGE, ESQ. SEPTEMBER  
1760.

BY THE SAME.

<sup>w</sup> **Y**E green-hair'd Nymphs, whom Pan allows  
To guard from harm these favour'd boughs;  
Ye blue-ey'd Naiads of the stream,  
That soothe the warm poetic dream;  
Ye elves and sprights, that thronging round,  
When midnight darkens all the ground,  
In antic measures uncontroll'd,  
Your fairy sports and revels hold,  
And up and down, where-e'er ye pass,  
With many a ringlet print the grass;  
If e'er the bard hath hail'd your power  
At morn's grey dawn, or evening hour;

<sup>w</sup> The first line of this little piece is borrowed from an Ode of Mr.  
Mason's, published in Doddsley's Miscellanies.



If e'er by moon-light on the plain  
 Your ears have caught th' enraptur'd strain ;  
 From every flow'ret's velvet head,  
 From reverend Thames's oozy bed,  
 From these moss'd elms, where, prison'd deep,  
 Conceal'd from human eyes, ye sleep,  
 If these your haunts be worth your care,  
 Awake, arise, and hear my prayer !

O banish from this peaceful plain  
 The perjur'd nymph, the faithless swain,  
 The stubborn heart, that scorns to bow  
 And harsh rejects the honest vow :  
 The fop, who wounds the virgin's ear,  
 With aught that sense would blush to hear,  
 Or, false to honour, mean and vain,  
 Defames the worth he cannot stain :  
 The light coquet, with various art,  
 Who casts her net for every heart,  
 And smiling flatters to the chace  
 Alike the worthy and the base :  
 The dame, who, proud of virtue's praise,  
 Is happy if a sister strays,  
 And, conscious of unclouded fame,  
 Delighted, spreads the tale of shame :  
 But far, O ! banish'd far be they,  
     Who hear unmov'd the orphan's cry ;  
 Who see, nor wish to wipe away  
     The tear that swells the widow's eye ;



The unloving man, whose narrow mind  
 Disdains to feel for human-kind,  
 At others' bliss whose cheek ne'er glows,  
 Whose breast ne'er throbs with others' woes,  
 Whose hoarded sum of private joys  
 His private care alone destroys;  
 Ye fairies cast your spells around,  
 And guard from such this hallow'd ground!

But welcome all, who fight with truth,  
 Each constant maid and faithful youth,  
 Whom mutual love alone hath join'd,  
 Sweet union of the willing mind!  
 Hearts pair'd in Heaven, not meanly fold,  
 Law-licens'd prostitutes for gold:  
 And welcome thrice, and thrice again,  
 The chosen few, the worthy train,  
 Whose steady feet, untaught to stray,  
 Still tread where virtue marks the way;  
 Whose souls no thought, whose hands have known  
 No deed, which honour might not own;  
 Who, torn with pain, or stung with care,  
 In others' bliss can claim a part,  
 And, in life's brightest hour, can share  
 Each pang that wrings another's heart:  
 Ye guardian spirits, when such ye see,  
 Sweet peace be theirs, and welcome free!  
 Clear be the sky from clouds or showers!  
 Green be the turf, and fresh the flowers!

And



And that the youth, whose pious care  
Lays on your shrine this honest prayer,  
May, with the rest, admittance gain,  
And visit oft this pleasant scene,  
Let all who love the Muse attend:  
Who loves the Muse is Virtue's friend!

Such then alone may venture here,  
Who, free from guilt, are free from fear;  
Whose wide affections can embrace  
The whole extent of human race;  
Whom Virtue and her friends approve;  
Whom Cambridge and the Muses love.

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## THE RECANTATION.

AN ODE.

BY ———.

**B**Y Love too long depriv'd of rest,  
(Fell tyrant of the human breast!)  
His vassal long, and worn with pain,  
Indignant late I spurn'd the chain;  
In verse, in prose, I sung and swore  
No charms should e'er enslave me more,

Not



Nor neck, nor hair, nor lip, nor eye,  
Again should force one tender sigh.

As, taught by Heaven's informing power,  
From every fruit and every flower,  
That nature opens to the view,  
The bee extracts the nectar-dew ;  
A vagrant thus, and free to change,  
From fair to fair I vow'd to range,  
And part from each without regret  
As pleas'd and happy as I met.

Then Freedom's praise inspir'd my tongue,  
With Freedom's praise the vallies rung,  
And every night and every day  
My heart thus pour'd th' enraptur'd lay ;  
“ My cares are gone, my sorrows cease,  
“ My breast regains its wonted peace,  
“ And joy and hope returning prove,  
“ That Reason is too strong for Love.”

Such was my boast—but, ah! how vain!  
How short was Reason's vaunted reign!  
The firm resolve I form'd ere-while,  
How weak, oppos'd to Clara's smile!  
Chang'd is the strain—The vallies round  
With Freedom's praise no more resound,  
But every night and every day  
My full heart pour'd the alter'd lay.

Offended



Offended deity, whose power  
 My rebel tongue but now forswore,  
 Accept my penitence sincere,  
 My crime forgive, and grant my prayer !  
 Let not thy slave, condemn'd to mourn,  
 With unrequited passion burn ;  
 With Love's soft thoughts her breast inspire,  
 And kindle there an equal fire !

It is not beauty's gaudy flower,  
 (The empty triumph of an hour)  
 Nor practis'd wiles of female art,  
 That now subdue my destin'd heart :  
 O no!—'Tis Heaven, whose wondrous hand  
 A transcript of itself hath plann'd,  
 And to each outward grace hath join'd  
 Each lovelier feature of the mind.

These charms shall last, when others fly,  
 When roses fade, and lilies die ;  
 When that dear eye's declining beam  
 Its living fire no more shall stream :  
 Blest then, and happy in my chain,  
 The song of Freedom flows in vain ;  
 Nor Reason's harsh reproof I fear,  
 For Reason's self is Passion here.

O dearer far than wealth or fame,  
 My daily thought, my nightly dream,



If yet no youth's successful art  
 (Sweet Hope) hath touch'd thy gentle heart,  
 If yet no swain hath blest thy choice,  
 Indulgent hear thy Damon's voice;  
 From doubts, from fears his bosom free,  
 And bid him live—for Love and Thee!

---

## ODE TO HORROR.

IN THE ALLEGORIC, DESCRIPTIVE, ALLITERATIVE,  
 EPITHETICAL, FANTASTIC, HYPERBOLICAL, AND  
 DIABOLICAL STYLE OF OUR MODERN ODE-WRIGHTS,  
 AND MONODY-MONGERS.

B Y ———.

**O** GODDESS of the gloomy scene,  
 Of shadowy shapes thou black-brow'd queen;  
 Thy tresses dark with ivy crown'd,  
 On yonder mouldering abby found;  
 Oft wont from charnels damp and dim  
 To call the sheeted spectre grim,  
 While as his loose chains loudly clink,  
 Thou add'st a length to every link:

© thou;



O thou, that lov'st at eve to seek  
 The pensive-pacing pilgrim meek,  
 And set'st before his shuddering eyes  
 Strange forms, and fiends of giant-size,  
 As wildly works thy wizzard will,  
 Till fear-struck Fancy has her fill :  
 Dark power, whose magic might prevails  
 O'er hermit-rocks, and fairy-vales ;  
 O Goddes, erst by <sup>x</sup> Spenser view'd,  
 What time th' enchanter vile embrued,  
 His hands in Florimel's pure heart,  
 Till loos'd by steel-clad Britomart :  
 O thou that erst on Fancy's wing  
 Didst terror-trembling <sup>y</sup> Tasso bring,  
 To groves where kept damn'd Furies dire  
 Their blue-tipt battlements of fire :  
 Thou that thro' many a darksome pine,  
 O'er the rugged rock recline,  
 Did'st wake the hollow-whispering breeze  
 With care-consumed Eloise :  
 O thou, with whom in chearless cell,  
 The midnight-clock pale pris'ners tell ;  
 O haste thee, mild Miltonic maid,  
 From yonder yew's sequester'd shade ;  
 More bright than all the fabled Nine,  
 Teach me to breathe the solemn line !

<sup>x</sup> Spenser's Fairy Queen, b. 3. canto 12.

<sup>y</sup> Giann. Liberat. b. 14.



O bid my well-rang'd numbers rise  
 Pervious to none but Attic eyes;  
 O give the strain that madness moves,  
 Till every starting sense approves!

What felt the Gallic <sup>z</sup> traveller,  
 When far in Arab-desert drear  
 He found within the catacomb,  
 Alive, the terrors of a tomb?  
 While many a mummy thro' the shade,  
 In hieroglyphic stole array'd,  
 Seem'd to uprear the mystic head,  
 And trace the gloom with ghostly tread;  
 Thou heard'st him pour the stifled groan;  
 Horror! his soul was all thy own!

O mother of the fire-clad thought,  
 O haste thee from thy grave-like grot!  
 (What time the witch perform'd her rite)  
 Sprung from th' embrace of Taste and Night!  
 O queen! that erst did'st thinly spread  
 The willowy leaves o'er <sup>a</sup> Isis' head,  
 And to her meek mien did'st dispense  
 Woe's most awful negligence;  
 What time, in cave, with visage pale,  
 She told her elegiac tale:  
 O thou! whom wandering Warton saw,  
 Amaz'd with more than youthful awe,

<sup>z</sup> I do not remember that any poetical use has been made of this story.

<sup>a</sup> See Isis, an Elegy.



As by the pale moon's glimmering gleam  
 He mus'd his melancholy theme <sup>b</sup> :  
 O curfeu-loving goddess, haste!  
 O waft me to some Scythian waste,  
 Where, in Gothic solitude,  
 'Mid prospects most sublimely rude,  
 Beneath a rough rock's gloomy chasm,  
 Thy sister sits, Enthusiasm :  
 Let me with her, in magic trance,  
 Hold most delirious dalliance ;  
 Till I, thy pensive votary,  
 Horror, look madly wild like thee ;  
 Until I gain true transport's shore,  
 And life's retiring scene is o'er ;  
 Aspire to some more azure sky,  
 Remote from dim mortality ;  
 At length, recline the fainting head,  
 In Druid-dreams dissolv'd and dead.

<sup>b</sup> See The Pleasures of Melancholy, a poem.









Then Cupid (for what match is made  
By poets without Cupid's aid?)  
Picks out the swiftest of his darts,  
And pierces instant both their hearts.

Your fearful Prose-men here might doubt  
How best to bring this match about,  
For winds and waves are ill-bred things,  
And little care for Queens and Kings;  
But as the Gods assembled stand,  
And wait each youthful bard's command,  
All fancy'd dangers they deride  
Of boisterous winds, and swelling tide;  
Neptune is call'd to wait upon her,  
And sea-nymphs are her maids of honour;  
Whilst we, instead of eastern gales,  
With vows and praises fill the sails,  
And when, with due poetic care  
They safely land the Royal Fair,  
'They catch the happy simile  
Of Venus rising from the sea.  
Soon as she moves, the hill and vale  
Responsive tell the joyful tale;  
And wonder holds th'enraptur'd throng  
To see the Goddess pass along;  
The bowing forests all adore her,  
And flowers spontaneous spring before her,  
Where you and I all day might travel,  
And meet with nought but sand and gravel;

But



But poets have a piercing eye,  
 And many pretty things can spy,  
 Which neither you nor I can see,  
 But then the fault's in you and me.  
 The King astonish'd must appear,  
 And find that Fame has wrong'd his dear;  
 Then Hymen, like a bishop, stands,  
 To join the lovers' plighted hands;  
 Apollo and the Muses wait,  
 The nuptial song to celebrate.

But I, who rarely spend my time  
 In paying court or spinning rhyme,  
 Who cannot from the high abodes  
 Call down; at will, a troop of Gods,  
 Must in the plain profane way  
 The wishes of my soul convey.  
 May Heaven our Monarch's choice approve,  
 May he be blest with mutual love,  
 And be as happy with his Queen,  
 As with my Chloe I have been,  
 When wandering thro' the beechen grove,  
 She sweetly smil'd and talk'd of love!  
 And O! that he may live to see  
 A son as wife and good as he;  
 And may his consort grace the throne  
 With virtues equal to his own!  
 Our courtly bards will needs be telling,  
 That she's like Venus, or like Helen;



I wish that she may prove as fair  
 As Egremont and Pembroke are ;  
 For tho' by fages 'tis confess'd,  
 That beauty's but a toy at best ;  
 Yet 'tis, methinks, in married life,  
 A pretty douceur with a wife :  
 And may the minutes as they fly  
 Strengthen still the nuptial tye,  
 While hand in hand thro' life they go,  
 Till love shall into friendship grow ;  
 For tho' these blessings rarely wait  
 On regal pomp, and tinsel'd state,  
 Yet happiness is virtue's lot,  
 Alike in palace and in cot :  
 'Tis true, the grave affairs of state  
 With little folks have little weight ;  
 Yet I confess my patriot heart  
 In Britain's welfare bears its part ;  
 With transport glows at George's name,  
 And triumphs in its country's fame :  
 With hourly pleasure I can sit  
 And talk of Granby, Hawke, and Pitt ;  
 And whilst I praise the good and brave,  
 Disdain the coward and the knave.  
 At growth of taxes others fret,  
 And shudder at the nation's debt ;  
 I ne'er the fancied ills bemoan,  
 No debts disturb me, but my own.

What!



What! tho' our coffers sink, our trade  
Repairs the breach which war has made;  
And if expences now run high,  
Our minds must with our means comply.  
Thus far my politics extend,  
And here my warmest wishes end,  
May Merit flourish, Faction cease,  
And I and Europe live in Peace!

A M I N T A.

A N E L E G Y.

BY M R. G E R R A R D.

**A**N o'ergrown wood my wandering steps invade,  
With surface mantled in untrodden snow;  
Dire haunt, for none but savage monsters made,  
Where frosts descend, and howling tempests blow.

Here, from the search of busy mortals stray'd,

My woe-worn soul shall hug her galling chain:

For sure, no forest boasts too deep a shade,

No haunt too wild for misery to remain.



O my Aminta! dear distracting name!

Late all my comfort, all my fond delight;  
Still writhes my soul beneath its torturing flame,  
Still thy pale image fills my aching sight!

When shall vain memory slumber o'er her woes?

When to oblivion be her tale resign'd?

When shall this fatal form in death repose,  
Like thine, fair victim, to the dust consign'd?

Again the accents falter on my tongue;

Again to tear the conscious tear succeeds;

From sharp reflection is the dagger sprung,  
And Nature, wounded to the center, bleeds.

Ye bitter skies! upon the tale descend—

Ye blasts! tho' rude your visits, lend an ear—

Around, ye gentler oaks, your branches bend,  
And, as ye listen, drop an icy tear.

'Twas when the step with conscious pleasure roves,

Where round the shades the circling woodbines throng;

When Flora wantons o'er th' enamell'd groves,

And feather'd choirs indulge the amorous song.

Inspir'd by duteous love, I fondly stray'd,

Two milk-white doves officious to ensnare:

Beneath a silent thicket as they play'd,

A grateful present for my softer fair.

But



But ah! in smiles no more they met my sight,  
 Their ruffled heads lay gasping on the ground :  
 Where (my dire emblem) a rapacious Kite  
 Tore their soft limbs, and strew'd their plumes around.

The tear of pity stole into my eye ;  
 While ruder passions in their turn succeed ;  
 Forbid the victims unreveng'd to die,  
 And doom the author of their wrongs to bleed.

With hasty step, enrag'd, I homewards ran,  
 (Curse on my speed!) th' unerring tube I brought :  
 That fatal hour my date of woe began,  
 Too sharp to tell—too horrible for thought—

Disastrous deed!—irrevocable ill!—  
 How shall I tell the anguish of my Fate!  
 Teach me, remorseless monsters, not to feel,  
 Instruct me, fiends and furies, to relate!

Wrathful behind the guilty shade I stole,  
 I rais'd the tube—the clamorous woods resound—  
 Too late I saw the idol of my soul,  
 Struck by my aim, fall shrieking to the ground!

No other bliss her soul allow'd but me ;  
 (Hapless the pair, that thus indulgent prove)  
 She sought concealment from a shady tree,  
 In amorous silence to observe her love.



I ran—but O! too soon I found it true!—  
 From her stain'd breast life's crimson stream'd apace—  
 From her wan eyes the sparkling lustres flew—  
 The short-liv'd roses faded from her face!

Gods!—could I bear that fond reproachful look;  
 That strove her peerless innocence to plead!—  
 But partial death awhile her tongue forsook,  
 To save a wretch that doom'd himself to bleed.

While I distracted press'd her in my arms,  
 And fondly strove to imbibe her latest breath;  
 “O spare, rash love, she cry'd, thy fatal charms,  
 “Nor seek cold shelter in the arms of death.

“Content beneath thy erring hand I die.  
 “Our fates grew envious of a bliss so true;  
 “Then urge not thy distress when low I lie,  
 “But in this breath receive my last adieu!”—

No more she spake, but droop'd her lily head!  
 In death she sicken'd—breathless—haggard—pale—  
 While all my inmost soul with horror bled,  
 And ask'd kind vengeance from the passing gale:

Where slept your bolts, ye lingering lightnings say?  
 Why riv'd ye not this self-condemned breast?—  
 Or why, too passive earth, didst thou delay,  
 To stretch thy jaws, and crush me into rest?—



Low in the dust the beauteous corse I plac'd,  
 Bedew'd and soft with many a falling tear;  
 With sable yew the rising turf I grac'd,  
 And bade the cypress mourn in silence near.

Oft as bright morn's all-searching eye returns,  
 Full to my view the fatal spot is brought;  
 Thro' sleepless night my haunted spirit mourns,  
 No gloom can hide me from distracting thought.

When, spotless victim, shall my form decay?  
 This guilty load, say, when shall I resign?  
 When shall my spirit wing her cheerless way,  
 And my cold corse lie treasur'd up with thine?



PETHERTON



P E T H E R T O N - B R I D G E .

A N E L E G Y .

INSCRIBED TO THE REV. MR. BEAN, OF STOKE-SUB-  
HAMDON, SOMERSET.

B Y T H E S A M E .

O Bean! whose fond connubial days  
A beauteous infant-race attend;  
Say, wilt thou once more aid my lays,  
And join the patron to the friend?

But not o'er bright Aonian plains,  
Enraptur'd as we us'd to roam:  
The Muse each joyous thought restrains,  
And calls her wing'd ideas home.

<sup>2</sup> Tradition holds, that the catastrophe alluded to in this elegy happened about two centuries ago; of which the sculpture is yet to be seen at the above-mentioned bridge, near South-Petherton, Somerset.

The



The wedded pair for children pray ;  
 They come—fair blessings from the skies :  
 What raptures gild the halcyon day !

What joys in distant azure rise !

But ah ! enamour'd as they view  
 The smiling, hopeful, infant-train,  
 Unseen, misfortune marks his due,  
 Unheard, he threatens the heart with pain.

Had sad disaster ne'er ensnar'd  
 The soft, the innocent, and young,  
 The tender Muse had gladly spar'd  
 The little heroes of her song.

See'st thou the limpid current glide  
 Beneath yon bridge, my hapless theme,  
 Where brambles fringe its verdant side,  
 And willows tremble o'er the stream ?

From Petherton it takes its name,  
 From whence two smiling infants stray'd :  
 Led by the stream they hither came,  
 And on the flowery margin play'd.

Sweet victims ! must your short-liv'd day  
 So soon extinguish in the wave ;  
 And point the setting sun his way,  
 That glimmer'd o'er your watry grave !



As each by childish fancy led,  
 Cropt the broad daisies as they sprung ;  
 Lay stretch'd along the verdant bed,  
 And sweetly ply'd the lisping tongue ;

Lo! from the spray-deserted steep,  
 Where either way the twigs divide,  
 The one roll'd headlong to the deep,  
 And plung'd beneath the closing tide.

The other saw, and from the land,  
 (While nature imag'd strange distress)  
 Stretch'd o'er the brink his little hand,  
 The fruitless signal of redress.

The offer'd pledge, without delay,  
 The struggling victim rose and caught ;  
 But ah! in vain—their fatal way,  
 They both descended swift as thought.

Short was the wave-oppressing space ;  
 Convuls'd with pains too sharp to bear,  
 Their lives dissolv'd in one embrace ;  
 Their mingled souls flew up in air.

Lo! there yon time-worn sculpture shews  
 The sad, the melancholy truth ;  
 What pangs the tortur'd parent knows,  
 What snares await defenceless youth.

Here,



Here, not to sympathy unknown,  
 Full oft the sad Muse wandering near,  
 Bends silent o'er the mossy stone,  
 And wets it with a willing tear.

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## A N E P I S T L E

FROM AN UNFORTUNATE GENTLEMAN, TO A YOUNG

LADY <sup>b</sup>.

BY THE SAME.

**T**HESSE, the last lines my trembling hands can write,  
 These words, the last my dying lips recite;  
 Read, and repent that your unkindness gave  
 A wretched lover an untimely grave!  
 Sunk by despair from life's enchanting view,  
 Lost, ever lost to happiness and you!—  
 No more these eye-lids shower incessant tears,  
 No more my spirit sinks with boding fears;  
 No more your frowns my suing passion meet,  
 No more I fall submissive at your feet:  
 With fruitless love this heart shall cease to burn,  
 Life's empty dream shall never-more return.

<sup>b</sup> Occasioned by a catastrophe well known in the West.

Think



Think not, that labouring to subdue your hate,  
 My artful soul forebodes a fancied fate;  
 For e'er yon sun descends his western way,  
 Cold shall I lie, a lifeless lump of clay!

Tir'd of my long encounters with disdain,  
 Peaceful my pulse, and ebbing from its pain;  
 Each vital movement sinking to decay,  
 And my spent soul just languishing away;  
 E'er my last breath yet hovers to depart,  
 I prompt my hand to pour out all my heart.  
 The hand, oft rais'd compassion to implore;  
 The heart, that burns with slighted fires no more!

Relentless nymph! of nature's fairest frame,  
 Unpitying soul, and woman but in name;  
 Angelic bloom the coldest heart to win,  
 Without, allurements, but disdain within;  
 Regard the sounds which seal my parting breath,  
 E'er the vain murmurs shall be hush'd in death,  
 Let pity view what love disdain'd to save,  
 And mourn a wretch sent headlong to the grave,

Profuse of all an anxious lover's care,  
 To urge his suit, and win the listening fair;  
 Try'd every purpose to relieve my woe,  
 My soul chides not, for innocent I go;  
 Save when soft pity bids my gentler mind  
 Shrink at your fate, and drop a tear behind:

How



How oft and fruitless have I strove to move  
 Unfeeling beauty with the pangs of love;  
 As rose your breast with captivating grace,  
 And heighten'd charms flew blushing to your face;  
 Insulting charms! that gave a fiercer wound,  
 Fond as I lay, and prostrate on the ground.  
 Heavens! with what scorn you strove my suit to meet,  
 Frown'd with your eyes, and spurn'd me with your feet!  
 To bleeding love such hard returns you gave,  
 As barbarous rocks that dash the pressing wave.  
 O could your looks have turn'd my hapless fate,  
 And frown'd my short-liv'd passion into hate;  
 Then had no scattering breeze my sorrows known,  
 Nor vale responsive had prolong'd the moan;  
 Then had those lips ne'er learnt their woeful tale,  
 Nor death yet cloath'd them in eternal pale.

Oft to the woods in frantic rage I flew  
 To cool my bosom with the falling dew;  
 Oft in sad accents sigh'd each prompting ill,  
 And taught wild oaks to pity and to feel;  
 Till with despair my heart rekindled burns,  
 And all the anguish of my soul returns.

Then restless to the fragrant meads I hie,  
 Death in my face, distraction in my eye;  
 There as reclin'd along the verdant plain,  
 My grief renews her heart-wrung strains again,  
 Lo! pitying Phœbus sinks, with sorrow pale,  
 And mournful night descends upon the tale!



When tir'd, at length, my wrongs no more complain,  
 And sighs are stifled in obtuser pain;  
 When the deep fountains of my eyes are spent,  
 And fiercer anguish sinks to discontent;  
 Slow I return, and prostrate on my bed  
 Bid the soft pillow lull my heavy head.  
 But O! when downy sleep its court renews,  
 And shades the soul with visionary views,  
 Illusive dreams to fan my slumbering fire,  
 And wake the fever of intense desire,  
 Present your softer image to my sight,  
 All warm with smiles, and glowing with delight;  
 Gods! with what bliss I view thy darling charms,  
 And strive to clasp thee melting in my arms!—  
 But ah! the shade my empty grasp deceives;  
 And as it flits, and my fond soul bereaves,  
 The transient slumbers slip their airy chain,  
 And give me back to all my woes again:  
 There wrapt in floods of grief I sigh forlorn,  
 The constant greetings of unwelcome morn.  
 But should oblivion reassume her sway,  
 And slumbers once more steal my woes away;  
 When the short flights of fancy intervene,  
 Your much-lov'd image fills out every scene.  
 But now no more soft smiles your face adorn,  
 Lo! o'er each feature broods destructive scorn.  
 Suppliant in tears I urge my suit again,  
 Sullen you stand, and view me with disdain;  
 Your ears exclude the story of my smart,  
 Your baleful eyes dart anguish to my heart.

I wake



I wake—glad nature hails returning day,  
 And the wild songsters chaunt their mornin'-lay;  
 The sun in glory mounts the crystal sky;  
 And all creation is in smiles but I.  
 Then, sink in death, my senses!—for in vain  
 You strive to quench the phrenzy of your pain;  
 Break, break, fond heart!—her hate thou can'st not tame,  
 Then take this certain triumph o'er thy flame.  
 'Tis done!—the dread of future wrongs is past—  
 Lo! brittle passion verges to its last!  
 'Tis done!—vain life's illusive scenes are o'er—  
 Disdainful beauty shakes her chains no more.  
 Come, peaceful gloom, expand thy downy breast,  
 And soothe, O soothe me to eternal rest!  
 There hush my plaints, and gently lull my woes,  
 Where one still stream of dull oblivion flows.  
 No labouring breast there heaves with torture's throws,  
 No heart consumes her daily hoard of woes;  
 No dreams of former pain the soul invade,  
 Calmly she sleeps, a sad unthinking shade!

But e'er from thought my struggling soul is free,  
 One latest tear she dedicates to thee.  
 She views thee on the brink of vain despair,  
 Beat thy big breast, and rend thy flowing hair.  
 Feels tort'ring love her fable deluge roll,  
 Weigh down thy senses, and o'erbear thy soul.  
 In vain your heart relents, in vain you weep,  
 No lover wakes from his eternal sleep.



Alas! I see thy frantic spirit rave,  
 And thy last breath expiring on my grave.  
 Is this the fortune of those high-priz'd charms?  
 Ah! spare them for some worthier lover's arms.  
 And may these bodings ne'er with truth agree,  
 May grief and anguish be unknown to thee,  
 May bitter memory ne'er recount with pain,  
 That e'er you frown'd, or I admir'd in vain.

No more—my spirit is prepar'd to fly,  
 Suppress my voice, and stiffen'd is my eye:  
 Death's swimming shadows intercept my view,  
 Vain world, and thou relentless nymph, adieu!



# A S O N G.

BY THE SAME.

**Y**E scenes that engag'd my gay youth,  
 Say, whither so fast do ye fly?  
 If the lesson you told me was truth,  
 Ah! why do ye fade from my eye?

That



That meadow where often I stray'd,  
 That bank, and yon shadowy tree,  
 Those streams, with such fondness survey'd,  
 Have hid all their sweetness from me.

Yon hill that uprears his smooth head,  
 Where the wild-thyme its fragrance bestows,  
 Whose verdures have rose from my bed,  
 And whose breezes have sigh'd my repose.

What tho' from his summit so high,  
 Flock, cottage, and woodland are seen;  
 Yet no more I with fondness descry,  
 For indifference rises between.

Ah! whither, ye sweets, do ye fly?  
 For fancy your absence must mourn;  
 Ah! say, will ye fade from my eye,  
 And yet will ye never return?

That valley, whose mantle so gay,  
 Is with primrose and cowslip o'erspread;  
 No longer invites me to stray,  
 And rife the sweets of their bed.

Not odious at present they look;  
 I discern that their colours are bright;  
 But their charms have my fancy forsook,  
 And their fragrance forgot to delight.



To my cooler attention how dear  
 The soothing complaint of the dove!  
 I have left my companions to hear  
 The wood-linnet warble her love.

Nor these can my footsteps retard ;  
 Or if round me they carelessly fly,  
 From mine eyes they attract no regard,  
 And my ears their soft warblings deny.

Ah ! sure 'tis the bus'ness of life,  
 That bids those endearments depart ;  
 To involve us in cares and in strife,  
 That estrange and entangle the heart.

With destiny all must comply ;  
 Yet cannot my fancy but mourn,  
 For the season that fades from my eye,  
 And the sweets that must never return.





ON THE

## ETERNITY OF THE SUPREME BEING.

BY CHRISTOPHER SMART, M. A.

**H**AIL, wond'rous Being, who in power supreme  
 Exists from everlasting, whose great name  
 Deep in the human heart, and every atom  
 The Air, the Earth, or azure Main contains  
 In undecypher'd characters is wrote—  
 INCOMPREHENSIBLE!—O what can words,  
 The weak interpreters of mortal thoughts,  
 Or what can thoughts (tho' wild of wing they rove  
 Thro' the vast concave of th' ætherial round)  
 If to the Heaven of Heavens they'd wing their way  
 Adventurous, like the birds of night they're lost,  
 And delug'd in the flood of dazzling day.—

May then the youthful, uninspired Bard  
 Presume to hymn th' Eternal; may he soar  
 Where Seraph, and where Cherubin on high  
 Resound th' unceasing plaudits, and with them  
 In the grand Chorus mix his feeble voice?



He may—if Thou, who from the witless babe  
 Ordaineſt honour, glory, ſtrength, and praiſe,  
 Uplift th' unpinion'd Muſe, and deign'ſt t' aſſiſt,  
 GREAT POET OF THE UNIVERSE, his ſong.

Before this earthly Planet wound her courſe  
 Round Light's perennial fountain, before Light  
 Herſelf 'gan ſhine, and at th' inſpiring word  
 Shot to exiſtence in a blaze of day,  
 Before “ the Morning-Stars together ſang,  
 And hail'd Thee Architect of countleſs worlds  
 Thou art—all-glorious, all-beneficent,  
 All Wiſdom and Omnipotence thou art.

But is the æra of Creation fix'd  
 At when theſe worlds began? Could ought retard  
 Goodneſs, that knows no bounds, from bleſſing ever,  
 Or keep th' immeſe Artiſer in ſloth?  
 Avaunt the duſt-directed crawling thought,  
 That Puiſſance immeaſurably vaſt,  
 And Bounty inconceivable, could reſt  
 Content, exhausted with one week of action—  
 No—in th' exertion of thy righteous power,  
 Ten thouſand times more active than the Sun,  
 Thou reign'd, and with a mighty hand compos'd  
 Systems innumerable, matchleſs all,  
 All ſtampt with thine uncounterfeited ſeal.

But yet (if ſtill to more ſtupendous heights  
 The Muſe unblam'd her aching ſenſe may ſtrain)

Perhaps



Perhaps wrapt up in contemplation deep,  
 The best of Beings on the noble theme  
 Might ruminatè at leisure, Scope immense  
 Th' eternal Power and Godhead to explore,  
 And with itself th' omniscient mind replete.

This were enough to fill the boundless All,  
 This were a Sabbath worthy the Supreme !  
 Perhaps enthron'd amidst a choicer few,  
 Of Spirits inferior, he might greatly plan  
 The two prime Pillars of the Universe,  
 Creation and Redemption—and a while  
 Pause—with the grand presentiments of glory.—

Perhaps—but all's conjecture here below,  
 All ignorance, and self-plum'd vanity—  
 O Thou, whose ways to wonder at's distrust,  
 Whom to describe's presumption (all we can—  
 And all we may—) be glorified, be prais'd.

A Day shall come, when all this Earth shall perish,  
 Nor leave behind ev'n Chaos ; it shall come  
 When all the armies of the elements  
 Shall war against themselves, and mutual rage,  
 To make Perdition triumph ; it shall come,  
 When the capacious atmosphere above  
 Shall in sulphureous thunders groan, and die,  
 And vanish into void ; the earth beneath  
 Shall sever to the center, and devour  
 Th' enormous blaze of the destructive flames.  
 Ye rocks, that mock the raving of the floods,



And proudly frown upon th' impatient deep,  
 Where is your grandeur now? Ye foaming waves,  
 That all along th' immense Atlantic roar,  
 In vain ye swell; will a few drops suffice  
 To quench the inextinguishable fire?  
 Ye mountains, on whose cloud-crown'd tops the cedars  
 Are lessen'd into shrubs, magnificent piles,  
 That prop the painted chambers of the heavens,  
 And fix the earth continual; Athos, where;  
 Where, Tenerif's thy stateliness to-day?  
 What, Ætna, are thy flames to these?—No more  
 Than the poor glow-worm to the golden sun.

. Nor shall the verdant vallies then remain  
 Safe in their meek submission; they the debt  
 Of nature and of justice too must pay.  
 Yet I must weep for you, ye rival fair,  
 Arno and Andalusia; but for thee  
 More largely and with filial tears must weep,  
 O Albion, O my country! Thou must join,  
 In vain dis sever'd from the rest, must join  
 The terrors of th' inevitable ruin.

Nor thou, illustrious monarch of the day;  
 Nor thou, fair queen of night; nor you, ye stars,  
 Tho' million leagues and million still remote,  
 Shall yet survive that day; Ye must submit,  
 Sharers, not bright spectators of the scene.



But tho' the earth shall to the center perish,  
 Nor leave behind ev'n Chaos ; tho' the air  
 With all the elements must pass away,  
 Vain as an idiot's dream ; tho' the huge rocks,  
 That brandish the tall cedars on their tops,  
 With humbler vales must to perdition yield ;  
 Tho' the gilt Sun, and silver-tressed Moon  
 With all her bright retinue, must be lost ;  
 Yet Thou, Great Father of the world, surviv'st  
 Eternal, as thou wert ; Yet still survives  
 The soul of man immortal, perfect now,  
 And candidate for unexpiring joys.

He comes ! He comes ! the awful tramp I hear ;  
 The flaming sword's intolerable blaze  
 I see ; He comes ! th' Archangel from above.  
 " Arise, ye tenants of the silent grave,  
 " Awake incorruptible and arise :  
 " From east to west, from the antarctic pole  
 " To regions hyperborean, all ye sons,  
 " Ye sons of Adam, and ye heirs of Heaven—  
 " Arise, ye tenants of the silent grave,  
 " Awake incorruptible and arise."

'Tis then, nor sooner, that the restless mind  
 Shall find itself at home ; and like the ark,  
 Fix'd on the mountain-top, shall look aloft  
 O'er the vague passage of precarious life ;  
 And, winds and waves and rocks and tempests past,  
 Enjoy the everlasting calm of Heaven :

'Tis



'Tis then, nor sooner, that the deathless soul  
 Shall justly know its nature and its rise :  
 'Tis then the human tongue new-tun'd shall give  
 Praises more worthy the eternal ear.  
 Yet what we can, we ought;—and therefore, Thou,  
 Purge Thou my heart, Omnipotent and Good!  
 Purge Thou my heart with hyssop, lest like Cain  
 I offer fruitless sacrifice, and with gifts  
 Offend and not propitiate the Ador'd.  
 Tho' Gratitude were blest with all the powers  
 Her bursting heart could long for, tho' the swift,  
 The fiery-wing'd Imagination soar'd,  
 Beyond Ambition's wish—yet all were vain  
 To speak Him as he is, who is INEFFABLE.  
 Yet still let reason thro' the eye of faith  
 View Him with fearful love; let truth pronounce,  
 And adoration on her bended knee  
 With heaven-directed hands confess His reign.  
 And let th' Angelic, Archangelic band  
 With all the Hosts of Heaven, Cherubic forms,  
 And forms Seraphic, with their silver trumps  
 And golden lyres attend:—"For Thou art holy,  
 "For Thou art One, th' Eternal, who alone  
 "Exerts all goodness, and transcends all praise."



ON THE  
IMMENSITY OF THE SUPREME BEING.

BY THE SAME.

ONCE more I dare to rouse the sounding string  
THE POET OF MY GOD—Awake my glory,  
Awake my lute and harp—myself shall wake,  
Soon as the stately night-exploding bird  
In lively lay sings welcome to the dawn.

Lift ye! how nature with ten thousand tongues  
Begins the grand thanksgiving, Hail, all hail,  
Ye tenants of the forest and the field!  
My fellow subjects of th' eternal King,  
I gladly join your Mattins, and with you  
Confess his presence, and report his praise.

O Thou, who or the Lambkin, or the Dove,  
When offer'd by the lowly, meek, and poor,  
Prefer'st to Pride's whole hecatomb, accept  
This mean Essay, nor from thy treasure-house  
Of Glory' immense the Orphan's mite exclude.

What



What tho' th' Almighty's regal throne be rais'd—  
 High o'er yon azure Heaven's exalted dome  
 By mortal eye unkenn'd—where East nor West  
 Nor South, nor blustering North has breath to blow;  
 O Albeit He there with Angels, and with Saints  
 Hold conference, and to his radiant host  
 Ev'n face to face stand visibly confest:  
 Yet know that nor in Presence or in Power  
 Shines He less perfect here; 'tis Man's dim eye  
 That makes th' obscurity. He is the same,  
 Alike in all his Universe the same.

Whether the mind along the spangled sky  
 Measures her pathless walk, studious to view  
 Thy works of vaster fabric, where the Planets  
 Weave their harmonious rounds, their march directing  
 Still faithful, still inconstant to the Sun;  
 Or where the Comet thro' space infinite  
 (Tho' whirling worlds oppose, and globes of fire)  
 Darts, like a javelin, to his destin'd goal.  
 Or where in Heaven above the Heaven of Heavens  
 Burn brighter Suns, and goodlier Planets roll  
 With Satellits more glorious—Thou art there,

Or whether on the Ocean's boisterous back  
 Thou ride triumphant, and with out-stretch'd arm  
 Curb the wild winds and discipline the billows,  
 The suppliant Sailor finds Thee there, his chief,  
 His only help—When Thou rebuk'st the storm—



It ceases—and the vessel gently glides  
Along the glassy level of the calm.

O! could I search the bosom of the sea,  
Down the great depth descending; there thy works  
Would also speak thy residence; and there  
Would I thy servant, like the still profound,  
Astonish'd into silence muse thy praise!  
Behold! behold! th' unplanted garden round  
Of vegetable coral, sea-flowers gay,  
And shrubs of amber from the pearl-pav'd bottoms  
Rise richly varied, where the finny race  
In blithe security their gambols play:  
While high above their heads Leviathan,  
The terror and the glory of the main,  
His pastime takes with transport, proud to see  
The ocean's vast dominion all his own.

Hence thro' the genial bowels of the earth  
Easy may fancy pass; till at thy mines  
Gani or Raolconda she arrive,  
And from the adamant's imperial blaze  
Form weak ideas of her Maker's glory.  
Next to Pegu or Ceylon let me rove,  
Where the rich ruby (deem'd by Sages old  
Of Sovereign virtue) sparkles ev'n like Sirius,  
And blushes into flames. Thence will I go  
To undermine the treasure-fertile womb  
Of the huge Pyrëan, to detect  
The Agat and the deep-intrenched gem



Of kindred Jasper—Nature in them both  
 Delights to play the Mimic on herself;  
 And in their veins she oft pourtrays the forms  
 Of leaning hills, of trees erect, and streams  
 Now stealing softly on, now thundering down  
 In desperate cascade with flowers and beasts  
 And all the living landskip of the vale:  
 In vain thy pencil Claudio, or Poussin,  
 Or thine, immortal Guido, would essay  
 Such skill to imitate—it is the hand  
 Of God himself—for God himself is there.

Hence with the ascending springs let me advance  
 Thro' beds of magnets, minerals, and spar,  
 Up to the mountain's summit, there t' indulge  
 Th' ambition of the comprehensive eye,  
 That dares to call th' Horizon all her own.  
 Behold the forest, and the expansive verdure  
 Of yonder level lawn, whose smooth-shorn sod  
 No object interrupts, unless the oak  
 His lordly head uprears, and branching arms  
 Extends—Behold in regal solitude,  
 And pastoral magnificence he stands  
 So simple! and so great! the under-wood  
 Of meaner rank an awful distance keep.  
 Yet Thou art there, yet God himself is there  
 Ev'n on the bush (tho' not as when to Moses  
 He shone in burning majesty reveal'd)  
 Nathless conspicuous in the Linnet's throat



Is his unbounded goodness—Thee her Maker,  
 Thee her Preserver chaunts she in her song ;  
 While all the emulative vocal tribe  
 The grateful lesson learn—no other voice  
 Is heard, no other sound—for in attention  
 Buried, ev'n babbling Echo holds her peace.

Now from the plains, where th' unbounded prospect  
 Gives liberty her utmost scope to range,  
 Turn we to yon enclosures, where appears  
 Chequer'd variety in all her forms,  
 Which the vague mind attract and still suspend  
 With sweet perplexity. What are yon towers,  
 The work of labouring man and clumsy art,  
 Seen with the ring-dove's nest—on that tall beech  
 Her pensile house the feather'd Artist builds—  
 The rocking winds molest her not ; for see,  
 With such due poize the wond'rous fabric's hung,  
 That, like the compass in the bark, it keeps  
 True to itself, and stedfast ev'n in storms.  
 Thou ideot that asserts, there is no God,  
 View and be dumb for ever—  
 Go bid Vitruvius or Palladio build  
 The bee his mansion, or the ant her cave—  
 Go call Correggio, or let Titian come  
 To paint the hawthorn's bloom, or teach the cherry  
 To blush with just vermillion—hence away—  
 Hence ye prophane ! for God himself is here.  
 Vain were th' attempt, and impious to trace

Thro'



Thro' all his works th' Artificer Divine—  
 And tho' nor shining sun, nor twinkling star  
 Bedeck'd the crimson curtains of the sky;  
 Tho' neither vegetable, beast, nor bird  
 Were extant on the surface of this ball,  
 Nor lurking gem beneath; tho' the great sea  
 Slept in profound stagnation, and the air  
 Had left no thunder to pronounce its maker;  
 Yet man at home, within himself, might find  
 The Deity immense, and in that frame  
 So fearfully, so wonderfully made,  
 See and adore his providence and power—  
 I see, and I adore—O God most bounteous!  
 O infinite of Goodness and of Glory!  
 The knee, that thou hast shap'd, shall bend to Thee,  
 The tongue, which thou hast tun'd, shall chaunt thy praise;  
 And, thine own image, the immortal soul,  
 Shall consecrate herself to Thee for ever:





ON THE  
OMNISCIENCE OF THE SUPREME BEING.

BY THE SAME.

**A**RISE, divine Urania, with new strains  
 To hymn thy God, and thou, immortal Fame,  
 Arise, and blow thy everlasting trump.  
 All glory to th' Omniscient, and praise,  
 And power, and domination in the height !  
 And thou, cherubic Gratitude, whose voice  
 To pious ears sounds silvery so sweet,  
 Come with thy precious incense, bring thy gifts,  
 And with thy choicest stores the altar crown.  
 Thou too, my heart, whom He, and He alone  
 Who all things knows, can know, with love replete,  
 Regenerate, and pure, pour all thyself  
 A living sacrifice before his throne :  
 And may th' eternal, high mysterious tree,  
 That in the center of the arched Heavens  
 Bears the rich fruit of Knowledge, with some branch  
 Stoop to my humble reach, and bless my toil !



When in my mother's womb conceal'd I lay  
 A senseless embryo, then my soul thou knew'st,  
 Knew'st all her future workings, every thought,  
 And every faint Idea yet unform'd.

When up the imperceptible ascent  
 Of growing years, led by thy hand, I rose,  
 Perception's gradual light, that ever dawns  
 Insensibly to day, thou didst vouchsafe,  
 And taught me by that reason thou inspir'dst,  
 That what of knowledge in my mind was low,  
 Imperfect, incorrect—in Thee is wondrous,  
 Uncircumscrib'd, unsearchably profound,  
 And estimable solely by itself.

What is that secret power, that guides the brutes,  
 Which Ignorance calls instinct? 'Tis from Thee,  
 It is the operation of thine hands  
 Immediate, instantaneous; 'tis thy wisdom,  
 That glorious shines transparent thro' thy works.  
 Who taught the Pye, or who forewarn'd the Jay  
 To shun the deadly nightshade? tho' the cherry  
 Boasts not a glossier hue, nor does the plumb  
 Lure with more seeming sweets the amorous eye,  
 Yet will not the sagacious birds, decoy'd  
 By fair appearance, touch the noxious fruit.  
 They know to touch is fatal, whence alarm'd  
 Swift on the winnowing winds they work their way.  
 Go to, proud reas'ner philosophic Man,  
 Hast thou such prudence, thou such knowledge?—No.  
 Full many a race has fell into the snare



Of meretricious looks, of pleasing surface,  
 And oft in desert isles the famish'd pilgrim  
 By forms of fruit, and luscious taste beguil'd;  
 Like his forefather Adam, eats and dies.  
 For why? his wisdom on the leaden feet  
 Of slow experience, dully tedious, creeps,  
 And comes, like vengeance, after long delay.

The venerable Sage, that nightly trims  
 The learned lamp, t' investigate the powers  
 Of plants medicinal, the earth, the air,  
 And the dark regions of the fossil world,  
 Grows old in following, what he ne'er shall find;  
 Studious in vain! till haply, at the last  
 He spies a mist, then shapes it into mountains,  
 And baseless fabrics from conjecture builds:  
 While the domestic animal, that guards  
 At midnight hours his threshold, if oppress'd  
 By sudden sickness, at his master's feet  
 Begs not that aid his services might claim,  
 But is his own physician, knows the case,  
 And from th' emetic herbage works his cure.  
 Hark, far, from afar the <sup>c</sup> feather'd matron screams,  
 And all her brood alarms, the docile crew  
 Accept the signal one and all, expert  
 In th' art of nature and unlearn'd deceit;  
 Along the sod, in counterfeited death,  
 Mute, motionless they lie; full well appriz'd,

<sup>c</sup> The hen turkey.



That the rapacious adversary's near.  
 But who inform'd her of th' approaching danger,  
 Who taught the cautious mother, that the hawk  
 Was hatch'd her foe, and liv'd by her destruction?  
 Her own prophetic soul is active in her,  
 And more than human providence her guard.

When Philomela, e'er the cold domain  
 Of crippled winter 'gins t' advance, prepares  
 Her annual flight, and in some poplar shade  
 Takes her melodious leave, who then's her pilot?  
 Who points her passage thro' the pathless void  
 To realms from us remote, to us unknown?  
 Her science is the science of her God.  
 Not the magnetic index to the North  
 E'er ascertains her course, nor buoy, nor beacon:  
 She, Heaven-taught voyager, that sails in air,  
 Courts nor coy West nor East, but instant knows  
 What<sup>d</sup> Newton, or not sought, or sought in vain.

Illustrious name, irrefragable proof  
 Of man's vast genius, and the soaring soul!  
 Yet what wert thou to him, who knew his works,  
 Before creation form'd them, long before  
 He measur'd in the hollow of his hand  
 Th' exulting ocean, and the highest Heavens  
 He comprehended with a span, and weigh'd

<sup>d</sup> The Longitude,



The mighty mountains in his golden scales :  
 Who shone supreme, who was himself the light,  
 E'er yet Refraction learn'd her skill to paint,  
 And bend athwart the clouds her beauteous bow.

When Knowledge at her father's 'dread command  
 Resign'd to Israel's king her golden key,  
 O! to have join'd the frequent auditors  
 In wonder and delight, that whilom heard  
 Great Solomon descanting on the brutes.  
 O! how sublimely glorious to apply  
 To God's own honour, and good will to man,  
 That wisdom he alone of men possess'd  
 In plenitude so rich, and scope so rare.  
 How did he rouse the pamper'd silken sons  
 Of bloated ease, by placing to their view  
 The sage industrious Ant, the wisest insect,  
 And best œconomist of all the field!  
 Tho' she presumes not by the solar orb  
 To measure times and seasons, nor consults  
 Chaldean calculations, for a guide;  
 Yet conscious that December's on the march,  
 Pointing with icy hand to want and woe,  
 She waits his dire approach, and undismay'd  
 Receives him as a welcome guest, prepar'd  
 Against the churlish winter's fiercest blow.  
 For when, as yet the favourable Sun  
 Gives to the genial earth th' enlivening ray,  
 Not the poor suffering slave, that hourly toils



To rive the groaning earth for ill-fought gold,  
 Endures such trouble, such fatigue, as she;  
 While all her subterraneous avenues,  
 And storm-proof cells with management most meet  
 And unexampled housewifry she forms :  
 Then to the field she hies, and on her back,  
 Burden immense! she bears the cumbrous corn.  
 Then many a weary step, and many a strain,  
 And many a grievous groan subdued, at length  
 Up the huge hill she hardly heaves it home :  
 Nor rests she here her providence, but nips  
 With subtle tooth the grain, left from her garner  
 In mischievous fertility it steal,  
 And back to day-light vegetate its way.  
 Go to the Ant, thou sluggard, learn to live,  
 And by her wary ways reform thine own.  
 But, if thy deaden'd sense, and listless thought  
 More glaring evidence demand; behold,  
 Where yon pellucid populous hive presents  
 A yet uncopied model to the world!  
 There Machiavel in the reflecting glass  
 May read himself a fool. The Chemist there  
 May with astonishment invidious view  
 His toils outdone by each plebeian Bee,  
 Who, at the royal mandate, on the wing  
 From various herbs, and from discordant flowers,  
 A perfect harmony of sweets compounds.

Avaunt Conceit, Ambition take thy flight  
 Back to the Prince of vanity and air!



O! 'tis a thought of energy most piercing;  
 Form'd to make pride grow humble; form'd to force  
 Its weight on the reluctant mind, and give her  
 A true but irksome image of herself.  
 Woful vicissitude! when Man, fall'n Man,  
 Who first from Heaven, from gracious God himself  
 Learn'd knowledge of the Brutes, must know, by Brutes  
 Instructed and reproach'd, the scale of being;  
 By slow degrees from lowly steps ascend,  
 And trace Omniscience upwards to its spring!  
 Yet murmur not, but praise—for tho' we stand  
 Of many a Godlike privilege amerc'd  
 By Adam's dire transgression, tho' no more  
 Is Paradise our home, but o'er the portal  
 Hangs in terrific pomp the burning blade;  
 Still with ten thousand beauties blooms the Earth  
 With pleasures populous, and with riches crown'd.  
 Still is there scope for wonder and for love  
 Ev'n to their last exertion—showers of blessings  
 Far more than human virtue can deserve,  
 Or hope expect, or gratitude return.  
 Then, O ye People, O ye Sons of Men,  
 Whatever be the colour of your lives,  
 Whatever portion of itself his Wisdom  
 Shall deign t' allow, still patiently abide  
 And praise him more and more; nor cease to chaunt  
 ALL GLORY TO TH' OMNISCIENT AND PRAISE,  
 AND POWER AND DOMINATION IN THE HEIGHT!  
 And thou, cherubic Gratitude, whose voice



To pious ears sounds filverly fo sweet,  
 Come with thy precious incense, bring thy gifts,  
 And with thy choicest stores the altar crown.

ΤΩ ΘΕΩ ΔΟΞΑ.



O N T H E

## POWER OF THE SUPREME BEING.

B Y T H E S A M E.

“ **T**REMBLE, thou Earth! th’ anointed poet said,  
 “ At God’s bright presence, tremble, all ye mountains,  
 “ And all ye hillocks on the surface bound.”  
 Then once again, ye glorious thunders roll,  
 The Muse with transport hears ye, once again  
 Convulse the solid continent, and shake,  
 Grand music of Omnipotence, the isles.  
 ’Tis thy terrific voice, thou God of Power,  
 ’Tis thy terrific voice; all Nature hears it  
 Awaken’d and alarm’d; she feels its force,  
 In every spring she feels it, every wheel,  
 And every movement of her vast machine.  
 Behold! quakes Apennine, behold! recoils

Athos,



Athos, and all the hoary-headed Alps  
 Leap from their bases at the godlike sound.  
 But what is this, celestial tho' the note,  
 And proclamation of the reign supreme,  
 Compar'd with such as, for a mortal ear  
 Too great, amaze the incorporeal worlds?  
 Should ocean to his congregated waves  
 Call in each river, cataract, and lake,  
 And with the watry world down an huge rock  
 Fall headlong in one horrible cascade,  
 'Twere but the echo of the parting breeze,  
 When Zephyr faints upon the lily's breast,  
 'Twere but the ceasing of some instrument,  
 When the last lingering undulation  
 Dies on the doubting ear, if nam'd with sounds  
 So mighty! so stupendous! so divine!

But not alone in the aërial vault  
 Does he the dread theocracy maintain;  
 For oft, enrag'd with his intestine thunders,  
 He harrows up the bowels of the earth,  
 And shocks the central magnet—Cities then  
 Totter on their foundations, stately columns,  
 Magnific walls, and heaven-assaulting spires.  
 What tho' in haughty eminence erect  
 Stands the strong citadel, and frowns defiance  
 On adverse hosts, tho' many a bastion jut  
 Forth from the ramparts elevated mound,  
 Vain the poor providence of human art,  
 And mortal strength how vain! while underneath

Triumphs



Triumphs his mining vengeance in th' uproar  
 Of shatter'd towers, riven rocks, and mountains,  
 With clamour inconceivable uptorn,  
 And hurl'd adown th' abyfs. Sulphureous pyrites  
 Bursting abrupt from darkness into day,  
 With din outrageous and destructive ire  
 Augment the hideous tumult, while it wounds  
 Th' afflicted ear, and terrifies the eye,  
 And rends the heart in twain: Twice have we felt,  
 Within Augusta's walls twice have we felt  
 Thy threaten'd indignation, but ev'n Thou,  
 Incens'd Omnipotent, art gracious ever,  
 Thy goodness infinite but mildly warn'd us  
 With mercy-blended wrath; O spare us still,  
 Nor send more dire conviction! we confess  
 That thou art He, th' Almighty: we believe.  
 For at thy righteous power whole systems quake,  
 For at thy nod tremble ten thousand worlds.

Hark! on the winged whirlwind's rapid rage,  
 Which is and is not in a moment—hark!  
 On th' hurricane's tempestuous sweep he rides  
 Invincible, and oaks and pines and cedars  
 And forests are no more. For conflict dreadful!  
 The West encounters East, and Notus meets  
 In his career the Hyperborean blast.  
 The lordly lions shuddering seek their dens,  
 And fly like timorous deer; the king of birds,  
 Who dar'd the solar ray, is weak of wing,



And faints and falls and dies;—while He supreme  
Stands stedfast in the center of the storm.

Wherefore, ye objects terrible and great,  
Ye thunders, earthquakes, and ye fire-fraught wombs  
Of fell volcanos, whirlwinds, hurricanes,  
And boiling billows, hail! in chorus join  
To celebrate and magnify your Maker,  
Who yet in works of a minuter mould  
Is not less manifest, is not less mighty.

Survey the magnet's sympathetic love,  
That wooes the yielding needle; contemplate  
Th' attractive amber's power, invisible  
Ev'n to the mental eye; or when the blow  
Sent from th' electric sphere assaults thy frame,  
Shew me the hand that dealt it!—baffled here  
By his Omnipotence, Philosophy  
Slowly her thoughts inadequate revolves,  
And stands, with all his circling wonders round her,  
Like heavy Saturn in th' etherial space  
Begirt with an inexplicable ring.

If such the operations of his power,  
Which at all seasons and in every place  
(Rul'd by establish'd laws and current nature)  
Arrest th' attention; Who! O Who shall tell  
His acts miraculous? when his own decrees  
Repeals he, or suspends, when by the hand  
Of Moses or of Joshua, or the mouths



Of his prophetic feers, fuch deeds he wrought,  
 Before th' astonish'd Sun's all-feeing eye,  
 That Faith was fcarce a virtue. Need I fing  
 The fate of Pharaoh and his numerous band  
 Loft in the reflux of the watry walls,  
 That melted to their fluid ftate again?  
 Need I recount how Sampfon's warlike arm  
 With more than mortal nerves was ftrung t' o'erthrow  
 Idolatrous Philiftia? fhall I tell  
 How David triumph'd, and what Job fustain'd?  
 —But, O fupreme, unutterable mercy!  
 O love unequal'd, myftery immense,  
 Which angels long t' unfold! 'tis man's redemption  
 That crowns thy glory, and thy power confirms,  
 Confirms the great, th' uncontroverted claim.  
 When from the Virgin's unpolluted womb  
 Shone forth the Sun of Righteoufnefs reveal'd,  
 And on benighted reafon pour'd the day;  
 Let there be peace (he faid) and ail was calm  
 Amongft the warring world—calm as the fea,  
 When O be ftill, ye boifterous Winds, he cried,  
 And not a breath was blown, nor murmur heard.  
 His was a life of miracles and might,  
 And charity and love; e'er yet he tafte  
 The bitter draught of death, e'er yet he rife  
 Victorious o'er the univerfal foe,  
 And Death and Sin and Hell in triumph lead.  
 His by the right of conqueft is mankind,  
 And in fweet fervitude and golden bonds

Were



Were ty'd to him for ever.—O how easy  
 Is his ungalling yoke, and all his burdens  
 'Tis ecstacy to bear! Him, blessed Shepherd,  
 His flocks shall follow thro' the maze of life  
 And shades that tend to Day-spring from on high;  
 And as the radiant roses after fading  
 In fuller foliage and more fragrant breath  
 Revive in smiling spring, so shall it fare  
 With those that love him—for sweet is their favour,  
 And all eternity shall be their spring.  
 Then shall the gates and everlasting doors,  
 At which the KING OF GLORY enters in,  
 Be to the Saints unbarr'd: and there, where pleasure  
 Boasts an undying bloom, where dubious hope  
 Is certainty, and grief-attended love  
 Is freed from passion—there we'll celebrate,  
 With worthier numbers, Him, who is, and was,  
 And in immortal prowess King of Kings,  
 Shall be the Monarch of all worlds for ever.





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ON THE  
GOODNESS OF THE SUPREME BEING.

BY THE SAME.

**O**RPHEUS, for ' so the Gentiles call'd thy name,  
Israel's sweet Psalmist, who alone could'st wake  
Th' inanimate to motion ; who alone  
The joyful hillocks, the applauding rocks,  
And floods with musical persuasion drew ;  
Thou who to hail and snow gav'st voice and sound,  
And mad'st the mute melodious !—greater yet  
Was thy divinest skill, and rul'd o'er more  
Than art and nature ; for thy tuneful touch  
Drove trembling Satan from the heart of Saul,  
And quell'd the evil Angel :—in this breast  
Some portion of thy genuine spirit breathe,  
And lift me from myself, each thought impure  
Banish ; each low idea raise, refine,  
Enlarge, and sanctify ;—so shall the muse

\* See this conjecture strongly supported by Delany, in his Life of David.



Above the stars aspire, and aim to praise  
Her God on earth, as he is prais'd in heaven;

Immense Creator! whose all-powerful hand  
Fram'd universal Being, and whose eye  
Saw like thyself, that all things form'd were good;  
Where shall the timorous bard thy praise begin,  
Where end the purest sacrifice of song,  
And just thanksgiving?—The thought-kindling light,  
Thy prime production, darts upon my mind  
Its vivifying beams, my heart illumines,  
And fills my soul with gratitude and Thee.  
Hail to the chearful rays of ruddy morn,  
That paint the streaky East, and blithsome rouse  
The birds, the cattle, and mankind from rest!  
Hail to the freshness of the early breeze,  
And Iris dancing on the new-fall'n dew!  
Without the aid of yonder golden globe  
Lost were the garnet's lustre, lost the lily,  
The tulip and auricula's spotted pride;  
Lost were the peacock's plumage, to the sight  
So pleasing in its pomp and glossy glow.  
O thrice-illustrious! were it not for Thee  
Those pansies, that reclining from the bank,  
View thro' th' immaculate, pellucid stream  
Their portraiture in the inverted heaven,  
Might as well change their tripled boast, the white,  
The purple, and the gold, that far outvie  
The Eastern monarch's garb, ev'n with the dock,

Ev'n



Ev'n with the baneful hemlock's irksome green.  
 Without thy aid, without thy gladsome beams  
 The tribes of woodland warblers would remain  
 Mute on the bending branches, nor recite  
 The praise of him, who, e'er he form'd their lord,  
 Their voices tun'd to transport, wing'd their flight,  
 And bade them call for nurture, and receive;  
 And lo! they call; the blackbird and the thrush,  
 The woodlark, and the redbreast jointly call;  
 He hears and feeds their feather'd families,  
 He feeds his sweet musicians,—nor neglects  
 Th' invoking ravens in the greenwood wide;  
 And tho' their throats coarse rattling hurt the ear,  
 They mean it all for music, thanks and praise  
 They mean, and leave ingratitude to man,—  
 But not to all,—for hark the organs blow  
 Their swelling notes round the cathedral's dome,  
 And grace th' harmonious choir, celestial feast  
 To pious ears, and med'cine of the mind;  
 The thrilling trebles and the manly base  
 Join in accordance meet, and with one voice  
 All to the sacred subject suit their song.  
 While in each breast sweet melancholy reigns  
 Angelically pensive, till the joy  
 Improves and purifies;—the solemn scene  
 The Sun thro' storied panes surveys with awe,  
 And bashfully with-holds each bolder beam.  
 Here, as her home, from morn to eve frequents  
 The cherub Gratitude;—behold her eyes!  
 With love and gladness weepingly they shed



Ecstatic smiles ; the incense, that her hands  
 Uprear, is sweeter than the breath of May  
 Caught from the nectarine's blossom ; and her voice  
 Is more than voice can tell ; to him she sings,  
 To him who feeds, who clothes, and who adorns,  
 Who made, and who preserves, whatever dwells  
 In air, in stedfast earth, or fickle sea.  
 O He is good, he is immensely good !  
 Who all things form'd, and form'd them all for man ;  
 Who mark'd the climates, varièd every zone ;  
 Dispensing all his blessings for the best  
 In order and in beauty :—rise, attend,  
 Attest, and praise, ye quarters of the world !  
 Bow down, ye elephants ; submissive bow  
 To Him, who made the mite ; tho' Asia's pride,  
 Ye carry armies on your tower-crown'd backs,  
 And grace the turban'd tyrants, bow to Him  
 Who is as great, as perfect, and as good  
 In his less striking wonders ; till at length  
 The eye's at fault, and seeks th' assisting glass !  
 Approach and bring from Araby the best,  
 The fragrant cassia, frankincense, and myrrh,  
 And meekly kneeling at the altar's foot  
 Lay all the tributary incense down.  
 Stoop, fable Africa, with reverence stoop,  
 And from thy brow take off the painted plume ;  
 With golden ingots all thy camels load  
 T' adorn his temples, hasten with thy spear  
 Reverted, and thy trusty bow unstrung,



While unpursued thy lions roam and roar,  
 And ruin'd towers, rude rocks, and caverns wide  
 Remurmur to the glorious, farly sound.  
 And thou, fair Indian, whose immense domain  
 To counterpoise the Hemisphere extends,  
 Haste from the West, and with thy fruits and flowers,  
 Thy mines and med'cines, wealthy maid, attend.  
 More than the plentifousness so fam'd to flow  
 By fabling bards from Amalthea's horn  
 Is thine; thine therefore be a portion due  
 Of thanks and praise: come with thy brilliant crown  
 And vest of furr; and from thy fragrant lap  
 Pomegranates and the rich <sup>f</sup> ananas pour.  
 But chiefly thou, Europa, seat of Grace  
 And Christian excellence, his Goodness own,  
 Forth from ten thousand temples pour his praise;  
 Clad in the armour of the living God  
 Approach, unsheath the Spirit's flaming sword;  
 Faith's shield, Salvation's glory,—compass'd helms  
 With fortitude assume, and o'er your heart  
 Fair truth's invulnerable breast-plate spread;  
 Then join the general chorus of all worlds,  
 And let the song of charity begin  
 In strains seraphic, and melodious prayer.  
 " O all-sufficient, all-beneficent,  
 " Thou God of Goodness and of Glory, hear!  
 " Thou, who to lowliest minds dost condescend;

<sup>f</sup> Ananas, the Indian name for pine-apples.

“ Assuming



“ Assuming passions to enforce thy laws,  
 “ Adopting jealousy to prove thy love :  
 “ Thou, who resign’d humility uphold,  
 “ Ev’n as the florist props the drooping rose,  
 “ But quell tyrannic pride with peerless power,  
 “ Ev’n as the tempest rives the stubborn oak :  
 “ O all-sufficient, all-beneficent,  
 “ Thou God of Goodness and of Glory, hear !  
 “ Bless all mankind, and bring them in the end  
 “ To heaven, to immortality, and THEE !”

F I N I S.





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